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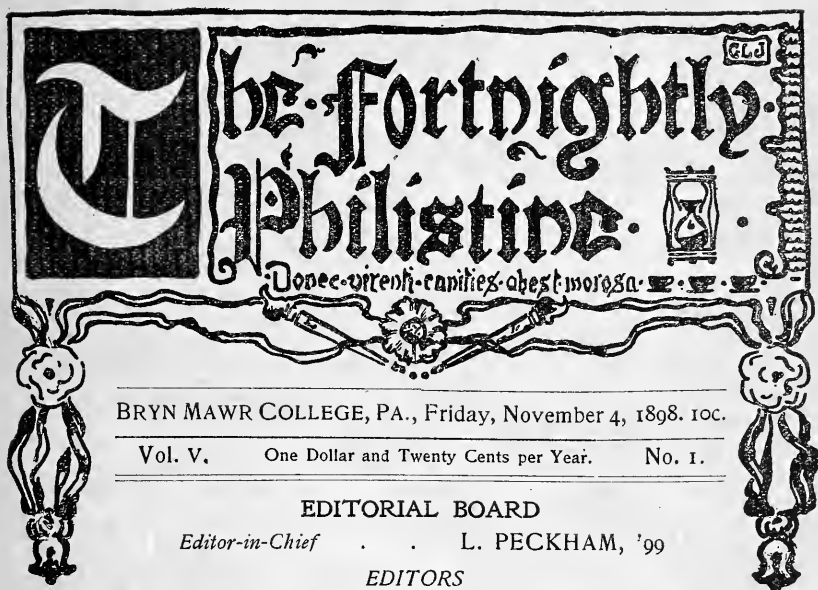
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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, PA., Friday, November 4, 1898. 10c.

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Here is the PHILISTINE with us once more. He is entering upon the fifth year of his existence. Through the helpless stage of infancy when his delicate health made it doubtful whether he would survive the chilling frosts of disapproval which greeted him, through his "second summer," when many anxious nurses quarreled over the proper manner of bringing him up, through the many ills of early childhood he has fought his way to his present prosperity. May the sun of popular approval shine bright upon him, and the storms of criticism pass lightly over him during the coming year.

"A genius is born not made," goes the old saying. So step boldly forward, 1902, you need not to wait for the divine spark to be cultivated. That you possess it we all know—and so do you probably, for are you not Freshmen? Pegasus is waiting impatiently and all that you need is to mount him and to hurdle over the little fears and hesitations natural to your age and condition—and you can appear in print. When the winged horse appears upon the horizon the PHILISTINE will go gladly forth to welcome its fair rider, to bid her stay among its numbers and join its simple (?) board.

To ———.

Vision of loveliness! I lay
 My tribute at thy feet;
 Not worshipping a vague ideal
 To find it, though so bright,
 unreal—
 Delusion bittersweet—

Nor yet by beauty's spell en-
 thrall'd
 Admire thy native grace,
 Thy well-poised head and dainti-
 ness;
 Long for the touch of thy caress,
 The thrill of thy embrace.

Nay, more than these I love thy
 heart
 That beats in harmony
 With that Great Heart, the
 source of life,
 And beating thus dispels all
 strife
 With human sympathy.

M. M., '00.

On the Bridge.

Often we stood upon the bridge
 and watched
 The shadows on the river; at
 the side
 Soft black the shadows lay, where
 by the wall
 The willows held their footing
 in the tide.

Within the bare blank walls, the
 hard straight lines
 Of the dense city crowded to
 the bank
 Enkindled into magic beauty,
 slow
 In tremulous repetition rose
 and sank.

But flung in reckless lavishness
 along,
 Full on midstream the flood of
 glory lay,
 So bright in splendor after long
 dull hours
 The river made its farewell to
 the day.

Points of View.

Katharine flung herself onto
 the well-pillowed couch. I sat
 down on the window seat and
 wondered what was coming, for
 things had evidently been dis-
 turbing her slightly, just enough
 to make her want to say some-
 thing. Suddenly she sat up,
 paused, then fixed the pillows
 comfortably back of her.

"Do you know, I wish things
 wouldn't have expressions," she
 said, "they haunt me. I can't
 think of a thing without think-
 ing of its expression or its atti-
 tude toward something. Look

at that glove. It's just ready to
 grasp somebody's hand and say,
 'How do you do?' I wish
 things wouldn't get into atti-
 tudes. I wish I weren't in an
 attitude myself. I am rather com-
 fortable just now, but I'd like to
 know how it would feel to be out-
 of relation to things, to be some-
 thing absolutely, something that
 doesn't have to be looked at from
 a hundred different points of
 view. It would be so restful to be
 something regardless."

I laughed outright at that, and
 asked her what in the world she
 meant by being "something re-
 gardless."

"Why, being something that is something and has qualities that don't depend upon being seen in this light or that light, or upon being considered from the point of view of fourth century critic or a fortieth century critic; something that is something absolutely and not 'comparatively speaking.' You think I'm queer, probably, but everywhere I've been to-day I've had attitudes and relations of things forced upon me. What troubles me is that things are often so true from one point of view and so false from another. I'd like to know what's really true, once in a while.

"This morning, for instance, I was in a Chestnut street trolley and was watching the people. At Thirteenth street a crowd boarded the car. A broad-faced Irish woman in an expansive cotton dress sat down next to a reserved-looking woman in a tailor-made gown. Each looked about her and held her head high. Now what was the relation of those two people? You can't tell me except from the point of view of the Irishwoman, or the 'high-born lady,' or the spectator. Then there was a circuspect person in black, who looked approvingly at a youth opposite, evidently a college fellow. He was to her a delightful object to be looked at with emotion; she was to him a thing unnoticed. What was the real relation of the two, I'd like to know?"

I suggested that Katharine needn't look at people if they troubled her so.

"You don't have to look at them, you feel them," she said. "I went to a reception last night. Don't you suppose I could tell by the atmosphere what the attitudes of the people were? There's the hostess who smiles and talks while she sends an anxious glance after somebody who is looking vacantly at pictures. There's the well-known man who nods and beams and interrupts his own clever remarks in order to greet a passing acquaintance and draw him into the circle of listeners."

"Keep away from people then," I added. "Go for a walk on a lonely road."

"That's just as bad," she answered. "Things have expressions and attitudes just as much as people. Why I could write a volume on the perversity of inanimate things."

"It's all a matter of temperament," I said. "Of course the world does vary according to the way you look at it."

"Perhaps that's so," she admitted. "Wouldn't it be a relief not to have a temperament. I couldn't help thinking this morning, when I heard some birds chirping outside my window, how free and happy they seemed, not weighed down by too much consciousness, but possessed of just enough sense to enjoy everything. It wouldn't be a bad idea to cultivate as much sense as that. After all, I'm rather glad I'm in an inevitable relation to these pillows and those tea cups. Do make some tea. That will be delightful from all points of view."

G. P. L.

The Miller of ———

John Halsted was sitting over the tea-table in close consultation with his wife. The shutters of the firm little stone mansion were closed and barred, and the doors were latched. The only servant, a maid, had been dismissed, and the drudgery that she endured through the day rendered it far from likely that she would care to break up her too few hours of rest by bothering a master whom she did not love at any time. There was no danger of anyone's overhearing the words whispered by the miller in the room lighted by a single taper, with no waking soul within a mile.

The man drew a letter from his pocket.

"It is important, Jane, very," he pronounced emphatically.

His wife made no comment. She had learned from experience that the less one said, the better one's husband's temper was. Still one might as well understand everything, even though one might not be an acceptable advisor.

The husband perused the letter in silence for some minutes and then glanced uneasily about.

"Jane," he said, "I have here two documents. The one gives to me the order to provide the American troops with flour while they are in this district."

The wife made no answer.

"I have here a letter from Thomas—dost remember? The lad hates the rebels as I do. And he has a plan. 'Twas he

who got me this permit. The sly fox!"

He laughed a dry laugh that bespoke treachery rather than merriment. The woman shuddered and for a minute could not meet his eyes.

"Jane," he spake lower, "I will supply the rebels with flour! Yes, yes! Trust John Halsted for that! Here—pen me a letter to the commissioner. Thou writest with a better grace than I. And indeed one would expect more from the supple hand of the housewife than from the horny paw of an artisan!"

The task was laborious, for the master was exacting. But toward midnight the letter was sealed. Halsted smiled.

"Thou showest a pretty craft with thy pen, Jane. But mind, thou woman, let no word of this pass thy lips!"

Early next morning the miller was stirring. Before the sun was up two figures cautiously lifted the logs of the kitchen floor and two large cases were drawn up. Then the planks were put down in proper order and the two burdens were loaded into the cart by the door. There was a queer cracking sound as the springless wagon rattled over the stones. And the miller chuckled.

When the sun arose what was that sparkling mass like diamond dust that came from between the rollers of the mill? Why were the miller's eyes so blood-shot, and why were the hands of the assistant bleeding? And why was the powder so

carefully stowed out of sight before wayfarers passed along the road? And why, oh why, did the miller's wife pale when she saw her husband coming with the strange shiny specks on his apron? And why had she given that stifled cry when she had seen the cases go out in the dim morning mist?

* * * * *

"The flour is in the sacks, sir. It will be conveyed to the camp when it may please Your Excellency. Good quality it is, sir, and little is the sum you pay."

"I have heard of the miller of — and his flour. But first I would sample it, ere I take it from the mill. Come, good miller, show your wares."

"Your Excellency can but sample it properly by tasting the bread it will bake. In my house there is no meal save that I have ground. A glass of port and a pretty housewife to do the honors will not come amiss, for if my eyes belie me not—ah—I thought you could not refuse."

And the quartermaster of Washington's army broke the best bread ever broken in Pennsylvania, over the glass of old port, his eyes resting admiringly on Jane Halsted. He wished she were the daughter, not the wife, of his host. But at each compliment for the bread and wine the woman's face became more drawn, and her eyes rested more appealingly on the harsh countenance of her husband.

"'Tis seldom that my poor

boys get such bread as your flour will make them," said the officer, setting down the drained glass.

Turning her back, the miller's wife burst into sobs.

* * * * *

"And the wretch had the audacity to give us meal mixed with powdered glass? To the gallows with the dastardly villain! But how came he by this?

Speak, knave! And thou didst help him grind it ere the sunrise? Out with it!"

"Your Excellency, the glass came from England a year ago. It was to be used in the erection of a saw-mill. But my master stored it away, business not being urgent, and money being scarce. It has laid there until that morning. I but obeyed my master. Have mercy!"

* * * * *

Again figures walked about the miller's neat dwelling in the gray morning hours. This time they were watched by an excited group at the gate. Lanterns were lighted, then quickly extinguished. There were confused whispers, muffled laughs, murmured oaths. Two fir trees stood before the house, one on either side of the door. An owl, sitting in the topmost branches of one of these, seemed to be sounding a death knell. The miller's wife heard it.

Presently the door opened and the miller's tall figure stood out against the light inside. A woman came to him and put her arms about his neck. She had

always been silent in his presence and she spake no word now. The light was extinguished and the group at the door moved outside. There were husky voices, then a creaking—then silence.

The sun showed a closed mill, a deserted house. Feeble but loving hands had cut down the master from the sight of the public. His resting-place remains to this day unmarked. And to this day the only inhabitant of the old stone house is a restless spirit that walks in the gray morning hours.

* * * * *

(The scene of this story was laid about two miles from Bryn Mawr. The mill, the haunted house and the tree where the miller was hanged can still be seen.)

G. L. J., 1900.

Concerning Sight Papers.

The sight paper season is fairly upon us. The bulletin boards in Taylor Hall are covered with notices of reading for sight papers, meetings for sight papers, appointments for sight papers, and meetings for the discussion of sight papers. The innocent Freshman stands bewildered before these bulletins, chained to the spot by a horrible fascination, her eyes growing big with terror and her breath coming faster and faster as she gazes at the ever increasing crowd of notices. Even the Sophomores and Juniors are not wholly free from fear and manifest a great desire to hear

all that their friends who have completed the course have to say on the subject. In the English reading room are seen groups of students busily engaged in reading Stevenson or Jane Austen, and I am given to understand, on good authority, that so popular did Stevenson become a day or two before October eleventh, that students would rise at six and run the risk of being locked out over night in order to devote the greatest possible amount of time to the perusal of his works. At present, however, Stevenson's fame seems to be on the wane and Jane Austen to be replacing him in the popular regard, her "Pride and Prejudice" this year being even more in demand than her "Northanger Abbey" was last winter. It is pleasant to see that amid the arduous work of the first semester some students find time to read these books. What a relief it is to minds wearied by the interminable formulæ of trigonometry, by Weber's Law, or by Mendeléeff's theory, to read of Watteau's early impressions of life, or of the imaginary love affairs of Aspasia, and how charming, after Greek prose composition, are the writings of the Duchess of Newcastle! Therefore all ye who are taking first year essay work rejoice that ye have ample opportunity to refresh your minds with sight papers and with the reading they entail; but even in the midst of your rejoicing pity those, less fortunate than yourselves, to whom college life must ever hereafter be monotonous—for they have no more sight papers to write!

Autumnal Entertainments.

A Lecture by the Professor in Theatrical Science.

Under Roman Numeral I of Volume I should be placed:

THE CABINET MEETING, of which the Class of Naughty-two were witnesses a few weeks ago. Our praise must be brief, but hearty, special emphasis to be laid upon the acting of Miss Farquahar, Miss Knowles and Miss Crane, not forgetting the well-sustained rôle of "Lieutenant Hobson," played by Miss Kate Williams. Reading in reference to this, page 8. The Junior Song.

The attention of the students is now called to Roman Numeral II, under which heading we may place

TEA IN THE SPANISH GARDENS.

Scenic effect was the object of the Seniors' search. The memory of the entire College would do well to recall the rows of sunflowers, the cedar avenue, the Shrine of Venus, the rose arbor, to say nothing of the brilliant and flashing costumes of the entertainers. Surely after meeting His Majesty Alphonso XIII. and receiving a kindly glance from the "dewey" eyes of the Queen Regent, each Freshman felt that her horizon was broadened. Many of such entertainments would doubtless tend to smooth over any slight unpleasantnesses stirred up by the late war.

Let us now turn to Roman Numeral III, which we may call

SOPHOMORE SHOWS.

Under paragraph 1 we place the Play. This performance took the form this year of a representation of the comedy entitled "London Assurance."

Before entering upon a close analysis we should remark upon the excellent work of the committee in assigning the parts. Miss Edith Houghton's acting has often before been praised in these pages. Miss Daly, Miss Southgate and Miss Montenegro filled their parts adequately. The gymnasium rang with applause at the entrance of "Lady Gay Spanker" and her husband. Minor parts were well taken by Miss Towle and Miss Bufum, and especial praise should be given to Miss Parris and Miss Ayer. The costumes (see pages 7 and 8) were unusually effective, and were set off by the well arranged scenery. That the Class of '01's efforts were appreciated could be seen by the enthusiastic applause, led by the Class of '02.

Paragraph 2 contains an account of the Fancy Dress Ball on the following evening, when the Sophomores again entertained the Freshmen. In reference to this your attention is called to the Sophomore song on page 8.



The only criticism to be offered on this subject is the falling into disuse of the custom of presenting the Freshmen with their lanterns at the Sophomore Play. College precedents are so rare at Bryn Mawr that we should try to perpetuate what few we possess. That will be sufficient for this lecture.



We care not for flowers that
bloom in the spring,
We love the sheen
Of your tender green,
Now that you've come to stay.

If college ways at first seem hard
Just let us lend a hand;
Don't be afraid to ask our aid,
We ever ready stand.
Your sorrows all we've had
before,
Ere Junior dignity we bore.
Your future state
May be as great,
Now that you've come to stay.

1900 to 1902.

(Music and words by M. W.)

O here's to the jolly Freshman
class,
The Class of 1902 !
We Juniors all are proud to call
You friends and comrades true.
Let Sophomores try to patron-
ize—
A year ago they were not so
wise—
They may in turn
Some lessons learn,
Now that you've come to stay.

You are the last of summer's
flowers,
O Class of 1902 !
All undismayed your heads you
raise
On campus strange and new;
But we are after the latest thing—

Sophomore Song.

There is a new class in Bryn
Mawr, in Bryn Mawr.
They've come from places near
and far, near and far.
And to them all we raise three
cheers
To banish all their youthful fears.

Chorus.

Howd'y-do, we've come to meet
you,
And we're very glad to greet you;
And we hope that you won't leave
us very soon, soon, soon.
Hurrah! hurrah! for 1902, 1902;
Three cheers, three cheers for
1902, 1902.
And may the world go well with
you.
Hurrah! three cheers for 1902!

E. C. C., 1901,
L. C. B., 1901,
E. S., 1901.



Alumnæana Memoria.

'94.

Blanche D. Follansbee is engaged to Mr. Caldwell.

Edith Hamilton is head mistress of the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore.

Marie L. Miner is teaching in the Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn

Katherine Porter graduated from the Johns Hopkins Medical College last spring.

'95.

Anne Coleman is studying medicine,

Florence Leftwich, Bryn Mawr European Fellow, 1895-96, is studying this winter at Bryn Mawr.

Margaret Hilles Shearman is to have charge of a Bible Class, at Bryn Mawr, this winter, and will come up from Wilmington every week.

Edith Pettit is reader in English at Bryn Mawr.

'96.

Lucy Baird is teaching in Philadelphia.

Elsa Bowman is teaching in the Brearley School, New York.

Mrs. Joseph Porter (Ruth Fur-

ness) is president of the Bryn Mawr Club in New York.

Ellen R. Giles is studying in Germany.

Bella M. Grossman is proof-reader for Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mary B. Hopkins returned from Europe early in October, and will spend the winter in Clinton, N. Y.

Georgiana Goddard King is now studying English at Oxford. ✓

Rebecca T. Mattson is principal of a school in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Clarence G. Hoag (Anna Scattergood) is in Maine, where her husband is teaching.

Anna Marion Whitehead is teaching in Philadelphia.

Virginia Ragsdale, European Fellow, 1896-97, is teaching in the Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore.

'97.

Eleanor O. Brownell returned in September from Europe, where she spent a year in travel. She is now taking a course in sixteenth century English at Barnard.

Mrs. Gerard Fountain (Elizabeth Caldwell) will live in New York this winter.

May Campbell is teaching at the Brearley School, and is also teaching Latin at Miss Marshall's Class, New York.

Margaret Dyer sailed in September for Europe, where she will spend the winter.

Frances Fincke is now in Paris.

Gertrude Frost will teach this winter in a school near Boston.

Alice Cilley is engaged to Dr. Harry Weist, of Richmond, Ind.

Margaret Hamilton, the Bryn Mawr European Fellow for 1897-98, and Clara Landsberg sailed on October 6 for Paris.

Friedrika Heyl will spend the winter in Mansfield, Pa., and expects to take her Bryn Mawr degree in February.

Aimée Leffingwell will this year again teach in Mr. Roser's classes in New York City.

Mildred Minturn is now in Japan, where she will remain until February.

Mary Peckham has accepted a position in the college settlement in Pittsburg.

Corinna Putnam returned early in September from Europe where she spent the summer.

Bertha Rembaugh is at present teaching at the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore.

Elizabeth Seymour is studying in the Art School in New Haven.

Elsie Sinclair is engaged to Dr. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge, of Philadelphia.

Marion Taber is teaching Rhetoric at the Brearley school, New York City.

Helen Tunbridge is teaching in Baltimore.

'98.

Jennie N. Browne is teaching physiology in Baltimore.

Hannah T. Carpenter is studying music in Providence.

Alice P. Gannett is teaching in the Washington High School.

Mabel Haynes and Grace Lounsbery are studying medicine at Johns Hopkins.

Grace Perley Locke is taking graduate work at Bryn Mawr College.

Edith Schoff is studying music in Philadelphia.

Elizabeth Nields has taken Evelyn Walker, '99's. place as recording secretary.

Marion E. Park, Bryn Mawr, European Fellow, 1898-99, is studying at Bryn Mawr.

Agnes Perkins is taking graduate work at Bryn Mawr.

Athletics.

The PHILISTINE hails with great joy the new Golf Club at Bryn Mawr. It is as yet in its swaddling clothes, but very large for one of such tender years—or weeks in this case—and it seems vigorous enough and very promising. Interest in athletics outside of basket ball has languished and led a precarious existence for a long time, but the day seems to be coming when a student of gentler tastes can find a companion for a game of tennis or golf even though all the members of all the basket ball teams are indulging in their more violent exercise. Our athletics need to be broadened, and the formation of a

golf club seems a step toward that end, for with the improvements in the links to be undertaken by it, and the general interest in the game which it is hoped the society will arouse, golf ought to become a more important feature

of college athletics than it has been heretofore.

The following officers were elected in a recent meeting: Miss C. Brown, '99, president; Miss Halsey, '00, secretary, and Miss Fiske, '01, treasurer.



Freshmen Types.

The artistic fever has broken out among us, and the PHILISTINE is receiving a new sort of contributions. We present to you here the portraits of three well-known members of the class of '02. They may be recognized at any time in Taylor, the gym, or on the campus, for the style of dressing the hair remains the same in spite of Bryn Mawr winds or critical Sophomores.

These silhouettes are typical of the present Freshman class; there are many things typical of all Freshman classes. What Junior or Senior does not go to

the Freshman play feeling that there is a probability that will play the part of Kipling's ancient Greeks who

"Saw old things turned up again
An' kep' it quiet same as you!"

Good 1902, spare us, we beg you, in the coming play, from any allusions to "sweetness and light," "unity, mass and coherence," the entrance examinations, or the trials of college life to come. Spare us these, and we will call you unique among Freshmen, of a type new to Bryn Mawr.



Words.

Sometimes I lie awake at night,
And think and think, of things
Both strange and beautiful to
write,
If words had wings.

But though my thoughts may fly
afar,
And grandly, widely soar,
My following words detained are
Here at my door.

L. A. K., 1900.

The Freshman Play.

A group of Freshmen gather,
And one of them will say,
"Come to my room, this even-
ing,
We'll write the Freshman
Play."

A sign upon the doorpost—
"No one can pass this way,"
And all will take for granted
It means the Freshman Play.

Then a notice of class meeting,
Called for a certain day,
When, in the students' parlor,
They'll read the Freshman
Play.

Next down to the gymnasium
They flock by night and day,
To act, or watch the others
Rehearse the Freshman Play.

In all the halls of residence
You may see them astray,
Large bundles 'neath their golf-
capes,
"My costume for the Play."

The Sophomores rush to Rose-
mont,
And order flowers gay,
To give to all the Freshmen
Who're in the Freshman Play.

After this preparation,
Oh, soon may come the day,
When we go to the gymnasium,
And see the Freshman Play!
C. H. S., 1900.

Why?

Why is it when I sit me down
To educate my mind,
Although my eyes scan well the
page,
My thoughts will lag behind?
L. A. K., 1900.

The Difference.

"Tell me, where is Fancie bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?"
This was asked long years ago,
Of my lord Bassanio.

Times have changed since Shake-
speare's day,
None could then the answer say;
Now it's known by every one,
Found beneath the Bryn Mawr
sun.

"Tell me, where is Fancie bred?"
Is this to a Freshman said?
Quick as thought the answer
runs,
"Fancy bread?—at Harrison's."
C. H. S., 1900.

At Eton.

We were wandering slowly
down the crooked little street
which leads from Eton College
to the Thames, across the bridge
and so up to Windsor Castle.
We had inspected the time-hon-
ored "quads," admired the
Chapel, and trod spell-bound be-
fore Watts' "Sir Galahad." A
group of animated cricket play-
ers had even lured us out to the
field, to sit on the grass under a
tree listening to the thud of the
ball, and the fresh English voices,
crying "Well hit!"

Now hungry and tired, our feet
paused naturally at the low door
of a pastry shop, whose window
was made attractive by a flower
box beyond which stood baskets
of fresh berries. We entered to
find ourselves in a crowd of small,
hungry Etonians. The bustling
shop-woman ushered us into a
small back room, from which we
watched the crowd eat. Each
grave student wore a minute

chimney-pot hat and a broad
white collar, which, with his
black suit stood in startling con-
trast to his rosy cheeks. The
boy nearest us refused the "straw-
berry mess" in which all of the
rest of us were indulging. Push-
ing his hat far on the back of his
head, he took a soup plate, and
gravely made the rounds of the
shop. Having collected grapes,
currants, gooseberries, strawber-
ries, raspberries, plums—(my
memory fails me, but there were
other fruits) he mashed them to-
gether, poured on sugar and
cream, and began. We waited to
see if he would finish it. I
still can hear the tone of satis-
faction, when, having scraped up
the last fragment, and uncoiled
his feet from the legs of the high
stool, he remarked:

"I believe I've been through
every mess in the shop."

Fudge—lied.

No, we won't budge,
We're making fudge,
Using vitality
In hospitality gracious.

All on the floor
Each taking "more"
With undue gravity,
Filling a cavity spacious.

True, it's exam
Time, and the cram
Time in its glory
Is here, same old story fallacious.

Little care we,
Better to be
Happy fudge-fed, than
Get a "high credit" mendacious
M. P., '99.

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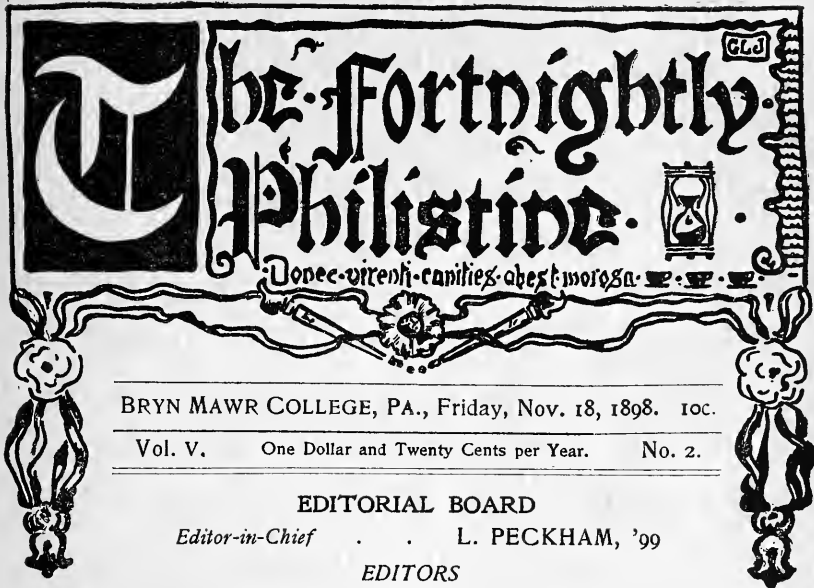
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THE PHILISTINE greets all his readers to-day with a bow,—rather solemn and haughty than profound; for he feels himself a permanent and respectable character at last. The fact is that he has gone through a serious crisis since his last appearance and feels like patting himself on the head for having come out of it so well. The PHILISTINE has created quite a stir this fall and his helpless, flat little self has been sat upon by a dignified committee and by the whole Undergraduate Association. The result is that a board of two censors has been elected, which is to take the place of Miss

Thomas in suppressing any objectionable articles in all undergraduate publications except the *Lantern*. The censors for this year are Miss Steiner, '99 and Miss L. Congdon, 1900. A second result of the great disturbance is that in future the editorial board of the PHILISTINE will be elected by the Undergraduate Association; and,—now you will see why the PHILISTINE feels so permanent and respectable—the board of editors, whose names graced the first page of the last issue, has since resigned and been unanimously re-elected, with the name of Miss Bruère, '02 added to the list.

Two Old Pictures.

'Twas a curio shop where first
they met,
'Mid antiquities strange and
rare;
On the self-same shelf together
set

(By an odd mistake that I
quite forget)

They fell in love, and are loving
yet—

A bitter love, and a long regret,
And a highly artistic pair.

Sundered for aye by a cruel fate,
And a whim, and a dash of
paint!

He came four hundred years too
late,

(Though quite of respectably
ancient date;)

Alas, what chance could ever
mate

A Watteau beau of powdered
pate

And a Fra Angelico saint?

They never dared confess it
quite,

For they felt their own bad
taste;

So she, in a blaze of gilded light,
Bravely ogling her mournful
plight,

Went off with a proud pre-
Raphaelite,

And the Watteau beau, as was
only right,

A Watteau boudoir graced.

Poor little victims of art! They
met,

And found each other fair.

On the same dark shelf together
set,

(By a strange mischance that I
quite forget,)

They fell in love, and are loving
yet;

A bitter love, and a long regret,
And a truly artistic pair.

E. T. D.

The Last Ride.

The moon is out; the stars attend
To watch our venture to the end,

Upon our pathway burning.

The changing moon could not
endure

Our purpose sure, in this secure,
We ride without returning.

Fast glide the trees as we ride
past;

Yet one short hour, and 'twill be
fast,

Our watching and our waiting.

Three silent years our blood has
run,

The morrow's sun shall see that
done

That can be done by hating.

The women, as we rode away,
Wept—but they did not bid us
stay—

Our sure destruction rueing:

The witchwife clapped her hands
and cried

“Strike spur to side! Ride,
brothers, ride!

You ride to your undoing.”

Now shine their lights athwart
the trees,

And there they banquet at their
ease,

The guard-posts all forsaken.
 Ye friendly stars, shine clear on
 high!
 He falls, they fly! Well pleased
 we die;
 Our dear revenge is taken.

C. S. N., '99.

Swing Song.

I lay in a hammock swinging
 soft and low,
 While a gentle breeze from the
 south did blow
 And rocked the hammock to and
 fro
 As I lay there peacefully
 dreaming.

Like a ball of red flame the sun
 sank low
 And the breeze from the south
 had ceased to blow,
 And the hammock had ceased to
 rock to and fro,
 But still I lay peacefully
 dreaming.

'Twas the still of midnight, and
 over the glen
 Not a whisper disturbed the
 silence then,
 And the moon was casting weird
 shadows, when
 I awoke from my peaceful
 dreaming.

M. M., 1900.



Her Pardonable Offence.

Dorothy sat on a high stool beside the kitchen table and chopped suet with a solemn face. Her feet were some two feet from the floor, for Dorothy was only seven; and if she had known her mythology, she might have compared herself to a Delphic priestess on a tripod, for her present occupation was to her a thing of almost religious importance. She was helping with the sacred mince-pie.

She laid down the chopper and spread her chubby fingers to rest them. Funny how heavy that little chopper got to be after a while! Her round eyes followed Cousin May about the big low ceiled kitchen; she admired her pretty cousin's pink gingham apron hopelessly, and vaguely wondered what life would be like

if a thing like that replaced her own brown pinafore. But she did not rebel; for Dorothy was a conservative and revered the powers that be. Was it not enough that she alone had been chosen to help Cousin May, when that young lady, carried away by some caprice, decided to retire to the kitchen that Thanksgiving eve and show her Southern relatives what she knew about mince pie? No one was so nice to play with as Cousin May; Dorothy thought that the rest of the family house-party who were excluded from the kitchen must be very dull without her—especially Cousin Roger who had played with no one else since she came.

Cousin May came back to the table with a bowl of hot water and shook the almonds into it.

"Now, Tot, when that's a wee bit cooler you may take the little brown skins off. And be sure you do it very nicely."

"Yes," said a voice outside the low window; "look out for her, Dorothy. She's awful hard on people whose behavior doesn't suit *her*."

Cousin May turned a negligent look on the young man who, looking reproachfully at her while he spoke to Dorothy, was leaning over the sill. She took something out of her pocket and laid it on the table within his reach.

"There," she said indifferently. "You may as well take it."

"I have told you," he said,

"to do what you like with it; I don't want it."

Cousin May, ignoring his remark, went on mixing things in a bowl, as calmly as if that something on the table had not been the most beautiful ring ever seen.

"Yes, Dorothy," said Roger, "she'll punish you unmercifully for offences you never intended; she'll hurt you dreadfully, Dorothy and never care."

Dorothy's infant soul froze within her, and she felt her teeth clatter until she greatly feared to lose that shaky front one on the spot. She looked with round eyes of horror at Cousin May; so heartless a person might be capable of shutting up little girls in the cellar, where Uncle Bob said there were rats. Her interest in pies left her; she would fly from a place where the best intentioned were compassed with perils. For who could tell when she might do something wrong and bring upon herself condign punishment? She slipped from her stool; but unhappily miscalculating her distance and alarmed at the remoteness of the floor, she clutched at the big bowl before her, and turned it over. The hot water splashed over Cousin May's busy hands and deluged the pink apron. Dorothy stayed to see no more, but in three bounds sought the refuge of the pot-closet, where she sank crashing into a heap of tins and awaited her doom.

Cousin May's little shriek of pain and dismay had brought

Roger into the kitchen by way of the window, with all possible speed.

"He is kissing her hands to make them well," thought Dorothy.

"Come, Tot," said Cousin May, suddenly, with very pink cheeks, "help me wipe up this water."

"You won't hurt me this time?" said Tot, doubtfully, from her refuge among the tins.

"Not this time," said Roger.

"And we're going to call you a *dea ex machina*."

"I don't like to be called names," said Dorothy plaintively. "I didn't mean any harm."

C. H., '98.



£

Jour de Grace.

From Paris to Baâl, by the night train; and on Thanksgiving evening!

A pleasant prospect for the Americans. They entered their little compartment and sat down languidly, disregarding the importunities of a courteous luggage carrier, all pink cheeks and blue blouse. He stowed away their suit cases, and then stood in the doorway, gesticulating. The Americans were absorbed, and oblivious.

Presently Ethel looked up. The man stood motionless except as to his hands and arms, which waved. She started, and touching her companion, ejaculated the magic word—"money!" Alma came out of her abstraction. A slight, almost imperceptible transaction accompanied by a clink, and the blue blouse took itself off like a flash of lightning, as the train began to move.

The Americans were two in number, and were of the type of the self-possessed. They were, moreover, neatly tailor-made, straight and somewhat graceful. Ethel was very good looking; Alma merely attractive. Both faces were capable of the most brilliant and sustained animation, but now it evidently suited them both to be very dull; they took off their hats and gloves and looked about them in silence. Presently Alma observed simply:

"It is really not so bad."

"Certainly not," said Ethel. She looked out of the window.

The train was sweeping out of Paris,—past the lights and spires and bridges, into the night and silence of the suburbs.

"Really, it is not so bad," repeated Alma, still viewing the dingy little apartment with reserved suspicion.

"Why should it be?" answered Ethel. "It is very dear, Baedeker says," she added dryly, "that there is smooth country about here. We might have walked to Baâl."

"Are you feeling as poor as that?" asked Alma. "The result of buying clothes in Paris. Well, it is impossible to avoid—that buying of clothes in Paris. I would have discouraged it, though, if I had thought it would end in making you economical."

Ethel smiled faintly. Alma sprang up in concern, seeing tears in her eyes.

"My dear girl—what is it?"

"I don't quite know. I think I should rather not be going to Baâl to-night"

Both faces, pressed against the dim glass, looked out mournfully enough into the flying darkness. There was a confused vision in both minds of snowy roads and bleak meadows in The Country; a yellow sun low in the sky; a feeling of good cheer; the sound of bells; people trudging along in heavy wrappings; sleds and slides, and a cutting wind.

"I wish I were at home," said Ethel.

It did not even occur to Alma to say "why did you come,

then?" or, "You know you would rather be here," or anything else comforting. She put her hands in her pockets and thought hard.

Presently her face lighted, and she touched Ethel on the shoulder.

"There's one remedy for the blues, you know," she said; "if we're not too egotistical to try it."

Ethel looked up quickly.

"Do you remember the solitary Frank in the next compartment?" asked Alma.

"Yes—but—O Alma! What nonsense. No! no!" cried Ethel petulantly.

"Certainly not, if you object. Merely a suggestion."

"My dear, she would confide her sorrows to us. The story of her life!"

"That, of course, would be our risk."

"And she looks quite dull."

"Eminently so."

"And we—I—" a pause. Then Ethel shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"All right; but if she were only Teutonic, Alma, *you* might talk to her."

"But she is palpably French, Ethel, so that duty is yours."

"Well—here goes."

Alma followed her companion with some amusement.

The solitary Frank was perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and very evidently miserable. She was dressed in mourning, and her only remaining joy in life seemed to be the

Epsom salts which she snuffed unceasingly and which scented the whole compartment with an odor of sorrow. She looked up dully and half rose.

"You will think it very strange in us," said Ethel, in her smooth American French, "since we have not had the pleasure of meeting you. But we are about to dine, and we are quite alone, and we have taken the liberty of observing that you are not accompanied. If you would join us—"

The French girl's face had lost its look of bewilderment and had taken on the expression of the world again in spite of red eyes and white cheeks. She said—

"To what am I indebted for this kind invitation?"

Ethel, quite at ease in finding civilization, answered simply—

"Why, it is Thanksgiving at home, and on Thanksgiving, you know—"

She paused.

It seemed too farcical. This was the first time that she had ever felt any philanthropy on the occasion of the Day of Grace. Alma, she knew, must be smiling.

"You are very kind," said the stranger. "I will come"

She came, bringing with her some petits pains and delicious pâté. It was actually cosy. Alma bustled about and made coffee, while Ethel secured the adoring services of various imposing officials in behalf of a table, apollinaris, ice and seclusion.

Ethel began to be jocose. She made jokes and said funny things, ignoring Alma's concealed amusement; she set the table and chatted for the whole party, since Alma and the stranger could only smile at each other helplessly.

It was no unimpressive thing, that strange Thanksgiving dinner, whose conversation was drowned in the roar and whistle of the train, while the swinging lamps flickered in the tired, smiling faces of the guests. There was cold fowl, delicious pâté sandwiches, Hochheimer, Alma's good coffee, French bonbons, crystallized ginger, chocolate menier and apollinaris; not much to read of, but good to eat and the best of its Parisian kind.

The stranger was not dull. She had left her stupidity behind with her Epsom salts, and was quite alive to the fact that she owed those kind American hearts the best that she could give. The very oddness of her mannerisms and the quaintness of her ideas added a poignancy to what she said; and her enjoyment of Ethel's nonsense, rose splendidly above her bewilderment.

At last it was all over, and the last international toast had been drunk, and the dinner-party was wrapped up in paper and flung to the four winds and the guests were weary. The stranger rose and held out her hand to each.

"Do you change at Baâl?" she asked. "Yes—and you?"

"I go straight on," she answered; so good bye." Then,

with her hand on the door, she paused. "It is a wonderful thing, your Jour de Grâce," she said, and went out quietly.

Ethel and Alma glanced at each other, and they both smiled.

Ethel went again to the window and glanced out upon leagues of low black land and a vault of starry sky.

"We shall soon cross the first frontier, now," said Alma. "Let's go to sleep."

"I wonder what her name is" said Ethel.

"She is probably wondering about ours," observed Alma.

"Doubtless. Poor thing. She is going to cry all night; wish I knew what it's all about."

"What—not the story of her life," remarked Alma, gravely.

Long Lab.

It was long lab. in chemistry. The four o'clock bell had rung without exciting the relief usually attendant on its sound. Lucy, thoroughly wearied by her afternoon's labor, sat on a stool idly watching the bubbles rise in the liquid she was boiling, and wished it were half-past four.

Out of doors everything seemed bright and cheerful. She heard her friends starting on a walk and thought how much pleasanter it was to be in the open air than in the laboratory.

In one corner of the room were the post majors with their water baths and condensers. It made Lucy weary to look at them; they

seemed so busy and contented, just as if there were no sun or sky, and as if the walls of the laboratory bounded the universe. Nearer were the majors engaged in various duties, some filtering precipitates, some incinerating filter paper, and some cleaning apparatus or folding aprons preparatory to going home. Lucy's friend was washing off some nitric acid which she had spilt upon her hands and dress.

The air in the laboratory was becoming denser. Lucy found herself wondering how many liters of hydrogen at standard temperature and pressure it would take to combine with the free chlorine then present, and whether sufficient hydrochloric acid would be found to drown her fellow-workers and herself, and if so, what her family would say upon reading in the paper a notice of the event in words such as these:

"Sad and Fatal Accident at Dalton Hall. Four post-major and eight major students of chemistry sacrificed upon the altar of science."

At this point the friend interrupted her thoughts by saying, "Aren't you going home? It is twenty-nine minutes to five. We're all nearly smothered by the smell that's coming out of that test-tube of yours. What *have* you put in there? No matter, leave it till Monday." And Lucy, with a sigh of relief, rose and turned out the flame of her Bunsen burner.

S. D. C., '01.

**Alumnæana Memoria.**

'92.

Miss Abby Kirk is acting as secretary to Miss Garrett this winter.

Mrs. Pierson (Elizabeth W. Winsor) is living in Weston, Mass.

'93.

The engagement of Madeline Abbott to Mr. Charles Bushnell of Philadelphia, has recently been announced.

Mary E. Hoyt brought a party of Bryn Mawr school children up from Baltimore to see the Freshman play.

Nellie Nielson is teaching at Miss Irwin's school, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Charles McLean Andrews (Evangeline H. Walker) has a son, born November 10th.

Susan G. Walker is head of Fiske Hall, Barnard College.

'94.

Mary B. Breed, Bryn Mawr European Fellow, 1894-95, has charge of the Scientific Department of the Pennsylvania College for Women, in Pittsburg, Pa.

Emma S. Wines is principal of the Private Preparatory School in Scranton, Pa.

'96.

Grace Peckham Baldwin is taking the Library course at the Drexel Institute.

Leonie Gilmore is teaching Latin at the Roman Catholic Academy in Jersey City.

Pauline Goldmark has been visiting Bryn Mawr.

Mary Northrop is teaching in Miss Baldwin's school.

Edith Wyatt is teaching in Miss Rice's school in Chicago.

'97.

Grace Albert is tutoring a sub-Freshman in Catskill, New York.

Euphemia Mann is teaching at Miss Baldwin's school.

Margaret Nichols is teaching German in the High School in Binghamton, New York.

Elizabeth Norcross is teaching German in the Portland Academy, Portland, Oregon. She also coaches the Basket Ball team there.

May Campbell, Marion Taber, and May Levering came back to Bryn Mawr to see the Freshman play.

'98.

Juliet C. Baldwin came to the Freshman play and spent several days at Bryn Mawr.

Florence Hoyt is unable, on account of ill-health, to accept the position offered her at the Bryn Mawr school. She has gone south for the winter.

Grace Lawton is teaching

Greek and Latin at Miss Baldwin's school.

Charly T. Mitchell has sailed for the Sandwich Islands.

Elizabeth Barbour is teaching in New York.

The Freshman Play.



We had the pleasure last Friday evening of seeing the Freshman play—an event long looked forward to with interest by the members of each class. The play itself was bright and pleasing, containing many hits which were much appreciated. The scenery, especially in the scene outside of the castle, was very

effective, and in this scene the effect was increased by the way in which the chorus appeared and disappeared.

The cast was excellent and entered into its work with a desire to gratify the audience, in which it perfectly succeeded. Special praise must be given to Miss Stoddard, who took the

part of Princess A. B., and carried it out with great success. Miss Montenegro, Miss Jenkins, Miss Spencer and Miss Harts-horne were excellent as Heir of Ph. D., Prince Charming, Jr., Prince Knowitall and Prince New, and no class had any reason to be ashamed of its representative.

In conclusion the PHILISTINE wishes to say that, in consideration of the pleasure received from the play it fully pardons the class of 1902 for the use of even such time-honored words as unity, mass and coherence, but—it hopes not to hear of them again until next autumn.

S. D. C., '01.



**Ye Doggerel Poet to Ye Mill.**

O mill, O mill, I envy thee,
 Thou grindest on so steadily,
 I grind on too, but woe is me,
 I can't grind on eternally.

L.

Ye Essayist.

[WITH APOLOGIES TO H. R. P.]

Past twelve and yette beholden
 me,

My brains in vaine a-beatyng.
 O thoughts so shy, why linger
 ye?

Descende on me entreatyng.
 Alas, if I could only be

Next door where they are
 eatyng!

L.

Centipede upon the wall,
 Crawley,
 Scrawley,
 Room-mate callee,
 Hits him sorely—
 That is all.

J. K. '00.

Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving is delightful,
 And always brings great joy,
 To every college student,
 To every girl and boy.

To grandpa and to grandma,
 To aunts and uncles too,
 And all in every family,
 If many or if few.

But to one saddened creature
 All joy in it's denied,
 And as you eat your dinner,
 Think of the turkey's side!

To B. P., 1900.

Grievous murder has been done!
 Babies in the chapel hung!
 Innocents in swaddling clothes
 Merit not such cruel foes.

Just come here from Italy,
 From th' asylum 'cross the sea;
 Helpless little orphans they—
 What would Della Robbia say?

J. K., '00.

Secrets.

[WITH APOLOGIES TO M. V. L.]

He—

I'll never tell—
 I loved too well—
 How much I felt the blow ;
 But sweet, my heart
 Did ache and smart
 Because you answered *no*.

She—

You'll never know—
 I'll hide it so—
 But ever since that day,
 Though its all too late,
 To mend my fate,
 I've been sorry I answered *nay*.
 G. L. J., 1900.

What Care I?

Three laughing girls just passed
 me by,
 Three laughing girls—but what
 care I?
 How many girls go laughing by!

And what care I—ah, now
 they've turned,
 I thought they would. I've long
 since learned,
 --How quickly are some things
 discerned !

These girls, they all come laugh-
 ing back,
 And I, I do not care alack,
 How many girls come laughing
 back.

G. P. L.

Upon Trig.

To get a passed in trigonometrie
 One has to learn a thousand
 formulae.

C. H. S.

Freshman Songs.

I arise from dreams of thee,
 Oh, Bryn Mawr, my beacon-
 light,
 Many visions strange to see
 Hovered round my bed last
 night.
 I heard Virgil spouting Greek,
 While great Cæsar strove
 with π
 Solon brandishing a cleek
 Drove C. Smith across the sky.

On the gloomy asses' bridge
 Lady Macbeth lingered late ;
 Some quadratic passerby
 Hurl'd an angle at her pate,
 She started, shrieked and fled.
 German script pursued her fast
 With a megaphone that said :
 "That young woman has not
 passed !"

(Tune: "*A Little Bit of String*.")

I'm just a little Freshman,
 And I'm timid, don't you
 know ;
 I cannot play at basket-ball,
 I don't know how to throw.
 At tennis I am not so bad ;
 I've played the game before.
 But I'm nothing but a Freshman
 And I feel it more and more.

Chorus :—

Such a timid little thing,
 To my Juniors I must cling,
 But some day I'll be a Sopho-
 more
 Then I'll win at everything,
 And to no one will I cling,
 For who could aid a Sopho-
 more ?

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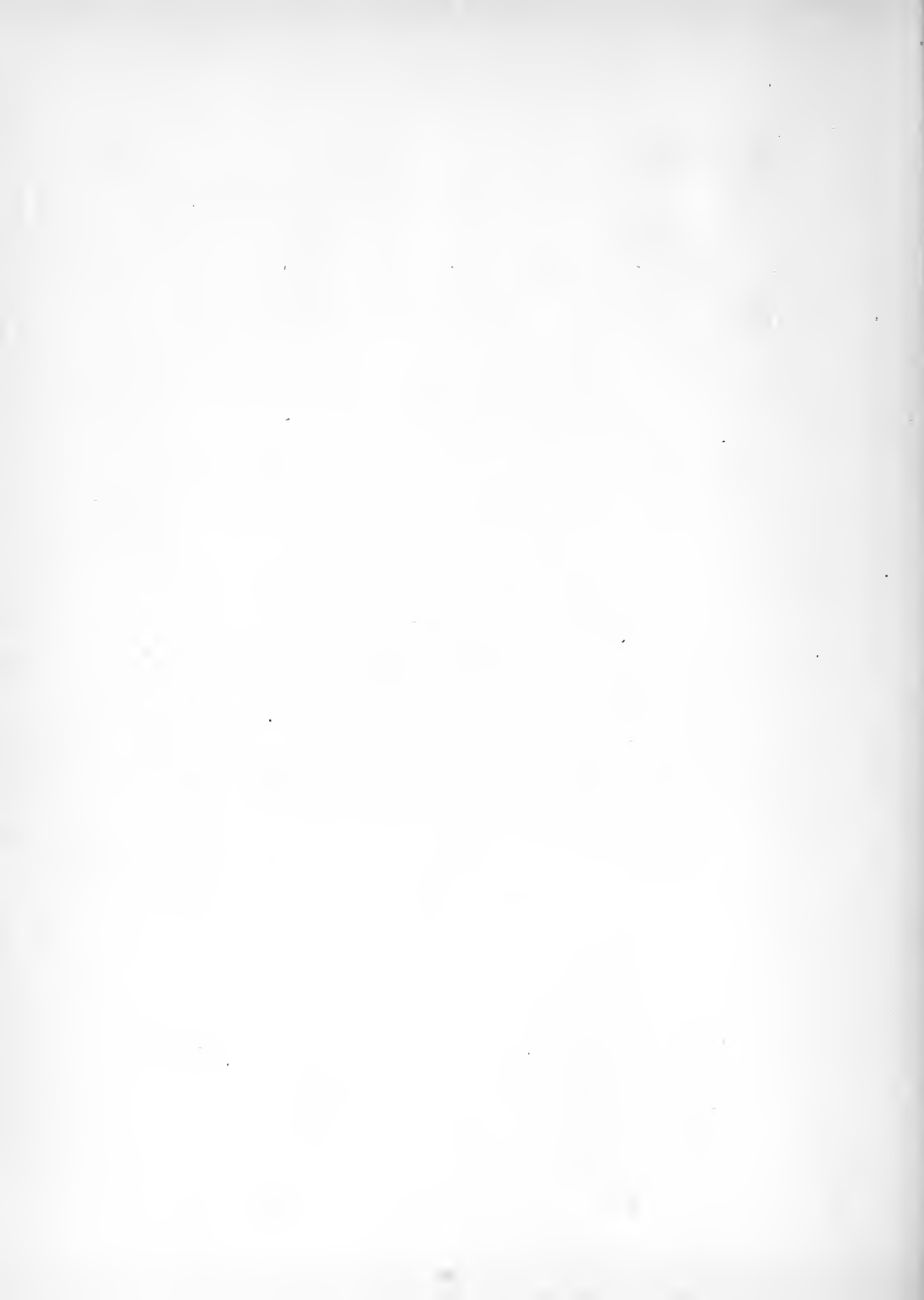


THE FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE


DONEC VIRENTI CANILLES ABEST MOROSA

THE FORTNIGHTLY PALESTINE

ONEC VIRENTI CANILES ABEST MOROSA



FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY



The Fortnightly Philistine.

Donec virenti canities abest morosa.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, PA., Friday, Dec. 2, 1898. 1cc.

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Social functions at Bryn Mawr may be divided into two classes, private and public. Teas, fudge parties, dinners, "at homes" classed in the first division receive individuality from the class, hall, and friends of the giver. To go from a dinner given by a Senior in Pembroke West to a cracker-and-jam feast in a Freshman's room, in Radnor, is entertaining, enlightening, profitable. Yet when all halls and classes are combined in a public function, i. e., a College Reception, all individuality is lost, and like a flock of sheep the student body follows the rules of long

ago and fails to make one reception differ from another. Two facts should be realized and considered by each student. First, that a reception is one of the rare opportunities for the co-operation of the entire student body, and also that it is an important factor in our relations to the outside world. If each girl would take it upon herself to play the part of hostess and to make the receptions enjoyable for her own, and her fellow students' guests, surely there would be no occasion for the slurring criticism so often cast, that college women are not a success socially.

Sonnet.

As in a placid lake long summer days,
 When the late golden light slants thro' the trees,
 And on the bordering moss warm patches lays
 And all in stillness stands, save for the breeze;
 The little waves come softly, softly in
 In lines of light below the sunset sky,
 With a low sound, a gentle watery din
 And make among the pebbles as they die
 A momentary music, then are lost
 Among the reeds and grasses of the shore,
 And other waves with lines of glory crossed
 Come ever, disappear, and are no more:
 So little dreams, with music and with light
 Pace through my soul, and lose themselves in night.
 L. A. K., 1900.

Art, Woman and Law.



"I'd rather face an escaped lion than my landlord with his bill next Monday, Adele."

"And this from one who is gifted with youth, beauty and

genius," sighed the three months' bride.

"You call these gifts? Men say that a young lawyer is inexperienced; a handsome one takes too great pains with the outside, too little with the inside, of his cranium; a genius turns his talents to putting money into his own pockets, rather than into those of his clients! Poor gifts surely if one has a wife to support."

Adele put a slash of red paint over an ink blotch in the screen that concealed the culinary department of their household. The blotch had come there one day when Stuart was recovering from an attack of literary fever, and was coming to a realization of the fact that poetic oil would not burn in his lamp.

"Mr. Fawley suggested that I try my hand at modeling. He says I may as well begin on you—that there are any number of niches that he must fill,

where your head would be a regular Apollo; and any one would be willing to give a large sum for it."

"For a small pittance I'm sure I would be willing to sit twelve hours in the day in any corner that Mr. Fawley might choose. But this is a case where a copy is better than the original."

"But do let me try, Stuart, things have come to such a pass! And if it is a success you might be the lion, you know, instead of the landlord. I could finish it in one day, I dare say."

"One day? I've no time for such nonsense! Why think what an amount of business I might do in a day!"

"And think how many days you have to do it in," retorted Adele. "And I think from all I know that no business will prevent your doing this amount of business almost any day that you like!"

Stuart groaned. "Begin when you will; only give me five minutes' notice that I may assume an expression suitable to staring people out of countenance through countless ages."

"We must get the plaster of Paris to-night. To-morrow is Sunday, and we can get the work done with no interruptions."

So they hurried into the street, this strange young man and his wife. He, the son of a wealthy aristocrat, had fancied a pretty artist who led a Bohemian existence, and—but the rest of the story is already told.

"I think we will get an advance of \$50.00 immediately," cried Adele. "We must begin

early to-morrow—at five o'clock. But how will we waken? Hadn't we better buy an alarm clock? We can pay on Monday, you know."

"By all means! And shan't we have some ice cream—just to pass the time away until the blissful moment comes when I shall lie like a fallen god, my features submerged in liquid plaster of Paris?"

Early next morning they started to work. The frugal breakfast was soon over and the apartment in order.

"Now," cried Adele, "I will mix the plaster in this box. You can lie on the couch with your head over the edge. We will take the back first, the mask afterwards. How do you want your hair arranged? I think the most natural way is best. Your hair is so long and wavy, Stuart—it will make a fine effect in marble. How proud I shall be! Oh, dear! I forgot! I broke the bottle of olive oil yesterday! And no grocery is open. What shall I do?"

"Why, I don't think it will be appropriate to make my hair oily, do you, Adele? Apollo never greased his hair, I am sure. That as an entirely modern idea!"

"You foolish man! The plaster would all stick to your head if it were not oiled—and that would spoil the cast. I never could mould waves so beautiful as your natural ones. I'll tell you. Here is a piece of butter. You can put it on the top of your head and sit before the fire. It will melt and run down and oil your head most effectually. That

is such a simple and natural method."

And so the butter was placed on the head of the master of the house and he sat before the fire with a towel carefully stuffed into his collar to prevent greasy rivulets from trickling down his neck.

Adele mixed the plaster, then smoothed her husband's hair. Stuart laughed heartily as he took his place on the couch with his head hanging over.

"I feel as though an executioner were all that is lacking, Adele. How are the mighty fallen!" And he repeated the words of Sydney Smith on finding his friend in a similar situation.

"It seems to me that stuff is very liquid, Adele. It will take it ages to harden. Why not put in a little more of the powder? A fellow can't stay on his back all day!"

"Why, Stuart, if I were to thicken it, the impression would not be half so good. This way it penetrates into all the crevices and the image will come out beautiful and distinct. There, there, please don't move—please don't move until it has set!"

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Adele pulled off her apron and opened it. A coachman handed her a note addressed to Stuart. Bidding the man wait, she closed the door.

"I will open it for you, Stuart, dear. Oh—it is an invitation—for dinner to-day, from your cousin. We had better go—hadn't we? There is nothing here for dinner. What do you

think? Could the mask wait—say until this evening?"

Stuart's heart "leaped up," but he deemed it best to appear reluctant.

"I don't know, Adele. Business is business, you know. And there is no telling what urgent call I *might* have this afternoon."

"But we can risk that, Stuart,—we surely can. A good dinner will—will give the mask a more pleasant expression—don't you think so?"

"All right! This is not the way I *usually* do business, but this time I will give in. Tell him we will come."

Adele gave the message. Then she came back and felt the plaster. Strange that it did not harden faster! It must have been wetter than she thought.

"I will go down and get a paper to read to you. Now don't move, Stuart. Remember the lion!"

It was nine o'clock before Adele thought Stuart had better attempt to get up. He gave a sigh of relief when she spoke the word.

Just then some one knocked fiercely. Adele flew to the door. She found there a stout man in a checkered suit, who inquired, in discourteous tones, if a lawyer lived there. On being told that Mr. Stuart Comly lived there, and that he busied (?) himself with the law, the man gruffly ordered the woman to "hurry him along."

"So very fortunate that he should not have come until now, Stuart. Get up, for he seems to be in a hurry."

"Why, Adele," cried Stuart, struggling to rise. "I don't see what is the matter. The stuff seems to be holding me."

"Oh, it will be all right," laughed Adele. "It sometimes does stick just a little along the edges. Pull hard."

Stuart groaned. "I cannot pull all my hair out!" He tugged at the heavy weight. Adele's face bore a strange expression.

"Here, dear, let me break away a little at the edges, just to loosen it. I can make the mask extend around a little further."

At that moment Stuart spoke of the mask in dubious and contemptuous terms. The man outside began thumping again, and in emphatic tones expressed his opinion of good-for-nothing fellows who kept their complexions good by lying in bed until mid-day.

"I felt that this would interfere with my business," scolded Stuart. He gave his head a jerk, lifted up the heavy mass one instant and let it drop. The plaster cracked, but each piece adhered to his head as firmly as before.

"Oh, dear, dear," wailed Adele, "my reputation is gone! So has the lion! And the man will go soon!"

"Tell him I can't see him—that I am dead, away, ill, anything!"

"It don't sound as if you were any of these things," whined Adele, "I think I'll tell him you are delirious."

A diminution in the volume of sound outside told that no explanation was required by the irate client.

There was now no reason for hurry.

"Let us consider how to get it off," sobbed Adele. She gave a little cry as she gave the edge a blow with the hammer. Every hair on Stuart's head had stood out straight when it came in contact with the liquid plaster, and was now firmly embedded in the mass. What was to be done?

The repentant wife began to hammer away. At first there was silence, except for the taps, but as Stuart rapidly developed a headache under this course of treatment, there came to be an accompaniment of sighs and finally soft sobs from Adele.



A mission school was held in a building opposite, and a number of children were taking in the whole situation. The place was also visible from another side to the windows of a large hotel, and the idle travelers found a great deal of amusement in Adele's artistic attempts. The couch was built in, so all movement was out of the question.

At 6 o'clock Stuart raised his head for the first time in ten hours.

"He told us it was an extra good quality of plaster. We paid extra for it you know. Do forgive me, Stuart."

"But the dinner—and the client—and the landlord—and the alarm clock," sighed Stuart,—"and my hair!"

G. L. J. 1900.

The Marston's Thanksgiving.

For over a week the preparations for Thanksgiving had occupied the mind of every housewife in the little town of Tamworth. Pies, puddings, and sauces were exhaustively discussed when ever any two of them met for a moment in post-office, store, or highway, and by the time the day arrived, each was perfectly familiar with the dinner of all the others. Nevertheless Thanksgiving morning found Mrs. Marston and Celia with heavy hearts. Even the knowledge that they had made one more pie than Mrs. Nickerson over at the Iron Works, though she was expecting three more people, failed to raise their spirits and they went silently about their work with troubled faces. Mrs. Marston was thinking of Tom, her only son who had enlisted, gone to Cuba, and was now sick with the fever at Springfield. This was the first Thanksgiving they had ever passed without him and it was, therefore, a sorrowful occasion to her. Celia's trouble was of a different nature. Her mind was full of Charles Bennet,

a young doctor at Ossipee whose free thinking tendencies and acceptance of the Darwinian theory made him highly objectionable in her father's eyes. Only last evening Mr. Marston had spoken to her about him in terms so strong as to leave no doubt as to their meaning, and which Celia, as a dutiful daughter, felt bound to respect.

About twelve, however, their meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the children followed by their grandmother, Mrs. Huckins, who had just driven over with her husband.

"How d'ye do, Mary! how d'ye do, Celia!" she said cheerfully throwing off her wraps, "can't I help you set the table?" and, suiting the action to the word, she was soon busily engaged in laying down knives, forks and spoons, while Celia bore off the children to get their hands and faces washed.

Soon after the men folks made their appearance, stamping the snow off their boots and asking how soon the dinner would be ready. As the preparations were just completed, they sat down at once to eat.

"Seems kind of lonesome without Tom, don't it?" said Mrs. Huckins, helping herself liberally to the potatoes.

"Yes, it don't seem like the same place now Tom's gone," answered Mrs. Marston sighing.

"You must be terrible proud of having a son in the army, though," remarked Mr. Huckins, way down to Cuba too, wonder how many Spaniards he's shot, did he ever tell you?" "No,

but I guess a good many," said Mrs. Marston, her maternal pride rising in behalf of Tom's exploits. "His captain was terrible fond of him too,—said he was about the best fellow in the company."

"Suppose he takes after his father in that," ventured Mrs. Huckins, willing to rouse her son-in-law from the gloom into which the mention of his son's name had thrown him. Mr. Marston had served in '63, but had never been further south than Provincetown, where he was stationed to guard a powder magazine.

He here felt himself called upon to speak, and having once begun, continued by a recital of all the trials of his camp life, to which the family listened with respectful attention.

He had only reached the events of the fifth week, however (his enlistment was for three months) when a sound of wheels was heard and a carriage stopped at the door. Celia had a presentiment whom it would be and hastened to the window. The others followed her. What was their surprise to find Charles Bennet's buggy and to see Charles himself get out and assist another man to descend.

It was Tom! They knew him the moment they saw him and before he had reached the ground, the whole family had rushed out to meet him. They crowded round with questions, and would hardly stop long enough for him to answer. When they finally went into the house (Charles Bennet came too, for of course

he had to be asked) Tom had to tell the whole story of his coming—how he had been discharged from the hospital the day before; how he had just time enough to get home for Thanksgiving, and how at the station he had met Charles Bennet, who offered to drive him up, and so here he was.

Mr. Marston considered a moment. Then he approached Charles and said: "Seems a pity, after your horse has come so far in the storm, to take him back again without a rest, so perhaps you'd better put him up and help us finish the dinner," and Charles accepted the invitation.

Leaves from the Diary of a Bryn Mawrter.

THE FRESHMAN.

OCTOBER 5.

There goes the ten o'clock bell! What would Mamma think if she knew I was still up! I wonder what they are doing at home now! It seems ages since I left them all. But I am happy here. My room is still a trifle bare, but I can't get my pictures hung because that attractive Sophomore that rooms next door says you are not allowed to put nails into your walls before your Sophomore year. How nice it must be to be a Sophomore! But I do like it here very much. I knew I should.

To-day has been a very long day. I was up so early that I had to wait for breakfast outside the dining room doors. Dear me, that Junior across the way didn't get up until eight o'clock. There

was such a rude girl in the library this morning. I asked some one there on what shelf I might find "The Duchess," and a girl sitting at one of the tables called "hush" in the most imperative and unkind way. One of the professors was there and even he looked shocked and surprised. I was the first person to get to my English class and took the middle seat in the front row. After a lot more girls had come in some one asked me for my seat. Of course I gave it to her, and she told me that the Freshmen must take the back seats. I am sure it was very kind to tell me.

The girls are very nice—and I'm so glad I'm here. In my next lecture I took the end seat in the last row. There were only four other girls in the class, and I did feel awfully lonely and conspicuous back there, but, of course, I didn't want to break the rules again. After that I had to go over to Dalton, and because it was already nearly a quarter past twelve I ran right across the grass until some one called to me from a Pembroke window not to run in a straight line. She said something about zigzags, so as not to make paths. What a long time it does take to get anywhere in that way. I think I might as well have gone along the gravel walk. I went up stairs upon stairs in Dalton, for I had forgotten whether it was biology or psy-

chology I had been told to take. When I got to the roof they told me it was probably biology. Some one said we would have to cut up worms some day in that course. They do think they can make us Freshmen believe anything, I suppose.

What a rough game basket ball is. It is great fun to play, however, only they kept interrupting the game by calling "hugging fouls" on somebody. My opponent said I must be less affectionate and so I just braced up and fought for the ball and hung on to the other girl when she had it. That didn't seem to do any good though, for nearly every time I got the ball, and every time I didn't they called a foul just the same. I think that's a part of the game.

Some one said we have a class meeting to-night. When I started to go, I found my door locked. I suppose the watchman had been around to do it. At some other colleges they turn out your lights, and that is much worse even than this rule of ours.

I hope no one will ever see this scribble. I found out to-day that there is another girl in college that has a condition in English, but I hated to tell her about mine. I don't see how I shall ever pass off my punctuation. Oh dear, I am so worried about it! I am not homesick though—not a bit, and I am so glad I'm here, and I told Mamma I should like it.





Alumnæana Memoria.

'95.

Anne Coleman is studying at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia.

Susan Fowler is teaching at the Brearley School, New York.

Rosalie Furman is demonstrating in Chemistry, and is also studying at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia.

Elizabeth Gilford has returned from Europe.

'96.

Elsa Bowman is teaching mathematics and science in the Brearley school, New York.

Caroline R. Foulke has been visiting in New York.

Pauline Goldmark has been elected Assistant Secretary of the College Settlement Association.

Helen Haines is studying in Paris.

'97.

Frances Arnold is tutoring in Mathematics in the Brearley school, New York.

Rebekah M. Chickering is teaching in Andover, Mass.

Caroline Galt is tutoring at the Pennsylvania College for Women in Pittsburg.

Edith Lawrence and Elizabeth B. Higginson have been visiting Gertrude Frost in Chelsea where she is teaching.

Clara W. Vail is taking violin lessons.

—

The following stories are told of two members of the class now teaching in the Brearley school in the Latin class:

Small Scholar.—"Do you suppose, Miss C-mpb-ll, that if 'Quo Vadis' were written in Latin you would know every word, and could read it right off?"

Teacher (thinking of Minor Latin taken Freshman year).—"Ofcourse there would be a few unusual words that no one could be expected to know without a dictionary. Now, let us go on with the lesson."

—

In the Rhetoric class:

Small Scholar (writing composition).—"Please, how do you spell chrysanthemum, Miss T-b-r?"

Teacher (in confusion).—"I don't—, no matter now, dear, spell it as well as you can, and don't disturb the others."

'98.

Isabel Andrews is tutoring in Philadelphia and vicinity.

Mrs. Samuel Klebs (Margaret Forbes) is living in Chicago.

Mary U. Githens is taking cooking lessons.

The Bryn Mawr Club of New York meets every fortnight at 105 East Seventeenth street.

Graduate News.

The Graduate Club held its first meeting of the year October 15, at which time the new graduate students were welcomed as members of the club.

The social life of the club will be maintained this year by the usual formal and informal meetings at stated intervals, and daily tea pourings in the club rooms. The informal meetings, however, will have a somewhat different character. Instead of being limited to members of the club, the members of the faculty are invited to attend, and, on different occasions throughout the year, the college departments will be represented. At these meetings all the members of the department in question will receive a special invitation, and some member of the department will speak to the club of important questions that interest scholars in his line of work.

The first departmental meeting was held November 12, in the club rooms, at Denbigh Hall. President Thomas and all the members of the English Department were present, and Miss

Gwinn read a paper on "Emerson and Walt Whitman, according to John J. Chapman."

College Settlement News.

About three weeks ago Miss Helena Dudley, of the class of '89, spoke before the College Settlement Chapter on "How to Meet the Needs of a Working-Class District." She is now headworker in the Boston Settlement, where she has been for five years.

Any bit of writing or speaking, to be enduring, must have a definite aim, that one can see at once and remember afterwards—the focus of the impression it makes. This is what our mind, though perhaps unconsciously, seeks for, and if it does not find that for which it seeks, remains unsatisfied. Beyond doubt, the motive of Miss Dudley's speech was "public spirit." Its substance was briefly as follows:

The mass of people who work for us, who make our clothes, our houses, who serve us in a thousand ways, are entitled to more consideration than they get from us. We pay them a wage, but a poor return, to be sure, for the hours they spend at labor, and there, we fancy, all necessity of contact ends. We know so little of their lives that we cannot see how far our responsibility extends. We don't know how the shirtmaker lives, or what kind of a home the factory hand returns to, except of course the outside; we can see that. But when we remember how little we understand the lives of the servants in

our own homes, we must acknowledge that we are not as well informed as we ought to be.

As a matter of fact, these factory people, after a day's work, eight or nine hours long, go back to a home where there is no privacy and no social intercourse. It is almost impossible to imagine such a thing. Still, when a whole family cooks, eats, washes and sleeps in a space restricted to two or three rooms, how can the fact be otherwise? Could we in a similar position find any seclusion, or should we wish to visit our friends who were living under the same conditions? Yet, they crave for intercourse and as a result we get boys who go to the corner saloon and girls who go to the dance hall to satisfy this impulse.

It is for these wrong conditions that the College Settlement offers a remedy. At Denison House, in Boston, or Rivington street, in New York, or wherever the settlement may be, the people of the district can meet to talk about things of common interest, as we do, and be amused. The prevailing impression that they are constrained in company, is a false one, as the flourishing clubs and societies of the settlement prove. These people have aspirations towards which they work under the greatest difficulties, and for which they show an enthusiasm that is surprising. They have as advanced ideas as any class and when opportunity offers set them to practical use. For instance, the "fifty-eight hours law" came from the Textile unions, the "anti-sweating law"

was framed by the Cutters' union and some compulsory school laws came from the Labor unions.

So, finally, we see that these people, these "deserving poor," are not so far divided from us except in riches and privileges. They are the indispensable part of the community, the part that literally *makes* our civilization. Yet they get a very small part of the good it brings.

The College Settlement movement was started by people who believed that the division line between the privileged and the unprivileged ought to be made less marked, and who tried to make a bridge by means of which the two classes might be mutually benefited.

The Freshman's Lament.

Who does not love the Freshman
year?

With songs and plays to write.
The Sophomores say that we are
queer,

The Juniors, we're all right.

I can't quite see just what they
mean,

They've both been here before.
I wonder how this year will seem
When I'm a Sophomore!

The Blizzard.

The snow it lies upon the ground,
I like to see it all around.

The streams and lakes are turned
to ice,

And that, I think, is very nice.



To the Pool.

The swimming pool is very deep,
 I'm scared of it at night,
 A wicked woman comes down
 stairs,
 And turns out every light.

As to Newsboys.

Perhaps others who read the *PHILISTINE* have not been unfortunate enough to have their minds touched early in regard to newsboys. For myself, on my earliest birthdays, "goody-goody" stories were invariably presented to me by loving great aunts and second cousins, and these stories as invariably turned on the misfortunes of newsboys. They were always represented as half-fledged angels who supported a widowed mother and family on their earnings, were run over by street cars and died in the white beds of a hospital, murmuring the name of the young lady who had smiled on them every morning as she passed their corner. As I say, my heart was early affected by these things, and my first efforts of charity were to-

ward this very class of society. Too young to know the necessity of "organized labor," I determined to do my work individually.

Armed with a single flower, and the consciousness that newsboys always treasured such a present until death, I advanced toward a boy and hailed him. He was alert at once, thinking to sell a paper, but when he found my object, great was the scorn he heaped upon me, and the poor flower was thrown in the gutter. The next time I made advances, I really think the boy was not to blame in not being reciprocative. I offered him, upon the first of April, a chocolate filled with soap. He took it with evident pleasure, but the language he used when he had eaten it was not fit for my young ears to hear.

Another time, I remember. I invited several "Micks" to a party in our garden. They all came and enjoyed themselves hugely, but at their departure, in a fit of absent mindedness, they carried away certain things that they had not brought with them. Thereafter I was instructed by the higher powers not to give

such entertainments without express permission.

"When older grown," on one occasion a friend asked me to take her class of "muckers" in a Mission Sunday School. I still had a desire to benefit my fellow-people, and accepted eagerly. The boys, I was told, were stupid and slow, but loved to learn. I found the very opposite true. I began my instructions with the catechism, as I had been told to do. In response to my first question, "What is your name?" the entire class shouted in chorus, "M. or N.!" but this was the extent of their knowledge. Finding that there was no regular lesson, but that we might teach what we wished, I started off with the story of Adam and Eve. I was telling it in my most vivid manner, when I was stopped by the murmur of "Au, chestnuts!" Baffled here, I turned to Samson. After informing them that he could "do up" Fitzsimmons, and had hair longer than "de freak wat we saw to de circus," I kept their attention until they discovered he was no relation to the admiral of his name. Then in disgust the little angel next me threw a—spit-ball—(there is no other word) at his opposite neighbor, and a free fight followed. My threat of holding their hands were received with delight and shouts of "Go ahead!" With the help of secular tales I finally quieted them, but was heartily glad when the hour was over. Since that time my charitable efforts have not been directed toward newsboys.

C. H. S.

A Gym Revel.

A faint light shines from the window of the gymnasium. It is after midnight, but yet the tuneless tinkle of the gym piano might be heard had any one been standing outside in the snow. Within a dance is in full swing. The swish of skirts, the rattle of swords, the laughter of girls rise and fall between dances. What a familiar figure this is, in green velvet, contrasting so well with scarlet stockings and powdered hair.

There it goes now, with a partner who wears a dingy pink Mother Hubbard frock. They are being discussed by a group of wall flowers near the door.

"Eliza Bennett here again!" cries one, in a sharp tone. "How popular she is in Bryn Mawr. I remember seeing her in '93."

"Her partner in green belongs to the Class of '95 and attended the Freshman dance. How time flies!" sighed her neighbor.

The sound of the seven o'clock bell peals out over the snowy campus. Instantly the lights are extinguished by a grim spectre in the gallery, the piano stops with a crash, good-byes are hastily said. But no forms issue from the gym door and along the drifted paths. The crowd presses up stairs, and if one could peep into the property room one could only see the green suit hanging between a flowered chintz overskirt and Eliza Bennett's hat, while on the shelves, amid powder boxes and rouge pots, lie the aged relics of many dances.

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The Fortnightly Philistine



Donec virenti canities adest morosa.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, PA., Friday, Dec. 16, 1898. 1cc.

Vol. V. One Dollar and Twenty Cents per Year. No. 4.

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The athletic field has been turned into the skating pond, the gravel paths are paved with unstable boardwalks, the Seniors wear gloves to lectures. In short, winter is upon us. Over the campus sweeps the wind, bringing the leaves from Low Buildings to Pembroke, pausing a moment to enter the crevices of the windows of Taylor and to make recovering grip patients cough once more, dancing a Highland fling on Taylor front steps, playing hide-and-go-seek around the corners of Denbigh and Merion, then dashing out through Pembroke Arch. So runs its course. But the question is how it gets back to Low Buildings and begins again, for cer-

tainly it never stops coming up the hill.

In the first issue of the year the "Philistine" complained briefly because of the similarity of all Freshmen plays. Lest his attitude be mistaken, he begs to announce that he does not wish to take a stand against so-called original plays. Far be it from his worthy mind to discourage any spark of originality which may be lying dormant in any student. Original plays should form a feature of college life. 1901 has distinguished herself recently in this line through one of her members, and the "Philistine" hastens to add his share of applause.

Music.

Sing, my love, when the sunset
glows,
Sing to me when the west wind
blows,
Sing me the song that passion
knows,
To rouse my soul.

My soul is weary with work and
care,
And has fallen asleep in pleasure's
lair,
When no beloved friend is there
To break the spell.

Sing, my love, that it may not
die,
Sing, and together away we'll
fly,
On the wings of music lifted
high
Above the world.

When my wakened heart that
music hears,
Gone are its weariness and
fears,
Passion's song that inspires and
cheers,
Has roused my soul.
M. M., 1900.

De Amicitia.

Mary pulled down the curtains. They were pale yellow, and cast a soft light like that of late afternoon over her little study. She glanced about in a quick, appreciative way, and then turned to talk to Lucy.

That was what she had meant to do, and that was what Lucy had come for. They both realized that the situation was

strained, and that something must be said very soon to prevent things from becoming quite disagreeable. Mary usually had a capacity for saying the right thing at the right time, but just now everything seemed to fail her; she hesitated—a fatal mistake.

Lucy toyed with a paper-cutter, disdaining to conceal the fact that she was posing. It would have been of no use to try to conceal it from Mary, as she well knew; so she over-acted ennui with supreme indifference, and hummed sweetly to herself.

Mary walked once around the room and then stood and looked down gravely at her friend. Lucy hummed.

"You see, Lucy, it's absurd. Do you grasp that? It's absurd," said this most reluctant of mentors, frowning. "It is of no use to be unamiable to you, since you refuse to grant me the satisfaction of getting angry, so I must keep my own temper."

"Please do; rage is not becoming to you; and your study always makes me feel quite æsthetic," said Lucy.

"I would make it a barn if I thought it would affect you sensibly," returned Mary with warmth.

"You'd never be able to judge, my love, as in that case I should never enter it," said the other.

"Lucy, don't be flippant. What's the use? There's no one to hear you—except me. Do realize things; at last, now,

after all these years, do be earnest, once!"

"To what end? You're good, Mary, you're exceptional; but you're most unpractical. I've gotten along without self-torture for three years and a half. Three years, say I? Twenty-two years, rather."

"Gotten along? How? Rubbed along, squeezed along, crept along. Always on the outer edge, always doing yourself injustices, and always disappointing me. With a little earnestness, a little steadiness, you would be quite—quite splendid, Lucy—really you would, you know, instead of being—"

"Well? Quite what? Quite contemptible?"

There was just a little spark of something like resentment in Lucy's voice, but it died out in an instant. She laughed lightly and tapped the paper-cutter against the table.

"You see, Mary, here's the trouble. I don't care. You do. It's admirable, but it's impossible—for me. Imagine me rushing about thirsting for information, full of statistics, laden with reference-books, preoccupied! Oh, absurd. You'd be disgusted."

"Well, you may twist my meaning, even as far as that, if you like. It hardly matters, and doesn't alter your present hopeless case at all. Lucy! Have you ever honestly tried to get a decent mark in any examination that you ever took?"

"Mary, I decline to incriminate myself."

"Quite right. It would be rather a bad thing to admit, wouldn't it? Well, I assure you, you never have. Do you mind my using slang? You 'bluff' too much. It is very primitive of you. Do you know anything of your three and a half years' work? Can you boast of one-fifth the education of an ordinary public school child? Are you informed? No, my dear Lucy, you're charming, and ignorant."

Lucy went on tapping her paper-cutter against the edge of the table. Presently she said:

"I always pass my examinations, you know."

"Yes. It is the easiest thing in the world to cram, and bluff, and pretend knowledge you haven't got. You're very clever at it."

Lucy laughed again, almost naturally.

"How amusing of you—to take so much trouble to scold me, Mary!" she observed.

"It's the last time," said Mary. "I've done it because I've been sorry to see you wasting so much time and—and mind. Now I'm done. I'm not sorry for you any longer."

Lucy rose and went to the window. Presently she glanced at Mary rather strangely, with an uncertain smile.

"Dear Mary," she said, "You're very good. What's the use? I'll tell you. Don't laugh if you can help it. You're awfully mistaken."

Mary stared at her quite vacantly. The other continued:

"You see—those marks, I got them to-day. It's all up with me at last."

She made an odd, careless gesture with her arms.

"Ten hours, fully. Absurd, stupid, well merited—and true beyond everything!"

There was a pause. Then Mary came quickly forward and put her hand on Lucy's shoulder.

"Why, dear girl," she said lightly, "I've been talking the greatest nonsense in the world. What does it matter, anyway? Do you care? I don't. What *does* it matter? Nothing like not caring. It's not worth worrying over. Shall we have some tea?"

E. T. D.

An Amendment to Solomon.

Somewhere in the Book of Proverbs, I believe, are the words, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." He is further informed that such an action on his part will conduce to making him wise.

Nowadays, with the advance of civilization, morals and manners, it is entirely unnecessary for the sluggard to give himself any trouble. The ants have gained politeness, and come readily to the sluggards, glad

of any chance for doing good, and propagating the cause of industry.

Not in a loud, obtrusive manner do they pay their visits, but in their quiet, insignificant way, they set an example that all would do well to imitate. While the sluggard is idling over his studies, the ant is working busily, gathering in his winter store of the sluggard's sugar. While the delinquent is wandering lazily across the country on a gym walk, the busy ant is making his little harvest of cracker crumbs, which he displays with pride, when the sluggard returns for afternoon tea. In a thousand other ways he makes his presence constantly felt. Whatever article the sluggard may wish to use, the ant has been there first, diligently showing the way. There is no corner of the sluggard's room that the little creature has not penetrated. Not content with merely showing his presence, he continually is in active motion, and is ever ready to lose his life rather than retire. Thus now, even as in Solomon's day, from this simple creature the sluggard may learn a useful lesson, and become much wiser, even if, like the ancient mariner's friend at the same time sadder.

C. H. S.



An Urksche Tale.

Poverty reigned in the little house of Mynheer Vreeman. It showed itself in the scanty food and the threadbare clothing of the little family. Worst of all, many years of it had affected the originally sweet temper of Vrouw Vreeman. Can one blame her, knowing that she alone must bear the burden long since dropped from the rheumatic shoulders of her husband. He sat by the tiny fire in the wide chimney-place, and murmured softly to himself all day.

"Our boys are brave," he would say. "They, from this small island of Urk, fish in the far Nord Zee. The Zuider Zee is the fishing-ground of children; our sons go to the far North."

Perhaps the words called up in Vrouw Vreeman's mind the remembrance of a son who had sailed to the far Nord Zee and had not sailed back. Yet her voice was no softer as she called to her granddaughter:

"Knit thy stocking, Maarta; little Jan's feet will freeze in this bitter weather."

The girl at the window resumed her knitting, mechanically handling the thick yarn and clumsy needles with inherited dexterity. One of the two boys sitting on the floor in front of the fire-place looked up to say:

"Maarta stands at the window to watch crazy Anna, who is out on the dyke."

Vrouw Vreeman left her work and crossed the room to look over Maarta's head.

"Poor soul," she said, looking at the figure, holding itself erect with difficulty against the fierce blast which swept across the Zuider Zee, "I suppose she does not know how cold the wind is."

The shrill voice of little Jan's playmate rang out in defence of his mother: "It is not much warmer in our house than on the dyke. Besides, mother always looks for father when the wind blows from the north. Then I come in to play with Jan."

Something stirred the pity left in the old woman's heart.

"Run out, Franz, and fetch thy mother here."



Then as the boy started readily she called him back to twist Jan's tattered tippet around his neck. The wind rushed in the second the door was open, made the fire flame up, and woke Grandfather Vreeman from his doze in the chimney corner.

"To the Nord Zee," he muttered; "how the spray will freeze on the decks to-day. But our sons are no children; they go to the far North."

Franz and his mother came in, and Vrouw Vreeman pushed her visitor into an old chair and bade her warm herself. The woman crouched shivering over the blaze, paying no heed to her child, who watched her gentle, vacant face eagerly.

"See the warm fire, mother, dear; warm thy poor hands. Here is little Jan and Maarta, who is knitting him some thick new stockings." (Then wisely to the others): "Mother can knit, too, when she has yarn, but she knits stockings for the store."

Crazy Anna suddenly started to her feet.

"There is no fire in the house and my man comes home to-day. The north wind brings him!"

She hurried to the door, but Grandmother Vreeman caught her arm.

"See, Anna, Maarta shall stand by the window, and when Karl comes, shall call him here, and he can get warm at this fire."

She even persuaded Anna to lie down on the wall-bedstead next the chimney. The two boys talked together in low tones.

"If thy father doesn't come back, thou and thy mother can live with us."

"Skipper Kraakman told me father would never come back. I do not mind much, for I like thy house better than mine. But mother wants father."

"Why doesn't she go to the Nord Zee and fetch him home,

then?" asked Jan, "and then thou canst live with us."

"Women can't go in the boats; only men. I'm going when I'm a man. To the Nord Zee, too. Maybe I'll find father."

Outside the wind blew louder, and the surf roared against the dyke. Faithful Maarta stood knitting at the window until



dusk. At last grandmother came and laid her hand on Franz's head. "Come eat thy supper with Jan," she said.

"Oh, grandmother, is Franz going to live with us now?"

But Franz asked: "What is my mother going to do? Is she going to the Nord Zee for father?"

In his corner Mynheer Vreeman muttered: "All the brave sons of Urk go to the Nord Zee; all fish in the far North."

A Fin de Siecle Lover.

His amatory state had advanced to the point of writing a sonnet. He had read and re-read Petrarch, Shakespeare, Sidney and Spenser, but none of these poets seemed to have met with his experience. And no wonder! Oddly enough, he was in love with one of those indefinable, nineteenth-century anomalies—a New Woman.

As he sat, hour after hour, watching the ink dry on his pen and facing the dread blank of the page before him, it occurred to him that, since his feelings must have an outlet, he might explain to Georgie why he did not immortalize her, and addressed to her the following pathetic lines:

Fair Amazon, I know you wonder why

I have not thought to sing of thee in verse,

But, plague me, love, can any state be worse

Than that which, failing, never fails to try?

I might extol the softness of thy eye,

Did I not face therein the cold reverse;

I might the glory of thy hair rehearse,

Did it not flat against thy forehead lie.

O love, be gentler, can I call thy tread

The nimble step of nymph that falls like lead?

Or praise the grimness of thy narrow skirt,

Or to thy arms akimbo e'er revert?

Come, be thyself, a thing thou art not now,

And let thy woman's charms my pen endow.

The Red Necktie.

From one of the windows of a Western limited train I was enjoying my first glimpse of the Rockies, watching the vague, blurred outlines of the distant peaks become more and more clear, the sky grow bluer and bluer as the sun scattered the mist, and the dull white of the snow on the summits begin to flash and gleam and reflect back the morning radiance. Suddenly my complacent mood was utterly put to rout. My wandering glance had happened to encounter a red necktie some seats in front of me. Brilliant scarlet as to hue, and fastened with a shiny steel buckle; and the pert little bow was almost under the owner's left ear. Perturbed in spirit, I looked eagerly about to see why his friends allowed this state of affairs to continue, but he seemed to be alone. I turned to the mountains, but a red necktie danced before my eyes. I tried to compose myself, and thought I had succeeded, but a step sounded in the aisle beside me, and the red necktie passed. Once more I looked from my window, but the buzz in my ears kept resolving itself into: "There's a mirror back there. Will he see it?" Evidently he did not see it. Again I turned

to my window, but the charm was broken. The red necktie, like the proverbial cat, came back and still came back. It escaped the porter, and in Denver I saw it boarding a street car, still a quarter of a circumference wrong.

Trifles for the Tree.

[So many letters have been sent to the "Philistine" asking questions concerning Christmas presents that, following the lead of a celebrated contemporary publication, a few answers are given below. Attention is called to the fact that the gifts suggested are economical and yet characteristic of the taste of the giver.]

Boadicea—A series of sight papers tastefully bound in white and gold would be an appropriate gift to your cousin who is interested in literature.

Hygenia—Your father is a doctor, you say. Why not give him your Biology Lab. book in tree calf, with "Compliments of the Author" in red letters on the title page?

Junior—Have your History tabulations bound in flexible red leather and give them to your Freshman room-mate.

Athlete—Stuff the old basketball with cotton and fasten it to two crossed Indian clubs. Gild the whole and give it to some football player. If you can afford it, add a ribbon bow of his college colors.

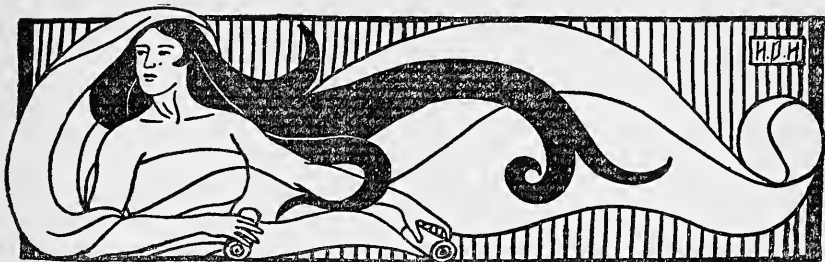
Senior—I am sorry to say I can think of no way for you to utilize your gymnasium suit as a Christmas gift.

1902—If you know the "Hall Rules" by heart, have them framed in Spanish oak, with a gold mat, and you will have a dainty present for any one at home.

Esoteric Buddhist—You seem to imply that your neighbor makes fudge too often. Why not present her with a French coffee-pot and your last twenty-four-page essay in vellum?

Ardent Worker—You might earn some money for the Junior Prom by making useless gifts to sell to Freshmen and Sophomores.





Alumnæana Memoria.

'89.

Elizabeth M. Blanchard is teaching at Miss Irwin's School, Philadelphia, and at Miss Shipley's School.

Mrs. Isaac M. Cox (Catherine E. Bean) has gone with her husband to the Sandwich Islands to live. She is there tutoring a girl for Bryn Mawr.

Susan B. Franklin is studying at the American School in Athens.

Emily James Smith, Dean of Barnard, was given an informal reception by the Philadelphia College Club on the fourteenth of December.

Mrs. Anthony M. Carey (Margaret C. Thomas) has a daughter, Constance, born recently.

'90.

Marian T. MacIntosh and Caroline E. Paxson were here for the college reception.

Mrs. John H. Westcott (Edith F. Sampson) has a daughter, Lilian, born about three weeks ago.

'96.

Mrs. Joseph Mason Reeves (Eleanor M. Watkins) has a son, born November 29. His name is Joseph Mason Reeves, Jr.

The engagement of Josephine Holman to Mr. Philip Smith, of Worcester, Mass., has been announced.

Harriet Brownell and Mary Fay are teaching in the Collegiate Institute at Passaic, N. J.

Clara Farr is teaching in Rebecca Mattson's school in Philadelphia.

'98.

Alice Hood is studying this winter at Radcliffe.

Josephine Goldmark spent a few days at Bryn Mawr about two weeks ago.

Katherine Loose has been visiting here.

Isabel Andrews, Mary Githens, Edith Schoff and Helen Williams came back for the college reception.

A basketball team of the Bryn Mawr Alumnæ is being organized in New York. They will play in a vacant lot, probably some schoolyard. Candidates for positions on this team are: Ruth Emerson, '93; Ruth Furness Porter, Pauline Goldmark and Elsa Bowman, '96; Eleanor Brownell, Elizabeth Caldwell Fountain, May Campbell, Alice Cilley, Corinna

Putnam, Marian Taber and Clara Vail, '97, and Helena Emerson, 1900.

Graduate News.

The Graduate Club held its second departmental meeting on December third, in the club rooms at Denbigh. The members of the departments of classical literature and archæology were the guests of the evening, and Mr. Huddilston read a paper on the "History of Archæology Since Winckelmann."

In introduction, Mr. Huddilston spoke of the great importance of archæology in giving an insight into the life and customs of ancient peoples, and of the comparative youth of the science. Though classical art has had a great influence on modern art and thought ever since the Renaissance, the scientific study of it, and especially of Greek art as distinct from Roman, began in the latter part of the last century. From that time the history of art is practically the history of Greek art.

Winckelmann (1717-1768) was the first archæologist. He had a great love of Greek art, and though he knew it only through Roman copies, his book, which was the first scientific treatise on art history, is still an authority.

He distinguished between what was Roman in origin and what was Greek. He first clearly showed that "Greece was the source, Rome the channel."

Following him came Zoiga, the Danish archæologist; Thor-

waldsen, Welcker, the first to occupy a chair of archæology; Eckhel, the founder of the science of Numismatics, and a long line of German archæologists. Meanwhile in England the Society of the Dilettanti aroused an active interest in the study and did much to further excavations.

With the transfer of the Parthenon marbles to London (1801), a new era began. For the first time, Greek originals of the finest period were accessible to students and a really scientific examination of them possible. Since then discovery has followed discovery. In the same decade the Aeginetan marbles were brought to Munich and restored by Thorwaldsen. About 1830 the great discovery of vases at Vulsei gave a fresh impetus to the science. Later came the Ionian monuments—the harpy tomb and the Branchidare statues. In the seventies the German excavations at Olympia gave the world fragments from the temple of Zeus and the famous statue of Hermes.

In conclusion, Mr. Huddilston named two important influences. The discovery by Schleimann of ancient Troy and Mycenæ and the subsequent excavations at these places stimulated the imagination of all thinkers. He brought to light not merely traces of the Homeric world, but art treasures of an age which antedates all literary records.

Again the schools of archæology which the German, English

and French have established, both at Rome and Athens, exert untold influences through their systematic explorations and careful publications setting forth the result of these.

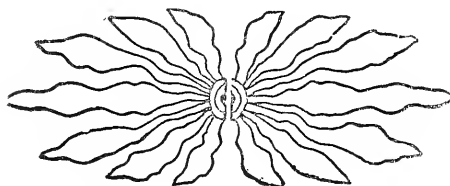
In Extremis.

I've suffered many woes on shore,

I've suffered on a ship.

Of such slight pangs I think no more,

I have the Pembroke grippe.





Song for the Orals.

I.

In the middle Taylor office in a
crimson velvet chair,
There the president is sitting,
and I know she waits me
there,
And with her is another talking
French or talking Dutch,
And to-morrow they will seize
me—yes, they'll have me in
their clutch.

On the road to a degree, down
here in fair B. M. C.,
Where the French and German
orals soon will make an end
of me.

On the road to a degree, down
here in fair B. M. C.,
Where we nearly cram our heads
off for that erudite A. B.

II.

When the tortuous time is over
and at last we've made the
leap,
Then they'll pen us up in chapel
like a flock of wayward
sheep,

And they'll keep us there till
sunset, or till with us they
are through,

While we sit and weep together
—all the bluest of the blue.

Yes, the bluest of the blue, for
we'll fear that we're not
through,

And for that A. B. we're seek-
ing we'll still find a lot
to do.

On the road, etc.

III.

Oh, the mediæval tortures, they
were nothing in their way
To the inquisition methods in
Bryn Mawr the present day,
And I'm learning here in college
what all other seniors said,
When you come up for your
orals, then you'll wish that
you were dead.

Yes, you'll wish that you were
dead,

Buried in a mossy bed,
With a little Bryn Mawr daisy
nodding gently overhead.

On the road, etc.



To K. W., 1900.

[With apologies to M. M., 1900.]

I.

Vision of frightfulness! I lay
 My clothes all at thy feet;
 For worshipping a vague ideal
 I've found you, though so "plain," unreal—
 Delusion bitter sweet.

II.

But still by horror's spell entrall'd,
 I gaze at thy disgrace,
 Thy last year's hat, so old and worn,
 Shrink from the touch of thy strong arm,
 The thought of thy embrace.

III.

But spite of this I love thy heart,
 That beats so tranquilly
 Beneath those clothes, so old and queer,
 And beating thus dispels all fear
 And forces sympathy.

The Cuckoo.

"The hour has come," the cuckoo said;
 "I must go out and nod my head.
 That sleepy girl on pillows soft
 Has failed to heed me quite too oft.
 I'll roar with all my might and main!
 To do foul murder she'll be fain,
 But I'll come back and shut my door,
 And she'll turn round and sleep some more."



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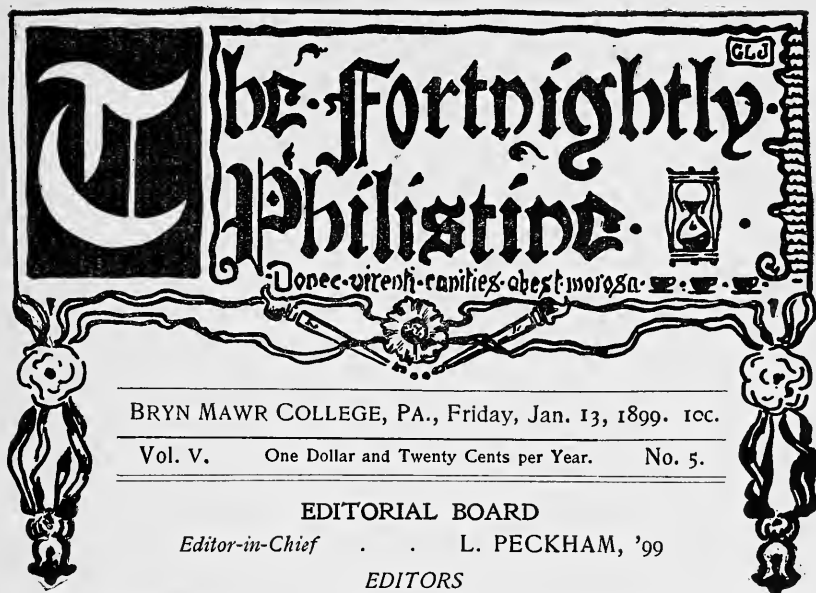
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The charter and the constitution of the Self Government Association states that "The Association shall have the power to deal with all those matters concerning the conduct of the members in their college life, which do not fall under the jurisdiction of the College, or of the mistresses of the halls of residence." The Association undertook to register students, a duty in other colleges generally under the jurisdiction of college authorities. The system of registration has proved inadequate. Accordingly the college authorities offer to assume this duty. Is the Association to have nothing to say concerning the change?

That one system has fallen short of success in impressing the new generation of students is no proof that we are unable to comprehend the use of registration. The Seniors can remember how, in their Freshman year, the system of exchanging for meals between halls, was revised by a mass meeting of students. The new method has worked admirably through the interest taken in it by the undergraduates. Is it not possible for the Self Government Association to exert itself in some such manner, and so retain a privilege which we are passively yielding to the college authorities?

The Wanderer.

Beneath the boughs of blossom laden trees
 Where through the leaves a ray of sunlight creeps,
 By sound of waters lulled, the Wanderer sleeps.
 And sleeping dreams of peace and blissful ease,
 Near by stands lovely Friendship and the breeze
 Repeats her murmurs softly, while she weeps,
 Imploring him to taste the joy she keeps.
 Increasing still the passion of her pleas
 Fain would the Wanderer while his life away,
 In that fair spot, and yield to Friendship's plaint,
 But deeper longings rousing him to life,
 Bid him seek high ideals through toil and strife.
 Yet though he struggle, he is weak and faint,
 While pleasure holds him fast from day to day.
M. M. 1900.



As Others See Us.

"Law sakes, 'Lizbeth, do come right in! I am glad you come round, 'deed I am. Yes, Mary Ann went to-day, and now I can rest from my labors. Not thet she aint a nice girl, but she is so upsettin'. 'Taint her fault—I don't blame her a mite—it's her raisin'. Her father, he al'ays did have queer notions even when he was a boy. She's mighty like him—got thet same winnin' smile an' look, too. The whole trouble, as I says to Tom, last night when the lamp was out,—the whole trouble is this—They's such a thing as a woman's havin' too much learnin'. It may do fur a man to be sent to all these institutions, an' get educated up to writin' books and po'try, but I never yet seen a woman thet went into one of these here colleges thet come out quite right in her upper story,

"No, you don't have to learn po'try in school, thet's a fact. Still, its them thet goes, thet gets so sot on writin' it. But her father wrote it, afore he ever got to go to college. He'd lean agin his hoe right in the hot sun, an' Pa, he'd yell out 'what under the canopy's the matter, Joe?' An' then thet boy would reel off more po'try 'n you could shake a stick at—real po'try too,—rhyme an' all. I don't set no store by this po'try thet is fashionable now in big cities. It ain't no rhyme ner nothin'. I'm kind of slow at makin' out the meanin' though anyway. I like my readin' matter to have the words come along in order an' in even lines with all the syllables there. I ain't no more use for poetic license do they call it? in readin', than in work.

"Thet girl ain't old enough to

be away from her mother with no older person to look after her. It's gettin' her into bad habits—'deed it is—slovenly habits. When I was a-washin' up my dishes one day—a gettin' out the drippin'-pan fur the chiny cups and plates an' a little clear water in a pan to rinse the knife blades an' spoons an' glasses—we've been usin' our company fixin's since Mary Ann's been here, fur she's used to fine things, livin' in a big city, an' bein' in college, an' associatin' with all those professors an' presidents, an' learned folks—why she up an' says 'Aunt Sara,' says she, 'you waste an awful lot o' time, washin' your dishes. Now at college we save up our dishes till night, then we have a washin' party. We all put our cups together on the floor'—I could hardly stand up, 'Lizbeth! you could have knocked me over with a feather, I was thet done up! Puttin' cups thet had been 'saved up' an' must take water thet is hot enough to crack the enamel all up to get 'em clean, puttin' 'em on the floor beside the dish pan. 'Well,' says I, 'Then what?' I was prepared for anything. 'Then one girl washes, an' the rest sit 'round an' wipe. Then we put 'em all on the floor, on the other side an' then sort 'em.' 'Don't your chiny get nicked?' says I. 'Why, I never noticed,' she says. 'So it don't break, thet's all we care about.' I wouldn't let a daughter of mine go into one of those places! An' there is one thing I am 'most

ashamed to tell you, 'Lizbeth. It just beats me all out. She keeps her dish pan under her bed!

"No girl thet has such bringin' up can ever be ladylike! I wish you could a seen her shoes! If you'd a come down, I'm blessed if I wouldn't a-showed you! They had bottoms as thick as Tom's old farm shoes—regular man's shoes. An' she had an old hat thet looks just like Tom's rain hat—pulled it over her eyes like thet lazy Jake Thompson, an' put on those shoes an' a skirt, too short fur any girl her age, an' stood with her back to the fire! She really looked bad! An' she's right pretty too—if she'd fix up, an' put some lace 'round her neck—or somethin' besides them high collars she wears.

"She broke her collar bone once, a-playin' some game they have down at her college. 'It must be a rough game', says I. 'It aint', says she, 'Except when its played wrong.' She says its pretty, an' the time she got hurt it wasn't a clean game. I shouldn't think anything thet was played out-of-doors on the ground could ever be very clean. It must be real hard on their clothes, from what she said. They fall down sometimes. They must get grass stains on their skirts. I've never found anything satisfactory fur removin' thet. The best thing I know is to keep it out in the start, one thing I do object to about her, she's dreadful fond of Shelly. You

never heard of 'im? No, I don't know his first name. Seems to me it was John. No, he don't belong in these parts. Oh no, I don't mean she's in love with 'im. Its his po'try. Still thet's bad. I guess if he come round here she might fancy him too. There is nothin' like verses an' valentines fur gettin' a girl's heart. I remember Tom used to say to me, 'The rose is red, the violet blue'—you know the rest. He used to say it pretty, I thought. I ain't never read any of Shelly's writin'. She talks about it most every day—says he's her Bible. But I have heard of him several times. A man lectured on him once in the Methodist church. I really can't remember when he lived—I've a poor head for dates—so I don't know whether he's dead or not. But the trouble is he's immoral. Thet man said he was the worst man thet ever lived an' his po'ms should be burned entire. I spoke to Mary Ann about it, an' said not to express her opinion too free about him, fur there was things behind him that made him a unfit subject fur polite society. I wish you'd a-seen her. She was right in fur havin' a discussion right then an' there. Well, I quoted the lecturer, but she wouldn't have none of him! She wanted to read a paper right in the same place to oppose him. I told her it wouldn't do, an' she wanted to know why not. I tried to turn the conversation,

but, no sir! Well, she went down to the parson next Sunday an' she asked 'im if he didn't think that lecturer was wrong. But the parson said he'd never read nothin' written by him, an' he wouldn't like to pass judgment, but he'd heard things thet didn't show that he was an up-right Christian.

"She don't think like nobody else. I kept a kind of waitin' jes' to see what she'd do next. An' she'd argue anywhere an' any time. I was real worritted once. She argued at breakfast, an' dinner, an' supper, hand runnin' an' didn't enjoy her victuals at all. I was afeared the exertion would be too much, an' she'd come down sick. But she said it was her nature an'—My goody! Here's your husband in the buggy. Its cold weather—coldest Christmas we've had in years—better not keep him waitin'. It ain't good for men's tempers, to stay out in the cold waitin' on women folks. Do come in again soon. I'm sorry you didn't see Mary Ann. Mebbe she will come down next Christmas. Good night!"

G. L. J., 'oo.

The Ballet Class.

Our ballet class is simply fine,
As each one in it knows—
We raise our hands above our
heads
And rise upon our toes.



The Truthful Ones.

My Academic Costume.

I use it as a duster
 To flap the dirt away,
 When friends come from a distance
 To spend some Saturday.

As water-proof I use it,
 When skies are dark as lead—
 In going out to Taylor
 I wrap it round my head.

And at the end of lectures,
 As by my desk I sit
 And scribble in my notebook,
 I wipe my pen on it.

If when I'm making chocolate
 The kettle is too hot,
 I use it as a holder
 In lifting off the pot.

And are there other uses
 For this one thing I own?
 Yes—though it's very ragged,
 I wear it for my gown.

C. H. S.

"You know," said Aspasia, holding the condensed milk can carefully poised above her generous cup, "we three are as intimate as any people in college. Not horribly well acquainted, you know—we are always courteous, and we knock before we go into each other's rooms, and all that; but we really do know each other awfully well. And it seems to me—" She was gazing into space, the stream of condensed milk slowly running down the side of her cup and threatening to disappear up her sleeve.

Margaret violently mixed her chocolate, exclaiming:

"Now don't be meditative! Don't be philosophical! You know it irritates us."

"It seems to me," pondered Aspasia, "that it would be good for us—really good for us all—if we just informed each other of the drawbacks which we can't, of course, help seeing in each other. We can never find them out for ourselves, and wouldn't you rather be told of them than go on forever being obnoxious to humanity, when you might be entirely charming."

"Ahem!" proceeded from Anne, pouring the hot water.

"Oh, well, you know, we really are all of us terribly nice girls—we can't avoid knowing that; but we certainly must have faults—apparent ones. Don't you think it would be rather a good plan?"

"Well, my dear girl,"—

Anne frowned and then laughed.

"Its all very fine, and we wouldn't be such idiots, ever, as to fall out, but self-analysis is morbid, and mutual criticism, fatal."

"Yes," said Margaret, stolidly stirring; "and we'd all get huffy."

Anne superciliously shrugged; "That's what I meant to convey," she responded. Aspasia shook her head.

"I think it would be splendid," she averred. The others looked at each other dubiously, but the temptation to talk about one's self is only equaled by the desire to discuss one's friends. They fell in with the suggestion.

"Let's tell Anne first," suggested Margaret. Anne was known to be good natured, and her role of insouciance would not allow her to give way to chagrin. She laughed and consented. Aspasia fixed the victim with a glance of penetration.

"You know, dear, you're an awfully sweet girl, but—I've sort of noticed at times that you're very egotistical. It hardly shows, but when people talk you're just a bit uneasy unless you lead the conversation; and usually, the whole talk veers around to yourself. You don't mind, do you? I've never noticed another failing in you."

Anne's face had gradually become scarlet, and was set in a strained smile. She turned

stiffly to Margaret, who broke in with alacrity.

"The only thing I can possibly suggest, my love, is for you to brush your hair oftener. I don't mean—you understand—that its not neat exactly, but—well, the way you wear it, it ought to be very smooth—you know? And yours, sometimes, looks a bit rough in the back. Especially in the afternoons."

"I've noticed that," cried Aspasia, gaily, "often! It looks stunning when you've just brushed it, Anne!"

"I'll remember," said Anne. She said it as if she meant it, too; but it sounded as if she were registering a mental vow to murder her two associates on the first opportunity.

"Now me," said Margaret.

"You," observed Aspasia, thoughtfully, "are so self-conscious, that you're gauche at times. Really, you're never aware of it, I know, but you honestly are, once in a while. Don't you say so, Anne?"

Anne nodded, adding—"It makes her do pretty rude things once in a while, too; and it makes her act as if she were conceited—and she isn't, not one bit. Is she?"

"Oh, no, not at all. And you mustn't wear red, so much, dear—must she?"

"No, really. Your new gown's too sweet for words, but you do get pretty much flushed, at night, you know, and the combination—you don't mind, do you, our telling you this?"

Margaret ground a "no" from between her set teeth. She was thinking that she had once been fond of these creatures, and wondering at it. But she collected her faculties, for Aspasia, still unscathed, was sipping chocolate and waiting.

"Your only fault, Aspasia," volunteered Margaret, "is so slight its hardly a fault. Some people wouldn't think it one at all. You see, you're diplomatic."

Aspasia sat up straight and smiled inquiringly.

"You like to keep the peace. You rather—er—soften things—er—prevaricate just a bit so as to make everyone happy and friendly. It's not noticeable, hardly; but I thought I'd speak of it."

"I never realized it," faltered Aspasia. She looked coldly towards Anne, who said viciously—

"Really, my dear, I can't tell you any of your faults. I don't know them. They're not on the surface, somehow. It's different with us, but you—yours—"

There was a pause. Then Aspasia said angrily, "My faults are as much on the surface as yours are."

Anne shrugged and shook her head. Aspasia rose, furious, exclaiming, "Why do you associate with me if you consider me untrustworthy?" And she went out, shutting the door hard.

"The Light That Paled."

There was once upon a time a tribe that was very proud of a certain lantern they possessed, and the history of both were bound up together. They had a right to be proud of it too, for it was a very beautiful lantern of pure gold, and the light shone far out from it through clear crystal panes. But after a time there came one, Pedant by name, and he wore a gray coat and shaded his eyes when he walked in the daylight. Now this Pedant determined to improve the lantern, and so in the still of night—for he knew the tribe would cast him out if they recognized him in broad daylight—he sought their treasure and painted the beautiful transparent glass a dark gray. Then there were some that wept to see the light fall so gloomily out into the world, and there were some too that were glad, for they had weak eyes and loved the dark.

Presently it befell that there came one disguised in the robes of Dignity, but in reality he was not that beautiful woman, but only self-consciousness, who is hideous to behold. He told the tribe that their lantern was still too bright, and that its golden frame could be seen glittering from afar. So he lifted the lantern from the stately pedestal on which Dignity had placed it, and carefully put it into a large iron chest. The sides of this chest were thick and heavy, with never a chink in them through which a ray of light might pass; and the cover was fastened down with



a ponderous and intricate lock. Self-consciousness took the key and told the tribe what a good deed he had done, and that they must never open the chest, for fear that all the world might see them by the light of their own lantern. However, his admonition was quite unnecessary, for much as they might hack and dig, the people were unable to

get to the light in the chest. And then they remembered the words of an old song, handed down to them from their forefathers:

“ And let us have a lantern
To illuminate the gloom.”

And they wept bitterly for they felt how deep was the darkness.

J. K., '00.



Golf.

Golf is a very graceful game,
But I have always found
That when I try to strike the
ball,
I sit upon the ground.

C. H. S.





Graduates' Club.

On the evening of December 15, Mr. George Breed Zug spoke before the Graduate Club on the High Renaissance. He took Giorgione as the best exponent of the period and devoted the evening almost exclusively to a talk upon this artist. His pictures he discussed under three heads in their chronological order: the Madonnas, the profane paintings and the portraits. The Madonnas find their highest expression in the Castelfranco Madonna, and the profane paintings in the beautiful Fête Champêtre of the Louvre.

Among the portraits it is difficult to choose the most perfect; they all are remarkable for their great distinction, and for a proud and melancholy look which other painters have failed to catch.

Giorgione died very young, but as Mr. Zug pointed out, he accomplished a great deal in his short life, for of all the painters of the High Renaissance Titian alone may be compared to him;

Titian who was the very first painter of that time, and who lived to a great age.

Giorgione is remarkable, as Titian is, for his glow of color. Among his other excellencies are great skill in composition, great beauty of line and a wonderful poetic sentiment.

Mr. Zug explained briefly the principles of the new Art Criticism which has been so valuable in assigning paintings of hitherto disputed origin to their rightful makers, showing how it is founded upon the examination of morphological details, such as the ears and finger nails. Mr. Bernhard Berenson is the chief champion of this school of criticism and has in Mr. Zug a very faithful disciple.

The interest of the lecture was greatly increased by Mr. Zug's beautiful collection of photographs. These were hung about the room so that they could be seen during the lecture, and examined at leisure at the end of the evening.



A Study on Temper—ature Thermometers.

One of the first songs that endeared itself to the youthful hearts of many of us is that charming lyric beginning with "Little drops of water." Perhaps we did not at first grasp its true ethical significance, but the later experiences of life will teach us or indeed have already taught us.

It is about one of these "little drops" that I feel moved to speak a "drop" commonly called a thermometer.

Now I have no inclination to disparage thermometers in general, for just as there are "people and *people*," so there are thermometers and thermometers. There is that obliging mercury outside our doors which gives us the satisfaction of knowing that we are justified in feeling cold since "it is below zero this morning." Then there is that genial indoor resident, who supports us with its steady 70°, when our impertinent friends try to convince us that our furnace does not heat properly. These I count among the comforts of life and I am by no means so hard-hearted as to wish to take away from poor clinging mortals any source of comfort or happiness. It is another species against which I inveigh that stunted, pampered little class called fever thermometers.

A great many of us latterly have had the mournful experience of awaking some morning with a queer feeling in our backs and heads which persuades us,

poor, deluded wretches, that breakfast in bed is an enchanting prospect. Accordingly our long-suffering room-mates are commissioned to have it sent up, but "without creating any disturbance please for it is only a slight cold." Breakfast appears borne triumphantly aloft as Molly, with a wicked gleam in her eye perceives in you another victim and you are rejoicing because you have successfully escaped the inspection of the others, when suddenly there comes a tap on the door and in response to your faint invitation to come in there appears—horrible dictu! a person with a slender black object in one hand upon which your fascinated gaze is riveted. It is the temperature thermometer!! immediately a wave of heat like a blast from Aetna sweeps over you making you feel like an Esquimaux in the tropics, and in spite of your frantic efforts to evade it by thrusting your hands wildly before you, it remains. The case is deftly opened and you can *actually* see that malicious little object wink as it vanishes inside your buccal cavity. A revengeful spirit possesses you, and you are tempted to bite it in bits and thereby end its small puny, contemptible life forever and aye, when you remember, just in time, the sad fate of little Johnny "when the mercury went down." Not being in a suicidal frame of mind you desist and leave it to climb and to climb, and to climb in peace. After five minutes or thereabouts of agonizing silence it is removed, carefully scrutinized and—oh, of course!

you knew it, "there is some fever, and an engaged sign must be put on the door until we find out whether it is the grippe or not." Oh, if only you had the encyclopedia near by, the one in which you read only a few days ago that "anger is very injurious, raising the temperature at times to a violent heat." That is your malady, if they but knew it, and yet here they are endangering your very life by keeping that hated object dangling before you, while you lie there helplessly dejected, deriving your single straw of comfort from the fact that that small embodiment of spitefulness is given a thorough shaking before it is tenderly replaced within the case; but even that exasperates you when you consider how much more violent that operation would have been had you only been granted an opportunity to perform it.

It may be a digression from the subject under consideration, but I should like to add that by no means the least vice is the utter falseness of this little

demon. You have lain there, a-bed, a whole day, unvisited by friends, with nothing to amuse you whatever, save thoughts of the judges, the basket-ball, the play that came off that day. Your only hope is that you really have grippe, for then there will be the satisfaction of knowing that you did not stay in bed in vain. Evening comes, the black-cloaked fiend again haunts your chamber; you have a sensation actually akin to joy when you see him, and as you hold him lovingly in your mouth, it gives you a mournful sort of pleasure to watch the slowly-creeping-upward movement of the silver line. "The girls will feel so sorry for me when they hear how ill I am; I wonder if they'll send me Marrons or Huylers?" You are just dropping off into a blissful little doze when you are rudely startled by the withdrawal of that thing from your mouth, and you hear some one exclaim, with a sigh of relief: "Well, I think she's all right; her temperature is normal."

A. W., 1901.





Beware!

There was a maid in Pembroke
Hall
And being proctor, she would
call
Forever "s-s-sh-sh"!

If e'er her neighbors did not ask
Her to a party, yet her task
Was ever—"s-s-sh-sh!"

When girls shrieked in the cor-
ridor
Immediately from open door
She'd utter "s-s-sh-sh!"

The habit grew from week to
week
Till finally she could not speak,
Just stutter "s-s-sh-sh!"

Alas! a snake she then became,
But in her voice she was the
same
Forever—"s-s-sh-sh!"

The moral:—Proctors, with soft
voice,
Pray tell us not to make that
noise
But never "s-s-sh-sh!"

He Had Not Seen.

The poet said naught moved so
fast

As flash of lightning o'er the
sky,

He had not seen at sharp half-
past

The students from the Greek-
room fly.

Nor e'er beheld at one-fifteen

Her record-breaking bound for
food,

Nor watched her snatch with
hand scarce seen,

The book that ninety students
wooded.

The poet vowed the gurgling
brook

Was joy in motion; had he
seen

A Bryn Mawr student's tremb-
ling look

When Christmas holidays
begin?

Or had he watched her skim the
way,

Between the college and the
train,

Or e'er beheld her fingers play
With fudge escaped from scorch
and grain?

The poet murmured that the
sweep

Of willow-tree was grace un-
matched;

The poet must have been asleep
When Gym's glad hour was
being snatched.

He said the glacier's glide was
slow,

How swifter than the eagle's
soar

Compared with our mental go,
When Paul's career is counted
o'er.

The poet said the saddest sight
Was falling leaves at winter's
call.

Would he could meet to set him
right,

The students seeking Taylor
Hall,

Would he could see them bear
away

Their sanguinary *marks of*
doom;

Dear feeling poet, he would say,
"Down with 'exams' and
weeks of gloom?"



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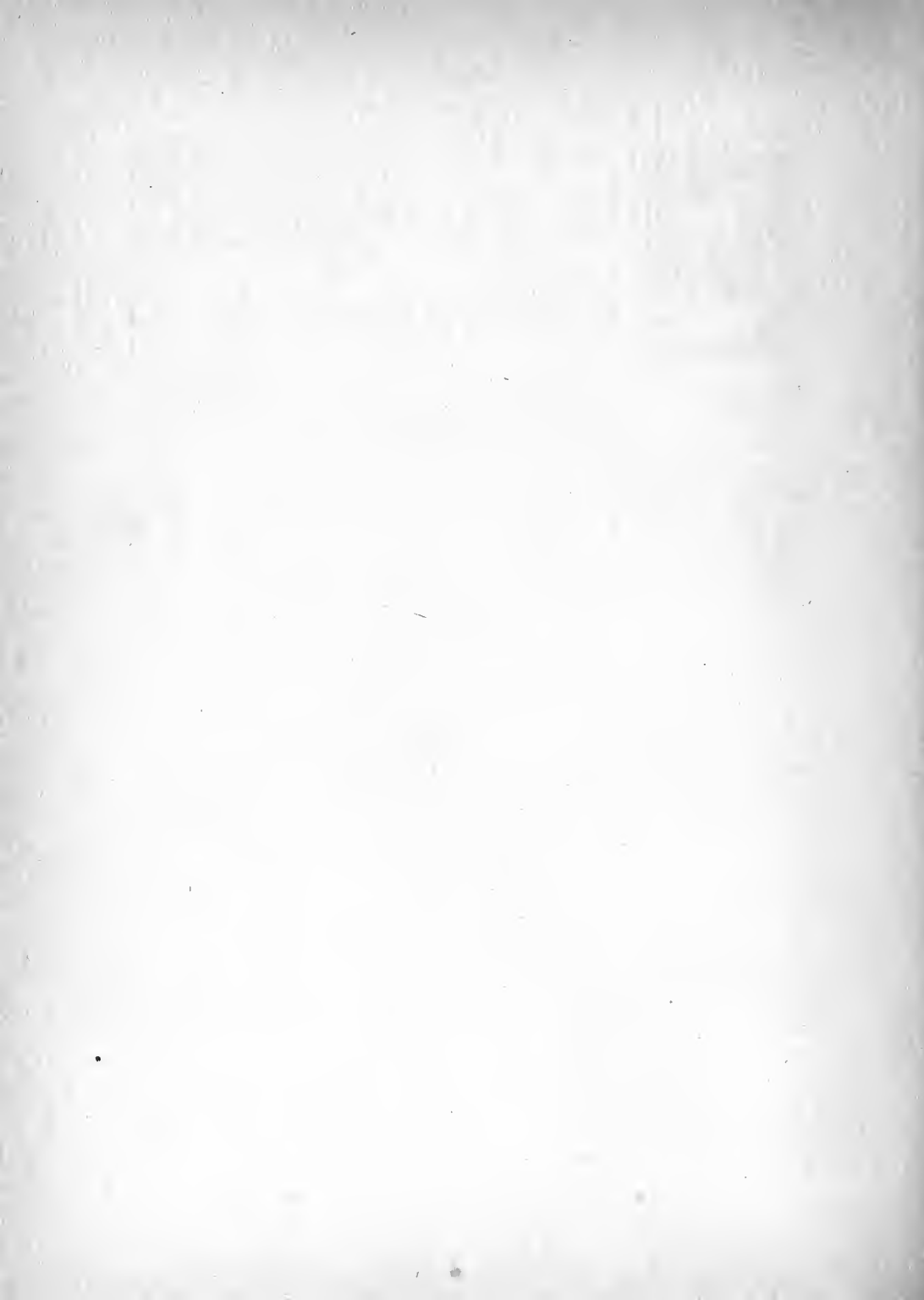
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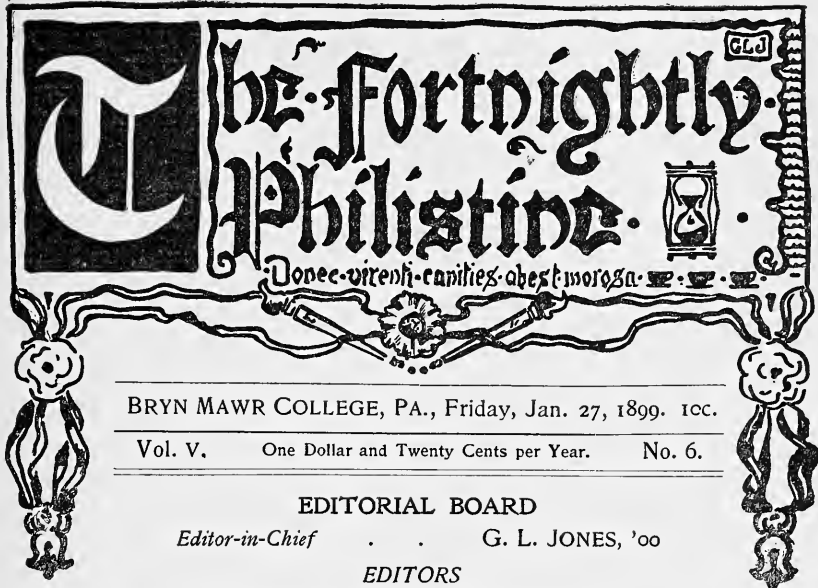
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The "Philistine" deeply regrets the resignation of Miss Laura Peckham. For a year and a half Miss Peckham has been editor-in-chief, and none can deny that under her able leadership the "Philistine" has made great strides forward. Its transformation from the "penny sheet" to a publication that aims at least at the dignity of the title of "magazine" was brought about in October, '97, by Miss Peckham and her board. To this change may be attributed the increased interest and enthusiasm with which the "Philistine" has been received by the students, as well as the improve-

ment in the form and nature of the reading matter.

In behalf of his subscribers, the "Philistine" extends the heartiest thanks to Miss Peckham for the time and efforts that she has expended. It is with sorrow that her name is removed from its place on the Editorial Board. Although we may say "What's in a name" the "Philistine" can not but be proud of having borne for so long on his title page the name of one whose father was one of the first editors of the "Harvard Advocate." May Miss Peckham's work be crowned with the same success that has met that of her father.

The order of things is reversed
 this year in preparing for mid-
 year's events: no midnight oil
 is needed while we are getting
 our beauty-sleep, and instead of
 the library we frequent the gym-
 nasium to get up our muscles for
 the coming promenade.

"And O, though the wonderful
 things I have seen,
 My heart has no words to de-
 clare,
 The delight in my soul bubbles
 up into song
 From the wells of deep joy that
 are there."

L. A. K., '00.

The Temple of Thought.

"Whence comest thou, maiden,
 and what dost thou sing?

The sun sinking low in the
 skies

Seems to shed as it goes a strange
 light on your brow

And a mystery over your
 eyes."

"Oh, sir, I come down from the
 house on the hill,

Down from the Temple of
 Thought;

In my heart there are many
 sweet songs left to sing

And many a lesson untaught."

"But what hast thou brought
 from the temple on high?

The way is so weary and long!

Is the house of such glory, the
 prize of such worth,

And thou comest away with a
 song?"

"Oh, the floor of the temple with
 roses is strewn

And the air is more soft than
 the spring,

And still, save sounds, all un-
 speakably sweet,

Just brush the light air with
 their wing.

The Romanticist.

Ah, if you've never stood on
 the Rialto of a late July after-
 noon, watching the scarlet sails
 flash across the lagoon in the
 sunlight, and the gondolas glide
 darkly out into the stillness of
 the grand canal, and heard the
 plashing of the oars and the sud-
 den musical cry of warning from
 the swaying gondolier, and over
 all the rushing of ceaseless
 waters, you can never understand
 the brightness, and mystery, and
 eternal beauty of it. It is like
 nothing else in the world—noth-
 ing. There's but one Venice,
 and it never changes or grows
 ordinary; it belongs to the past,
 whose ghosts inhabit it.

The Rialto was crowded with
 the ever-flowing Venetian throng
 of dark women, glittering offi-
 cers, soldiers, gondoliers, artists,
 dreamers and aliens. I was,
 alas, an alien indeed, but also a
 dreamer, and there was friend-
 ship for me in the very air of the
 silent city.

Isabel had never been to Ven-
 ice before, and she stood beside
 me transfixed and silent. I
 think she loved me very much
 for remaining quite dumb and

abstaining from the quotation of guide-books and chronicles. Absurd and meaningless formality! It would have been like leading a friend across the desert for the sake of informing her at last with some complacency, "We have on the right the Sphinx."

We stood together for a long time without speaking, until Isabel, without turning her eyes from the blue distance, observed to me:

"I feel as if I had been here before. It is like a glorious remembered home."

"Dear Isabel," said I, "you may easily be right; it has been the home of so many."

"You believe in that?" she asked quickly.

"In what?"

"Previous incarnations."

"I suppose so; why not? Why, isn't it as sensible as all the rest? You may have been a Borgia—you have the hair, or a Medici—some of them were respectable, and all clever; or an Allighieri—you're a bit Dantesque in the nose and cheek, you know. Yes, and you lived in that grim palace over there, with the gargoyles above the door, and the carved balconies. You tended oleanders and orange trees in the first balcony, and you hung a crimson and gold brocade over the edge, and sat there with your women, glaring down in search of the man you loved, who passed twice a day below, in his cushioned gondola. You did not know him, but the Borgias—or Medici—or Allighieris—do not stop

at trifles where they take a fancy. One day at this hour he went by, unmindful of you, passing you with a roving glance or two, and you dropped your ring (don't start! customs of the time, my dear!) at his feet. There was a stoppage, of course, apologies, smiles, deprecations. Can't you hear the smooth, soft Italian phrases and exclamations? He stood high on the prow, and you leaned far over; your hands met; the ring was returned. And the stone in the ring was changed from amethyst to emerald."

Isabel protested, but I saw that she was interested in her troubled past. I continued:

"Well, then, you were not audaciously in love with a stranger. You were about to be married, and you loved your betrothed. You sat with him in the balcony, and he filled a golden cup with chianti, and offered it to you. But, capricious as you were, you poured the draught into a Venetian glass, and drank it. And the glass suddenly shattered in your hands. You knew you were poisoned. You were of noble blood, and you loved your betrothed, so you said nothing, only stared earnestly into his face, that you might die silent. But he was looking beyond you, and you turned and saw in her painted gondola a smiling little lady with light hair—"

Isabel exclaimed that she did not like that end at all.

"Probably not. Well, you were not the poor poisoned lady

after all; you were the blonde woman in the painted gondola, who was so well beloved. And you stood in a brilliant throng that night and heard the world chatter of the murder and of the trial and condemnation of the assassin. You were silent, and you smiled and even laughed at times, and seemed no whiter than usual in the glare of the yellow lights, but your heart lay quite broken under its weight of princely jewels, and your soul hovered far off, desolate, above the bridge of sighs."

Isabel seized my arm and commanded me to stop. I complied laughing for I had not known that she was so impressionable; and presently we turned to go for we were sure that the others were waiting for us in the palace where we boarded. One must sleep, and eat, and pray, even in Venice. E. T. D., '01.

Answers to the Anxious.

[In this column, the editors will be glad to give any help they may in regard to the coming examinations. All questions put in the waste basket in Taylor will receive prompt attention.]

G. Ology:—Yes, I think a knowledge of bluffs will be of great assistance to you in your examinations, but I should advise you not to make use of one in writing your paper.

Jennie Ralenglish:—(1) The dictionaries define the verb "to quiz" as "to ask questions in an obscure way, with the intention of ridiculing;" doesn't that

answer your question? (2) you might buy the game of "Familiar Quotations," you will find it very instructive, and at the same time entertaining for yourself and your friends.

Essie Work:—(1) No; an omission in your genung quiz is not a ginunga-gap. (2) If you have the trouble you mention, why not write larger?

Mina Latin:—I am sure you will find that your teacher knows the verb flunko, flunkere, even if he didn't put it in your lesson-book.

May Jor Latin:—I don't understand about the crib you ask for. Do you wish it for a child? If so, you will find your question answered in the column headed "Domestic Difficulties."

Chemistry:—I am sorry not to be able to tell you the composition of midnight oil but it is not in our department. S. '00.

Before the Orals.

At half past ten on the night before the German oral, the Senior lay in bed idly repeating to herself the advice of friends who had survived the ordeal, the mere thought of which sent cold shivers down her back. She mused upon the sameness in what they said and thought it suggested that they, too, had learned the oft-repeated instructions by heart—"Aus weudig," she murmured to herself). She could hum the sentences to a sort of tune: "Go to bed early; sleep late; eat all you can. Take a long walk. And above all things don't be nervous." There was

nothing about reading German. She felt however the importance of keeping herself well in hand; and striving for that, in the still mistiness of the room, she turned her eyes to her pictures. She could just make out the tall whiteness of Thayer's "Charitas," and the beautiful, free outline of the "Winged Victory;" but all the while, dribbling into consciousness would come fragments of German, now a word, now a phrase.

Across the hall the Freshmen held high carnival, while across the room the little mice nibbled and rustled. She reached for a shoe, and slung it in the direction of the noisy papers. One source of disturbance was disposed of. But still louder shrieks penetrated from over the way. Shouts of "How beautiful, how splendid." "That dust-brush is a masterpiece! I never saw a more perfect wild Indian," caused her to turn disconsolately on her pillow and wonder what had become of the Proctor. She tried to think of something satirical about duty to say to that individual the next day. Then she began repeating German words to herself, hoping that that would make her sleepy.

"Rührung means—means—"

Strangely enough a moment later, all the German characters appeared before her, dressed up like little men and women, leering at her and mocking her, bowing to her and chattering a fantastic jargon which she tried helplessly to grasp.

"If I can't understand such simple talk as that, I shall never pass to-morrow," she thought as

she slipped further into the land of dreams. A. M. M., '98.

Cupid Wounded.

(Translated from "Anacreon.")

Hidden in the roses,
Sweetly slept a bee;
Cupid did not see it,
Laughing merrily.

Loudly, sadly, wailed he,
For his finger stung;
Swiftly flew to Venus,
To his mother clung.

"Tiny, winged serpent,
Farmers call a bee;
Sharp its sting and deadly,
Death is here for me."

Fair Cythera answered
"Foolish Cupid, think—
If that sting then pains you,
What of those—come think—"

"Those poor mortals wounded,
Stung, indeed, by you,
Casting Love's sharp arrows,
Heedless how you threw?"

L. M. W., '02.

The "Kicking Mule" Cemetery.

Far away, in the small town of St. Peter's, there is a little Catholic grave-yard which the natives call by the singular name of "Kicking Mule"—and thereby hangs a tale.

A long time ago there lived in this town a farmer, John Reimer by name. He had been to the village one day and had returned to the farm late in the evening.

On reaching home he found the stock had not yet been fed, so leaving his team hitched he proceeded to assist the farm hand. In the meantime the tired brutes in harness began to grow very impatient for their own suppers and when the men came to unhitch them, retaliated by refusing to stand still. As soon as one of them, a particularly vicious little beast, was freed from the traces, he wheeled about and kicked out vigorously. Unfortunately Reimer chanced to be standing very near the mule's hind hoofs and he received a blow in the temple which brought him to the ground. The farm-hand greatly terrified, rushed down to the house to arouse the family and soon returned, lantern in hand, leading Mrs. Reimer and two small children to the spot where John Reimer lay. The horror-stricken wife knelt at the side of her husband and tried every means to revive him while the man rode off post-haste for the doctor. Help came too late, however. Reimer never regained consciousness and a short time after Mrs. Reimer reached him, died, his head resting on her arm.

* * * * *

The funeral was over. John Reimer had been laid in his last resting place in a beautiful spot on the brow of the hill. There remained now only one last thing to be done for him—a thing deemed of great importance by simple country folk—the erection of a tombstone “sacred to the memory of —,” All the stone-cutters in the town were consulted

as to the size and style of stone, and when after much consideration this was finally decided upon, the most important feature of all remained yet undetermined—the design.

Reimer's widow felt that somehow it would not be right to have a conventional design engraved on the tombstone of a man who had met his death in so unconventional a manner. The graveyard was filled with stones decorated with clasped hands, wreaths, angels, or flocks of lambs with a shepherd in their midst. At length, one day after having listened to a long discussion of the subject between Mrs. Reimer and some neighboring farmers who had been summoned for advice, a bright thought struck the little daughter.

“Why don't you have a picture of Jack kicking pa?” she asked.

The very thing! How had it happened that this had not occurred to them before? Accordingly the child's suggestion was acted upon. When told of it the stone-cutter opened wide his eyes and gasped in astonishment, but although he recovered enough presently to protest, the widow was firm and nothing was left for him to do but to cut the stone as she wished.

On an appointed day the family came to town to witness the erection of this wonderful monument. They first visited the stone-cutter's shop to make sure all was as it should be. There before them in marble lay John Reimer on the ground while a mule was standing close by with

his hind legs poised in air for all eternity; by John's side knelt a woman and near by stood a little girl weeping tears of stone and a small boy holding a lantern. Overcome by the realism of the scene Mrs. Reimer burst into tears. When they reached the cemetery gates, the procession had to come to a halt until they were unlocked. Suddenly Mrs. Reimer was startled by a stern voice exclaiming: "What is this?"

At first she could not see for weeping, but very soon she recognized the priest. "This can *never* enter the gates to consecrated land," he continued.

Mrs. Reimer pleaded and beseeched him with sobs to bless the stone and let it pass. "No, woman, that accursed sight *must* not enter here; what do you mean by such profanation? By the erection of this stone on this spot you sin against the Holy Church," and he hastily crossed himself. She saw her pleadings were all in vain; he would not grant her permission to immortalize in stone her husband's death, and at last he left her with a warning.

At first she thought of turning about for home, but she felt the injustice of the thing, and the determination to carry out her purpose waxed stronger.

And yet if she disobeyed the holy father? Might she not suffer excommunication and thus be lost to all—her husband, her children? She stood before the gate a sharp conflict going on in her mind. The impatience of the workmen stirred her to action.

A glorious solution flashed upon her suddenly! The priest had said the stone might not pass the gates; could she not have a part of the fence taken down and have it thus taken in? No sooner conceived than done. An opening was made in the fence, the stone was taken in and placed at the head of John Reimer's grave before sundown. Greatly relieved Mrs. Reimer turned away and hastened to the priest's to confess and to tell him what had been done before the strength of her resolution weakened.

"What!" exclaimed he angrily, "you disobeyed me?"

"No, Father," she answered, "you said it might not enter the gate; it was taken in through the fence."

The priest looked at her dumbfounded, and then suddenly a grim sort of smile lighted up his face, for he saw that he had been vanquished by her quick woman's wit.

Nothing more was ever said about the matter, and to-day, if you visit St. Peter's inquire the way to the "Kicking Mule" cemetery—everyone there knows it by that name—and there you may still see the immortal scene of John Reimer's death.

C. B., '02.

Favorite Recipes.

BY A. ROARER.

To make an examination.—Take a number of girls, cold with fear, who have previously been treated with midnight oil. Place them in a room with a proctor and mix them up thor-

oughly. Garnish with papers, blank or written on, according to taste, and keep them in the room three hours. At the end of that time, if the cook is successful, they will be ready for use as desired. S., 'oo.

Pete.

"Pete, did you bring back that stone jar that the missus sent them spiced peaches to your mother in?"

"No'm! Mammy, she didn't say nothin' to me 'bout it."

"She didn't? Well, I guess you'll have to go right back an' get it. I'm puttin' up water-melon pickles an' I need that stone jar."

Kate wiped her fat hands on her gingham apron and glowered at the small boy with a stern frown. But Pete chuckled nevertheless, and showed a row of white teeth. His black eyes shone like two jet beads.

"All right, Miss Katy; I'll go after it."

The cook turned her broad back to the door and Pete limped down the yard, stopping occasionally to pick up a plum or an apple that showed the beginning of a rosy cheek. He hummed an air that he had learned in school during the winter. How much better it was out here than in a close room, where one must sit in the same place always and never even talk! Pete was very happy. Not even the heat troubled him, clad as he was in a torn white shirt and a pair of

trousers much too big for his crooked little legs.

"Oh, Pete!"

He turned and caught a glimpse of the cook's blue calico dress in the doorway, and immediately he broke into a run for the house. He had smelt cookies and had been waiting for the call. Pete expected a cookie every time he came.

"I wuz thinkin', Miss Katy," he gasped as he came up hot and breathless, "that mebbe I'd better not go yet a while. The fun'ral's goin' on."

"What? Is the funeral this morning? Why the baby jest died yesterday, didn't she?"

"Yes'm."

"Why did your mother bury her so soon?"

"Oh, mammy, she sayed she couldn't 'ford the undertaker more'n once—so the fun'ral's to-day."

"Why didn't you go, Pete?"

"Me? Oh, I wouldn't put on my other suit—'s too hot—an' mammy sayed I'd hafter wash up, too, 'cause the Lo'd didn't want dirty niggers 'round at a buryin'! 'Sides, there's only one kerridge, an' I couldn' go to the cem'try—an' thet's the best part of a fun'ral. Res' is jes' like church. So I come here to dig weeds outer the sidewalk."

Pete sat down on the step and took first a bite of apple, then a bite of cookie.

"Where's a weed-knife, Miss Katy?"

"Where'd you put the one you had yesterday? You'll have to

keep track of your own things—I haven't time for such nonsense!"

Pete was silent. He thought he would try another topic of conversation. He looked down at his black toes and wiggled them as fast as he could. The cat was lying on the grass below. He wondered why her toes looked all in one piece. Could she wiggle hers if she wanted to? Funny 'bout cats! They liked mice better'n cookies! He wished he were a cat! Then he wouldn't ever have to change his clothes nor go home at meal time. One could get a mouse anywhere.

"Miss Katy, these mighty good cookies!"

Kate was taking another pan from the oven.

"They ain't burnt, is they?" Once a panful had been burnt and he had gotten them all.

"Oh, keep still, Pete, I'm busy," growled the cook.

Miss Katy was not pleasant to talk to to-day. He thought he would hunt his knife. Why there it was—under the step. He had forgotten putting it there.

He hobbled around the house to the front walk and sat down on the hot bricks. How cool the front porch looked, with its big white pillars and its blue awnings and green vines. He would like to live in a house with a porch like that.

He wondered if the fun'ral exercises could be over yet. His mammy had told him that the baby had gone to heaven. How

could it when he saw it right there in the house? Lots of babies had gone to heaven from the Powell family. Pete himself could remember four. Did they know one another when they got there? How could they when they had never seen one another here? Why even Pete could not remember what the first three looked like. No, he would not know them when he got to heaven.

The sun was very hot. "If heaven is like the porch," mumbled Pete, "wish't I was a dead baby, too." G. L. J., 'oo.

Disappointment.

Sing a song of summer maidens,
Sailing on a summer sea,

Jolly boating,
Ribbons floating

On the breezes wild and free.

Sing a song of ardent lovers,
Rich and handsome, young and
gay,

Always joking,
So provoking!

Hear them call it "pretty play!"

Sing a song of autumn weddings,
Splendid gifts and sparkling
rings,

Pretty dresses,
Sweet caresses,

All the joys that loving brings.

Sing a song of what might hap-
pen

If the men were only there,
Spite of dressing
And impressing,

Lonely are those maidens fair.

M. M., 'oo.



Alumnæana Memoria.

'89.

There will be a reunion of the class of '89 at some time during the coming spring.

'93.

Miss Amy Cordova Rock is engaged to a geologist in Washington.

'94.

Blanche Follansbee Caldwell was married to Mr. Brown Caldwell, of Chicago, on December 29.

'96.

Elizabeth Kirkbride has a position in the Pennsylvania Trust Company, Philadelphia.

Abigail Dimon, Pauline Goldmark and Ida Ogilvee made a trip in the Adirondacks during the holidays.

Charlotte F. MacLean has been elected to the board of managers of the Presbyterian Home for Widows and Single Women in the State of Pennsylvania.

'97.

Alice Cilley was married to Dr. Harry Weist on the twenty-fifth of this month.

Frances Arnold is recovering from a serious attack of appendicitis.

Edith Lawrence has been visiting Elsie Sinclair in Philadelphia and spent one day at college.

Daisy Malott was married to Mr. Paul White, of Indianapolis, on January 24.

Mildred Minturn will soon leave Japan and will stop at Honolulu to see Charlie Mitchell.

Helen E. Tunbridge is teaching at the Randolph-Harrison School in Baltimore.

Margaret Hamilton and Clara Landsberg are studying at the Sorbonne.

Frances Fincke is studying at the College de France.

'98.

Hannah Carpenter is interested in the Working Girls' Club of Providence.

Charlie Mitchell is at present in Honolulu.

Constance Robinson is tutoring in Providence.

The regular annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association will be held at Bryn Mawr on the eleventh of February.

The meetings of the Academic Committee of the Alumnæ

will take place on the tenth and eleventh of February. The members of the committee are as follows: Annie Crosby Emery, chairman; Mary Taylor Mason, secretary; Martha G. Thomas, ex-officio; Elizabeth Winsor Pierson, Ruth Gentry, Louise Sheffield Brownell, Edith Hamilton and Jane Louise Brownell.

Graduate Club.

The third informal meeting of the Graduate Club was held in the club rooms on Saturday evening, January 14. Dr. and Mrs. Andrews were the guests of the evening. Dr. Andrews spoke on the "Village Community Controversy."



Valentine.

Sweetheart, there's not a brook
that flows
But babbles of my love,
There's not a little breeze that
blows
From the wide sky above
But whispers pretty things of
thee;
And when the earth in stillness
lies,
And dreams of stars in dream-
ing skies,
The very silence sings to me
Of love—and thee.

L. A. K., '00.

Two Thoughts on Skating.

I.

The skating pond's an awful
place,
Ere I go there I say a grace;
I think I'm on a skating rink,
And then I find it is a sink.

II.

They say that skating's very
nice,
And I have tried it once or twice;
I find that falling with a whack
Is rather soothing to the back.

H. H. H., '00.

The Freshman's Alphabet.

A is for A. B., gained by much knowledge.

B is for Bryn Mawr, a very good college,

C is for chocolate mixed up with "goo."

D is for Dalton, where chemicals brew.

E is for English, which isn't *all* play.

F is for Fudge that we eat night and day.

G is for Gym., of our life 'tis the pest.

H is for Hygiene, which Freshmen detest.

I is for Indocile Freshmen, quite new.

J is for Junior, defender so true.

K is for Kodak we use after plays.

L for Low Buildings, the essayist's craze.

M is for Mid-Years—they're coming again!

N—New Semester—is after that bane.

O is for Orals, the grave Senior's joy.

P is for Proctor, whom noises annoy.

Q is for that weekly nightmare, the Quiz.

R, Record Marking, what hard work it is!

S is for skating—whenever there's ice.

T is for Taylor—we're quiet as mice.

U is for Umpire, who rules basketball.

V, for Vacation, longed for by all.

W is for Work, the destroyer of ease.

X, unknown thing that we learn by degrees.

Y for the years that we spend in Bryn Mawr.

Z—gentle Zephyrs—blows boardwalks afar.

V. and D., '02.

To My Sweetheart.

Thine eyes are as two violets,
All sugared, dear, and sweet;

Thy brow, like smooth, white peppermint,

For which all praise is mete.

Thy cheeks like pinkest checker-mint,

Most tempting to be seen,
Thy lips as candied cherries red,

Thy teeth the cream between.

And all in all thou art, sweet-heart,

So wondrous sweet to see,
That Huyler's best (forgive the slang)

Is not in it with thee.

S. L. E., '00.

The Washerwoman.

I.

The washerwoman is a beast
I hope I'll never have to meet;

I'm sure I'd scream or faint—at least

I'd cut her on the street.

I.

She keeps a husband dark and grim,

And when you do not pay your score,

He'll take a stick along with him
And stand outside your door!

M. P., '01.

Essays.

I never wrote an essay yet,	Give me your pity, loving
But now I've got to write one;	friends,
The marks that my poor essay'll	Writing my essay needs it;
get	But save a little more, I beg,
Are quite enough to fright one.	To give to her that reads it.
	S., '00.

College Primer Series.



The Grind.

Apologies to the Yak.

This is the grind so negligée,
 Her coiffure's like a stack of hay;
 She stays so far from every one,
 I guess her hair is never "done."
 She thinks, since there is none
 to see,

"What matter how unkept it
 be?"

How would she feel if she but
 knew

That in this picture-book I drew
 Her cranium, uncombed, un-
 shorn,

For students to deride and scorn?

G. L. J., '00.

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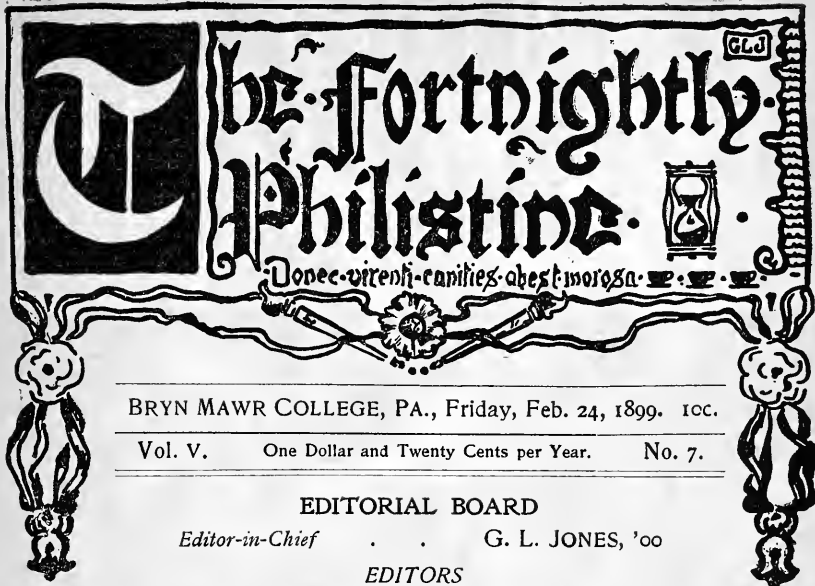
THE FORTNIGHTLY PALESTINE

DON CURENTO CANILES ABEST MOROSA

THE FORTNIGHTLY PALESTINE

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The Fortnightly Philistine.

Donec vitent capites abest morosa.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, PA., Friday, Feb. 24, 1899. 10c.

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The Christian Union contemplates taking a most decided step, and one which will completely alter its character in the college. It proposes to join the World's Student Christian Federation, in which case it must give up its own constitution, an exceedingly broad and liberal one, and limit its members to those who have joined one of the Evangelical churches; accepting, however, those whom the limitation excludes, as associate members, paying dues, but with no right to vote.

The question whether or not this change shall be made is one that ought to interest not

only the religious ones among us, but all who are sincerely interested in the life and thought of the college. The whole feeling of the Christian Union at Bryn Mawr has up to this time been generous and hospitable. The Union arose here first as a small order of earnest workers with the object of deepening the Christian life in the college.

The method by which this is to be attained was in its earliest days and still remains the problem of the Union. But the solution that may have been adequate at an earlier time will not necessarily solve the problem of to-day. That the founders thought

that the Christian life of Bryn Mawr would be deepened by a constitution such as is now proposed does not prove that, under present conditions, this is the case. Only two years ago it was felt that the Union ought to rest on a broader basis. Accordingly the interpretation of the constitution was made such that the burden of proof for the qualifications for admission was left with the individual—the question of religion being largely a matter of individual ideals.

One of the most distinctive things about Bryn Mawr is the splendidly ordered and tolerant atmosphere of the college. It is a place where each one can think for herself, form each her own standard of right and wrong. The whole spirit is singularly free from the least touch of common prejudices, either in its social or religious life. All things here are free to all people; there is not one association in which the membership is limited; but in all the institutions of the college interest in the object and the will to join are sufficient qualifications.

Under the proposed change many will be excluded who for good and sufficient reason are not church members, although in every respect qualified to take an active part in the work of the society. That such may become associate members is of no moment, since under the present constitution any one connected with the college possesses the privileges which would be accorded to an associate member.

The very fact that Bryn Mawr has a leading position among women's colleges should guard us against taking a stand that is not in entire sympathy with the feeling of the students *as a whole*. We must, therefore, consider well before we sanction a move like this which the Christian Union contemplates making—a move which the PHILISTINE feels will be against the best and broadest spirit of the college.

New Year's resolutions are now buried under so many recollections of blizzards, proms, examinations, valentines and flunk-marks, or high credits—as the case may be—that most of us doubtless are rejoicing that Lent has come to once more turn the eye of man inward.

The lofty-minded need no reminder in order to preserve a grave solemnity during these six weeks. But those of us who are of a forgetful temperament and buoyant disposition find it necessary to make some "sacrifice" of a peculiarly harassing nature to keep our spirits in check. We would suggest that the students of Pembroke East and Denbigh give up their favorite pastime of throwing sardine cans into the hedges of the Gulph Road. The Faculty might let a few more Seniors through the orals. The Freshmen might look a little older, so that visitors will have less reason to think that we have a preparatory school in connection with the college—a very common fallacy. The Sophomores might apply themselves to their books less, that they

may find time for charitable duties. Let the Juniors remember once a day that though they gave the first prom. and though it was a great success, still there *are* people interested in other subjects. By these and similar observances life at Bryn Mawr may be made less burdensome to ourselves and others.

The attempt is being made to get a file of the "Philistine" for the Bryn Mawr College Library. As there is no complete file in the possession of the editors, it is particularly desirable that the copies now missing in the library collection be obtained. Any one owning back numbers which she is willing to contribute, or having any information as to where numbers before September, '96, may be procured, is requested to speak to the librarian concerning the matter.

Table Manners.

Sweet mamma talked with little Belle

And many maxims did she tell.
"Don't ever lick your lips," she said,

"Or wipe your fingers on your bread,

Or blow your soup into your lap,
Or food from other's dishes snap;
Don't wipe your fork upon your hair,

Or put your plate beneath your chair;

Let every action while you feed
Bespeak you come of gentle breed."

M. P., 1901.

A Consistant Worshiper.

Strangers go to the small church of Egmond-op-te-hoef because it is the oldest church in North Holland. Artists sit through two sermons and three collections for the sight of an old brown pulpit and the richly colored glass. In Vrouw Minsen's mind no impression was received of the antique or artistic character of the edifice. Yet if it had been possible to catalogue her emotions of pleasure in life, it would have been found that all centred around the kirche she attended each Sunday.

The two-mile walk along the wind-swept road from the little windmill where she lived with



her married daughter was made easy by anticipation of the coming rest. The stiff-backed, rush-bottomed chair would have

proved uncomfortable to many a less ardent church-goer. Vrouw Minsen sank into her seat each Sunday as if it were a cushioned armchair. She then placed her feet on her wooden foot-warmer, grasped her Bible firmly in her worn old hands and settled down for a long nap.

One Sunday in June she was less sleepy than usual. The freshness of the early summer air, the gorgeousness of the blossoming poppies, the possession of a new cap, had combined to make the walk seem shorter and less tiresome. The thin figure sat erect through the Psalms, the first collection, yes, even through the first sermon. It was not until the parson was well started on his second exhortation and the collection bags were going around for the third time that Vrouw Minsen's deep breathing testified to her perfect slumber.

What, then, was her chagrin when she was rudely awakened by the sharp ring of the collection bell. She sat up straighter and looked around to see who had committed such a breach of etiquette as to refuse to contribute for the third time. A wave of consternation was passing through the congregation. Many eyes were severely fixed upon the young man who was vainly fumbling in his pockets for more pennies. The collector passed on, the very folds of his gown expressing disapproval.

But Vrouw Minsen's eyes lingered on the discomfited

artist. In him she recognized the bicyclist who had stopped the day before at the windmill to ask in broken Dutch:

"Me vrouw, hoo lang dauert es naar Egmont?" To which she had answered in her best English, learned from the students at the art colony near by:

"Doo miles, Mynheer."

In his delight at the sound of English he had plunged into a conversation, only to find her vocabularily limited to the monotonous repetition of the same two words. So he contented himself with sketching her in the door of the windmill. Vrouw Minsen shook her head at the remembrance as she dropped off to sleep again.

As she was leaving the kirche she heard her name called.

"Vrouw Minsen," said the voice of a young lady from the artists' colony, "this gentleman, a friend of mine from Nord Amerikaa, says he had the honor of making a drawing of you yesterday. He wishes me to ask whether he may paint your portrait sitting in the kirche. He will take it back with him to Nord Amerikaa."

Me vrouw shook her head decidedly.

"One who does not know that the third contribution is taken from strangers to repair the glass in the kirche should not try to paint."

And having delivered these words of wisdom, she bent over her cane and trotted off beside the canal toward home.

The artist laughed when the answer was translated.

"Confound the third contribution!" he said. "I thought I'd done my duty by giving twice, and how was one to know they'd ring a bell? I wonder what the old lady would say if she knew that I was sketching her most of the time that old parson was hurling Dutch at us. See here," and he forgot Vrouw Minsen as he watched with admiration the girl who was examining his sketch-book. He, too, was a consistent worshiper—in his own way.



The Junior Promenade.

There is hardly room left to say anything about the Junior Promenade and all the attendant festivities, partly because the space needed to do them justice is greater than the few pages of the "Philistine" allow, and

partly because they have been so much discussed already. Chronologically the concert of the Glee and Banjo Clubs was the first of all the events, coming on Friday evening, February 10. Great praise is due to the members, and more especially even to the leaders of both clubs, for the entertainment, on account of its success, musically, and also because enjoyment was shared by mankind in general and not limited to the students of the college. The basket ball game on Saturday morning, between the classes of odd and even numbers, though rather amusing to Bryn Mawrers whose sense of propriety is outraged at seeing centres throw goals, was, considering the circumstances, well played. The Sophomore breakfast and Junior and Senior teas followed close upon one another and rather seemed parts of one continuous performance than distinct social events. What can one say about a tea? This calls up the story of the cynical woman who asked herself, "What can one say at a tea?" and decided, erroneously, as it proved later on, that it made little difference. She proceeded to say to every one she met, "What a beautiful day it is! How many people I know are here! I am so glad to have seen you! My husband broke his neck this afternoon! I hope you will come to see me soon!" She thought her point proved when she received the same amiable, blandly acquiescent reply from

all she addressed, until one acquaintance lifted her hands in holy horror and gasped, "Well, I think you had better go home right away."

The Promenade was conducted without a flaw, and if only it was as enjoyable from the point of view of outsiders as from that of "insiders," the Junior class can pat itself upon the head and whisper into its own ear, "Well done." The astonishment which the Pembroke dining room must have experienced on Saturday night was certainly most becoming to it, and it has been generally decided that it had at last been found what was necessary to make the hall really beautiful. To remove the necessity of gazing the entire evening upon the same laurel festoons, however pretty they might be, a Japanese room and a Dutch room had been fitted up, where wearied pedestrians could rest for a small fraction of an hour. It was much whispered about that some people present would have been very glad to vary the form of exercise, but—fortunately the music was solemn and slow enough to remove all temptations.

Before closing this "sweet piping," the "Philistine" wishes to voice the gratitude of all the promenaders, and especially of the Junior class, to the patronesses, whose kind interest did so much toward making the first Promenade at Bryn Mawr the great success it was.

For further particulars readers

are referred to the Junior Promenade Book, bound—blue calf, gilt edge; price, 50 cents; published by '00 B. M. C.

— —

Taylor Beautiful.

Poor Taylor has been now so long and so unanimously scorned as an architectural failure, a thing incapable of beauty and hardly deserving toleration, that a sense of fairness impels one to recall some occasions when "the centre of us all" appears not unworthy of the beauty that surrounds her.

Within the building such occasions, it must be admitted, are rare; they come most often, perhaps, in the hours of late afternoon, when the shadows creep and the light wanes, dimly glimmering along the corridor floor, when the yellow ebbs from the woodwork and the white glare from our old Roman friends, and all things unite in extending a sense of delicious softness and harmony. Habitues of the library know also the hour when behind dark trees and the low roof of the Deanery the crimson of a glorious sunset overflows the paling sky and throws alluring gleams along the dingy tables and worn floor of the room.

Seen from without also, Taylor has hours when beauty invests her; and first, to begin rightly, the early morning. On days of a red rising one may see, against the pale, pearly colors of the west, that length of upright and downright gray, tinged with

rose-color, which gives to it an air of youth and sentiment strange to the more practical aspect it reserves for broad daylight. That even Taylor is beautiful at sunset—say a low orange and copperish sunset, with a crescent moon, just where pale green and pale blue webbs together—I fancy no Bryn Mawrter has failed to see, though she may have refused to confess it, so I need speak of only one occasion besides. If unfortunate circumstances which are not in one's control—or have gotten beyond it—compel one to share the midnight watches of the Bear, there is a reward. One may fall asleep with visions of a sleeping campus, a soft and remote horizon, still trees ranged in dim masses, and Taylor transformed, roofs white with moonlight, gray walls black with shadow, and one star resting just above the utmost point of the tower. C. S. N., '99.

To the Editor-in-Chief of the "Philistine:"

I wish to state briefly for the benefit of those that read the "Philistine," the matter of the proposed change in a part of the constitution of the Christian Union, that there may be no misunderstanding with regard to the position of those that favor it. First of all, the agitation was prompted only by the most sincere conviction that it is for the best interests of Bryn Mawr, and there can be no suspicion of

its being the result of merely personal desire.

The change proposed is that of the clause relating to membership, which at present reads: "Any woman connected with the college who considers herself a Christian may become a member of the Union." As altered it would stand: "Any woman connected with the college who is a member of an evangelical church may become an active member of the Union, and any woman connected with the college may become an associate member."

The intention of the founders of the Union with regard to the character of it, was, by their own subsequent statements in writing and by word of mouth, just such an association as the proposed change would form. But little by little there has grown up an ambiguity in the interpretation of the terms used, until the incoming Freshman frequently, almost always, has no idea of what she is getting into. By removing the present clause and substituting the suggested, we should not only avoid the ambiguity now existing, but we should give an opportunity to those not making any profession whatsoever to show their interest in and approval of the work of the Union along certain lines. And their position toward those that go further and profess belief in Christ as Savior and Lord is the furthest removed from equivocal.

Again, we should avoid the

appearance of drawing up a creed—and how can any association of people exist as such without some qualifications for admission?—by putting the burden of proof on the churches. We should rest the claim to active membership not upon any interpretation of theological terms, but upon a definite *act* already performed.

There are some secondary reasons, touching the world outside our small one of Bryn Mawr, which lead us to our conclusions in the matter. After such a change we should be in a position to unite in the greatest of modern movements among colleges—the World's Student Christian Federation. We should feel the inspiration from communication with the Christian students of all lands, from England to Japan, and the strength coming from unity of purpose with them. Let it not be objected that Bryn Mawr can stand better alone. Isolation

means stagnation, and the stream of tendency may leave her stranded.

And this suggests another reason we must consider. Bryn Mawr indisputably holds a unique position among the women's colleges of America, and only in this one respect is it not leading. On the ground of our recognized high position many a smaller and weaker college seeks help from us in its Christian organization. Only those that have not looked into the question can hesitate as to the power we exert. Our influence is undoubted. Which side is it on? Our present position is misunderstood and we often hinder rather than help those that look to us. "No man liveth to himself," and neither can any college do so. So that, while the good of Bryn Mawr itself is what we have to consider first. Must we not also remember that our great trust of leadership gives us a corresponding responsibility?

Edith Campbell Crane.



Alumnæana Memoria.

'90.

Lillian Sampson is assisting
Dr. Morgan as demonstrator in

the Major Biological Laboratory.

'92.

Annie Crosby Emery gave

two very informal talks on "The Early Days of Self-Government" to the students of Merion and Pembroke on February 13 and 14.

'93.

Susan Walker, Louise Brownell, Evangeline Walker Andrews and Madeline Abbott acted as patronesses of the Junior tea on the day of the Prom.

'94.

Margaret Sherman has been appointed on the Conference Committee, in place of Elsie Sinclair, resigned.

Emma S. Wines spent several days last week at Bryn Mawr.

'96.

Mary Delia Hopkins was a patroness at the Sophomore Breakfast on the eleventh of February.

Pauline Goldmark and Harriet Brownell spent several days at Bryn Mawr to attend the Alumnæ meeting.

'97.

Elsie Sinclair was married to Dr. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge on Tuesday, February 14.

Gertrude Frost and Grace Albert were bridesmaids at Elsie Sinclair's wedding.

Masa Dogura, who is now living near Tokeo, Japan, is engaged to the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Elizabeth Higginson, Mary Pedsham and Edith Lawrence came on to Philadelphia for Elsie Sinclair's wedding and also spent a few days at college.

'98.

Grace Tileston Clarke announces her engagement to Mr. Vernon Ames Wright, of Boston.

A. C. Emery, Mary Mason, Elizabeth Winsor Pearson, '92; Louise Brownell and Jane Brownell, '93, and Martha G. Thomas, '89, as members of the Academic Committee of the Alumnæ, held their regular meeting at Bryn Mawr on February 11.

The Academic Committee, which is the official means of communication between the Alumnæ Association and the college, met on the tenth and eleventh. Annie Crosby Emery, '92, chairman of the committee, and all the other members of the committee, excepting Miss Gentry, were present at the meetings. The committee held two preliminary meetings in Merion Hall, and met President Thomas on Friday, and President Thomas and other members of the Faculty on Saturday in Taylor Hall. The committee was entertained at luncheon by President Thomas on the tenth.

The Alumnæ of the college were invited by Miss Thomas and Miss Gwinn to take luncheon at the Deanery, on the eleventh, to meet the Academic Committee. Miss Thomas, with Miss Garrett and the members of the committee, received the Alumnæ, although Miss Gwinn, much to the regret of her guests, was prevented by illness from being present. Miss Thomas

gave each alumna a most cordial welcome back to Bryn Mawr, and all united in feeling how much, as individuals and as an association, they owed her for her gracious act of hospitality.

The Annual Alumnæ Meeting.

The Alumnæ Association held its annual meeting on Saturday, the eleventh, in Taylor Hall, and by so doing carried into effect the resolution of the association that provides for only one regular meeting of the association each year, and that one to be held in February. The reports of the executive, academic, conference and loan fund committees formed an interesting part of the meeting, as much of the work of the association is now necessarily carried on by these committees.

The association was asked to consider an object toward which the collections made for the Alumnæ Fund should go. It had been found impossible to increase a fund that had no definite purpose, and a part of the new library building, or a students' building, were brought forward as objects that would appeal to the Alumnæ. It was decided, however, that for the next year all money collected for the Alumnæ Fund should be turned over to the Students' Loan Fund, as it is most important to place more money at the disposal of the Loan Fund Committee. At the end of the year the collections for the Alumnæ Fund may at the pleasure of the association

be voted to go toward one of the buildings mentioned above.

The meeting was very well attended, more than one-third of the two hundred and eighty members being present. Many of the Alumnæ expressed their satisfaction with the more important changes introduced by the new by-laws, namely, the annual meeting instead of the semi-annual meetings, and the biennial instead of the annual elections. The Saturday before the second semester was thought for many reasons to be the best day for the meeting, and while the exact date is fixed each year by the Board of Directors, it is probable that they will arrange to hold the annual meeting on that day. The thought is that in the future there may be two definite times each year when the Alumnæ will arrange to come back to the college, one in February for the general business meeting and some informal social event, and the other in June, for the annual Alumnæ supper and the Commencement festivities.

M. G. T., '89.

Graduate Club.

On the evening of January 28, Mr. Israel Zangwell addressed, the members and friends of the Graduate Club. With atrocious wit and "irrepressible seriousness," Mr. Zangwell as critic praised the art that he practices as author, his lecture being upon "Fiction the Highest Form of Truth."

The problem as to the nature of truth has perplexed the wise men of all ages, and Mr. Zangwell has done much to give so clearly defined a conception of truth and the forms of truth. There are many ways of knowing a thing, he says. You may cut a person on the street so that he knows you know him, or a scientist may know a thing in such a way that he knows he does not know it. From a hundred points of view the truth of an object is evident, but a point of view is necessary.

Truth is not a thing in itself. There must be two to make a truth. The truth of a man's utterances depends upon both the speaker and the hearer and varies according to the mood and the man. So there are many truths of any one object, but not all of equal importance. The truth of a glass of water is not so much in the laws of refraction and reflection, the nature and number of molecules, as in the fact that water is something that quenches thirst. The paramount truth is always the emotional rather than the intellectual truth, the living rather than the dead fact.

Using science as a foil, Mr. Zangwell demonstrated the living, changing, progressive nature of emotional truth found in fiction as compared with the negative, lifeless nature of intellectual truth, found in science, scientific formula being the dry bones of knowledge. To be

sure, fiction as well as science and history is a selective process, but with this difference, each science deals with only one set of facts, while fiction alone is a representative selection, superior even to history, for history tells only of what has come into experience, fiction adds what may happen. Some writers claim their characters true by taking them from life, by copying actual details. Verily they have taken characters from life—by making them dead. This is not realism. Realism is the seizing upon a few essential characteristics, to the exclusion of the thousand and one absolutely true, but absolutely unimportant details. A great artist creates a likeness with a few strokes. A single term, Waterloo, or St. Helena, calls up Napoleon better than any number of every-day occurrences of his life. Realism is this selection of the particular details that make a thing mean to you just what it does at that time. But times and people change, and as facts get old they cease to stand for what they did and men become false if too persistently held to.

We are warned against old, decrepit, dogmatic truth. Truth is essentially a living, changing thing. The only truth is life, the quintessence of which is man, and as fiction is the portrayal of man with his actualities and possibilities, it is therefore the highest form of truth.



The Bakery Girl.

She had most shocking manners,
 But they said she was well-
 bred,
 Because she [had two little
 "rolls"
 And a "bun" upon her head.
 M. P., '01.

The Result of Politically Scientific Investigation.

There's a phrase that keeps
 haunting my Pol-Econned
 brain;
 It occurs in my note-book again
 and again.
 How I wish its unvarying
 cadence would stop!
 It is "typical tropical crop."

It absorbs all the knowledge I
 thought I had gained
 Of lands equatorial. And I am
 pained
 To find my acquaintance with
 products quite stops
 At "typical tropical crops!"

So, if for the names you should
 ask me, forsooth,
 Of fruits from the South I have
 known from my youth,

They would vanish away. From
 my lips sadly drop,
 Just "typical tropical crop."
 E. C. C., '00.

Dalliance.

She twirled a rose, a rose
 shamed red—
 She trifled with it so!
 I begged the thing. She laughed
 and said,
 She did not care, oh, no.
 But then, the rose was all her
 own,
 And though I pled her fair,
 She said that it was hers alone,
 And tucked it in her hair.
 G. P. L., '98.

Major and General.

Any one who's in the army,
 Or who knows the rules quite
 well,
 Knows that one must be a Major
 Ere he is a General.
 But who ever is in English,
 Finds that steps are quite re-
 versed,
 And that one who will have
 Major
 Has to take the General first.
 C. H. S., '00.

**To my Biological Sweetheart
Valentine.**

In former times, dear maiden,
 You loved me tenderly,
 But since you met Lumbricus
 You have detested me.
 Of course I can not wonder
 That worms should you deceive,
 When long ago a serpent
 Beguiled our Mother Eve.

But, trust me, they are faith-
 less—

My heart will constant burn,
 Forever true to you, dear—
 The worm, you know, will turn.

With him you've many rivals;
 I love no one but thee;
 An early bird may catch the
 worm,
 But only you win me.

So, prithee, darling, cut him,
 But give to me your heart,
 Love-pierced with knife and
 scalpel,
 Instead of Cupid's dart.

C. H. S., '00.

I wished to make fudge,
 But I found I'd no butter;
 And my friends wouldn't budge
 ('Tho' I wished to make fudge)
 Toward the village to trudge!
 My complaints I won't utter—
 I wished to make fudge,
 But I found I'd no butter.

C. S., '00.

Dirt.

She had some spots upon her floor
 All green and brown and blue;
 And one was blacking, one was
 cream,
 The other one was glue.

M. P., '01.

Which?

I want Jim for the Prom;
 Do you think I had better
 Ask old cousin Tom?
 I want Jim for the Prom,
 And he's anxious to come;
 I am writing a letter,
 Asking Jim to the Prom—
 Do you think I had better?
 C. S., '00.

**Leaves from an English Note-
Book.****I.**

O English, in our hours of ease
 Postponed for matinees and teas,
 When mid-years loom upon our
 view
 We wish we'd spent more time
 on you.

II.

Is there, for just a flunk or so,
 Wha hangs her head, and a'
 that?
 The graceless grind! We let her
 go;
 We're nae so fon as a' that.
 For a' that and a' that
 We're glad to pass, and a' that;
 But if we fail, we dinna wail—
 Nor do we give awa' that!

III.

The Prof. may give a Credit
 High,
 A Merit, Pass, and a' that,
 And mark a flunk for such as I—
 A low-down trick, I ca' that!
 For a' that and a' that,
 We are nae fashed, for a' that;
 We write a wee, and let it be,
 And pray "Guid luck befa'
 that!"

College Primer Series.



(Apologies to O. H.)

This girl has been since time
began

A sister to and friend of Man.

The girl loves Man because he
brings

Her candy and all sorts of
things.

Man loves the girl because she'll
stay

And listen to his talk all day,
And cry, "O My!" and show
delight

At all his jokes, however trite.
She looks so cross because I
drew

Her with one man instead of two.



Well, since she cares so much
for style,
Let's give her two and see her
smile.

February 14th.

"When sorrow is fled
And the rose blooming red
And the air is filled with the
fragrance shed,

Take thou love's part,
Since kind thou art,
And care for this bleeding, pas-
sionate heart.

"When winds sweep by,
And snow drifts high,
And clouds hang low in the
winter sky,
This warm heart still
Will serve to thrill
Thee through and banish win-
ter's chill."

"Behold this ardent heart of
mine,
Its burning fulgence all is thine,
If thou wilt be my valentine."

"Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love."

"So say mad Hamlet to his love
And so I sing to mine;
Then wilt thou be my precious
dove,
My own, my valentine?"

"I think of you every morning,
When the breeze is fresh and
chill:
I'll know I'll see you at break-
fast;
It fairly makes me ill.

"I think of you every noontide,
As from Taylor I come back:
My cerebrum genders the
thought of flight
As I see the station hack.

"I think of you every evening,
When the sky the sunset tints:

For relief from this fearful night-
mare
Of money I'd give mints.

"I think of you every moment;
Your face forever I see:
How sweet it would be if I could
for revenge,
But make you think always of
me!"

"Let not the one nor the many
Part thee from me,
But let us both in Hegelheim
Learn of true infinity."

"A maiden so fair hied her
straight toward math,
And the wiles I devised turned
her not from her path.
Quoth I, 'Pretty maid, walk
two steps with me, please!'
With scorn she made answer,
'I walk by degrees!'
'My love can't be measured!'
Her nose tilted, she—
'You mean, I suppose, minus
infinity!'
Undismayed still, I cried, 'Pray,
Oh pray, be thou mine!'
With a twitch of her skirts she
walked off with A sine!"

"One snowy, blowy yesterday
I saw Dan Cupid pass this way:
He, once so bold 'neath sum-
mer's sun,
Now hardly knew which way to
run.

"He was so cold his tiny feet
Were bruised and torn by the
icy street;

His little hands he wrung for
pain
And shook them free from snow
and rain.

A tear was in each eye so meek
And some stood frozen on his
cheek

"'Ho! Cupid!' cried I in alarm,
'Why art not sheltered from the
storm?'"

'Alak! good sir, I know no door
Where they'll receive an orphan
poor!'

"'Dear boy,' I said, 'if thou
wouldst find
A place of refuge from the wind,
Go, wend thy way with ready
art
And knock at Lady Graces heart
It is so kind, 'twill sure receive
thee,
And of thy many ills relieve
thee.'"

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make our basket ball field
The muddiest in the land.
C. H. S., '00.

Overheard.

1901—"Are you going to
Miss ——'s tea this afternoon?"

1902—"No. You see it's
Lent, and I have given up
drinking chocolate. Miss ——
is going to have it at her tea, so
we decided to stay at home and
have some coffee."

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Whenever a lack of enthusiasm over any college institution is observed, the cry of "indifference" is raised. "The students have no public spirit nowadays! We have no college songs! Loyalty to self-government is gradually dying out! There is no interest in the college papers!" The pity is that there is more or less truth in these statements—that there seems to be an undercurrent in college life that tends to bring the students to this state of mind, which, if it becomes predominant, cannot but bring positive harm to the college. It is largely the growth of this

spirit that has led so many to question the benefit of college education for girls—that has led others to assert that the effect is dehumanizing.

The dangers of such a spirit are shown by an editorial in a Wellesley magazine—an editorial that was meant to be serious hard as this may be to believe. "Do we, or do we not, desire student government? . . . There has been no direct attempt to answer this question, yet the prevailing principle of *laissez faire* has returned a negative reply. It would be too much trouble. We get along very well

as we are. We want no more responsibility than we already have. It would be as inconvenient to think about college government as to read newspapers or go to the polls. *Moreover, if we ourselves made the laws we should be forced, by the power of conscience, to keep them.* The only clear idea to be gathered from such an attitude is that we are indifferent. . . . At present, since we are not earnestly interested in the subject, we certainly are not ready to undertake the *responsibility of controlling our own actions.* Until we do become interested, we shall do well to submit gracefully and uncomplainingly to *whatever regulations are imposed on us.*

If this is the attitude of Wellesley students we do not wonder that they have not a self-government system. The power to control their actions is seldom given to an association of people who have not shown moral and intellectual fitness to exercise that power in a proper manner. It certainly should not be given to those who object to self-government on the ground that under such a system the students would be forced "by the power of conscience" to obey laws that they themselves had made. When a self-government charter is given into the hands of a student body, there is a recognition of the fact that its members are sufficiently mature to take a very vital interest in their own conduct and the rules that govern it,

and are not willing to submit—even "gracefully"—to any regulations imposed on them.

At Bryn Mawr "indifference" has not yet brought us to such a degree of lassitude. If the present tendencies are carrying us in this direction let us waste no time in overcoming them, lest we soon become so "disinterested" that we will be unwilling not only to assume the "responsibility for our own actions," but even to act at all, and gradually sink into a state of apathy.

There have been rumors abroad of a Graduate Basket Ball Team. The PHILISTINE hopes that these have a substantial basis. If such a team is organized Bryn Mawr will have an opportunity to show her strength against the combined efforts of the other American women's colleges.

Rules For Training.

Now that the training season is beginning, THE PHILISTINE thinks it advisable to publish some simple rules, with which no doubt all the Basket Ball veterans are already familiar, but which may prove of some assistance to energetic and well-intentioned Freshmen.

1. Don't let your work interfere with your exercise.
2. Don't let your exercise interfere with your fun.
3. When running do not get out of breath—this is a bad habit and will seriously injure your effectiveness in a game.

4. If your æsthetic sense is well developed, do your running in the gymnasium, otherwise out of doors. If you run on the campus, keep your mouth closed. There are several reasons for this.

5. Don't do any work that you can get your trainer to do. All your superfluous energy should be devoted to sleeping.

6. Do not promise the position of trainer to too many people. This may prove very embarrassing when invitations come out for the trainers' tea.

7. Choose your trainer with care and let her never forget the great favor you are doing her. The chief requisites for a good trainer are:

(a) Amiability.

(b) Domesticity.

(c) Industry, mental and manual.

(d) Love of exercise, especially expressed in a passionate fondness for short walks, such as to the station or the Pike.

(e) Conscientiousness and attentiveness—the former must be moderate and not obtrusive.

(f) Leniency and tact—these last two I mention together because they must be used at the same time. When you meet your trainer at a fudge party or a tea, it can easily be seen that a lack of both or either qualities may prove very objectionable.

(g) A tendency toward late rising.

(h) Most important is an utter contempt for her personal comforts, pleasures and plans.

It will probably be found that these rules, carefully followed, will yield very good results. A trainer, such as the one described above, will be found invaluable, especially by all that have ever had any experience with that class of people.

A Fragment from an Old Letter.

It happened one day during our stay at Biddeford, that I was quite alone, wandering about more than common dreamy, and repeating lines out of Shakespeare and Mr. Dryden, so great was the effect of the pleasant weather and surroundings upon me. I had left the others at home, that is, at the vicarage, drinking coffee and reading plays aloud in a most amicable and agreeable fashion. It is not the best of manners to confess that one ever tires of the company of one's friends, but I have never succeeded in entirely conforming to the exigencies of polite society, and I admit that I grew exceedingly weary, after a short time. Therefore, I seized the first opportunity to slip away from the party, and made my escape under cover of an unusually noisy page of Congreve, congratulating myself upon the neatness of my manoeuvre. I strolled off along a woody path, which narrowed and narrowed, until it was with the utmost difficulty that I protected my best buckled shoes and muslin petticoats from the branches that im-

peded my progress. The little forest through which I was passing was extremely pleasant, being carpeted with soft moss and full of trees laden with fragrant blossoms. Multitudes of birds were singing.

Suddenly I came out into an open space, and as I stopped, bewildered by the abruptness of my entrance into another world, I immediately became aware that I was on private property. I would have retreated, frightened at the vastness of the country-seat on whose border I stood, had not the recollection of the name of its owner detained me. I was too full of interest—perhaps mere curiosity—to return to coffee and Congreve without a glance at the rustic retreat in which that great and famous personage chose to pass his old age.

Moreover, my mother had known him; and I felt, as I looked about me, that she might have stood there in youth, the courtly and renowned lord of the lands at her side.

I was on the edge of a broad meadow, which was shaded by symmetrical rows of trees and dotted with innumerable flowers. I ventured on, delighting in the sweet odor of new mown grass, and the green and gold of the old English landscape. Reaching a line of splendid vales, I perceived beyond them new charms, a distant chateau with many turrets, an orchard, and a little silvery artificial lake, upon whose surface swans were sailing. I passed the trees and gained the

water's edge, where the lilies floated, starry and numerous, like the lilies in an old picture. And then—

Indeed, my dear Anne, I was not so much frightened as you might suppose. He sat quite motionless in a garden chair, his head resting on his hands; and so perfectly did he complete the scene that I scarcely realized it was not a picture.

But it is useless to deny that I was exceedingly startled. I stood petrified, staring at him, until he raised his head and saw me. He was very old, and wore a powdered peruke, and much soft lace, and a long, rich gown instead of a coat. His face was thin and delicate, quite strangely white and clear cut, like an ivory image. He looked very keen and cold, very weary, very placid. When he observed me I remembered that I was a double intruder, and I said in some haste:—

"I am ashamed, sir, to have come so far upon your private grounds; but I came through the woods—and the meadow was so delightful—"

He looked at me as if he hardly heard, and then said in a clear, low voice that was most beautiful:—

"I am glad you liked the meadow."

"I had no business upon it," said I; "I am very sorry."

And I made as if to go, but he smiled and said again, in courtly fashion—

"I am charmed that you liked the meadow."

"The trees!" I cried. "The flowers!"

"Ah, yes," he repeated indulgently, "the flowers—"

He stopped as if troubled, and then said doubtfully—

"I ask of you a thousand pardons, mistress, do I know you?"

It was most absurd, and I smiled as I shook my head. He seemed relieved, and smiled in turn, always coldly, but with infinite graciousness. He was so solitary, so wearily patient, and the lonely end of his extraordinary life seemed to me so sorrowful that I quite forgot the conventionalities which he had always loved, and said simply—

"I wished very much to see you, for my mother, who is long dead, knew you once."

"That is charming," said he, pleasantly; "who was she?"

I told him her beloved name, and he bowed, with his hand upon his heart; but I saw very clearly that he did not remember.

Just then a servant came through the vista of trees, bringing a tea tray and service, which he set down on a little stand beside the garden chair. He then asked in a curiously modulated voice if he could do anything more. His master looked up, and smiled very pleasantly at him, and answered, "No."

I turned away then, and departed, only looking back once at the old statesman, who sat as I had found him, head on hand, lost in dreams.

The servant came up to me as I started across the meadow, and

said to me softly that his master was quite well, only a little touched by age. "For he told me, when you left him," added the man deprecatingly, "that he had known you once, many years ago, but had quite forgotten your name."

I thanked him and went back through the wood, home to the vicarage.

E. T. D., '01.

Edouard Rod.

[Monsieur Rod is to give three lectures at Bryn Mawr under the auspices of the De Rebus Club on March 28, April 10 and April 13. One of the subjects on which he will speak is "Cyrano de Bergerac"; the other two have not yet been decided upon.]

Already in 1891 Jules Lemaitre, who does not squander his subtle talent on scribblers, devoted an article to "Le sens de la Vie," "un livre lugubre qui ne raconte que des événements heureux et qui par là est rare et original." The publication of this book placed Edouard Rod, who until then was known only to a comparatively narrow circle as the author of "La Course à la Mort," among the new literary stars whose ascending course is watched with eager eye by the reading public.

"La Vie privée de Michel Feisier," "La Sacrifiée," "Les Roches Blanches"—to name only a few of his novels—followed in quick succession; to-day Rod occupies a foremost rank among the French novelists. Nevertheless, his fame has not yet ex-

tended very widely in foreign countries, as is evidenced by the many queries by which is met the intelligence that the choice of the Cercle Francais of Harvard has this year fallen upon him and that he is to be heard at Bryn Mawr in the spring.

After his first successes M. Rod gave up the chair of literature he was filling in the University of Geneva, the city of his birth, and settled in Paris, that he might be in the atmosphere which would best feed his talent.

But in leaving Switzerland for Paris he did not lose that peculiar twist which a protestant education gives; his works show him to be not a son of the light-hearted city, but of the Calvinistic stronghold of yore. Whatever there may be in the spirit of his novels which differentiates them from others. In many respects most akin to them—those of Bourget, for instance, who like Rod is a "psychological" novelist—is no doubt due to the peculiar moral habits resulting from his education. Not that these habits need remain, but that when they have lost their power of determining conduct, they become transformed into intellectual ferments, all the more effective in giving direction to thought. This partly explains the peculiarities of Rod as a novelist and is one of the reasons why he does not belong to the mighty line of the objective realists, Balzac, Flaubert, the de Goncourt, Maupassant, etc., but rather to that very interesting

class of psychological and ethical novelists who are more interested in certain generalities of conduct than in the persons as such. They are analysts who, in the protean diversity of individual life choose to see and depict some special tendency, dilemma or struggle, characteristic of a more or less important part of the society in which they live. One of Rod's favorite themes is the apparently unreconcilable antagonism between happiness obtainable in following one's natural, unsophisticated impulses and the only happiness possible under the circumstances made by civilized life. "Les Roches Blanches," for instance, is a living commentary on the legend of the "White Rocks:" A monk and a nun loved; with stern resolve they refused to break their vows. As they met for the last time at the place now occupied by the white rocks and struggled for a final parting both turned into stone. Suppressed love had killed life.

J. H. Leuba.

A Philanthropic Incident.

My younger sister is a born philanthropist. She has a stern sense of justice combined with an all-embracing charity. The subjects upon whom she expends these virtues are members of the lowest type of country people in New Jersey, the small farmers who dwell in the mountains and bring up hordes of uncouth, untaught children. She would probably be better appreciated if

her sense of charity was unhampered by justice. That is the way of the world.

Christmas afternoon I was sitting at the window watching two very tattered youngsters toiling up the hill. My sister came to look over my shoulder.

"Here come Hester and Orrie for their Christmas presents. Just amuse them while I find them some games and oranges."

My duty, though brief, was arduous, and I seized the first opportunity to escape. (I am no philanthropist.) As I slipped out, I heard Hester remark:

"Say, Ruthie, play f'r us, wunt yer, and show us yer presents."

An hour later the sight of the little figures trailing off down the hill, laden with good things, led me to come down stairs again. I found Ruth in despair.

"Hester has stolen the silver stamp holder from my desk. I felt something hard in her mitten when I shook hands with her, but she said it was her purse. Now, I find that the stamp holder is gone!"

"Call her back," I suggested. Ruth ran to the window.

"Hester! 'Hester!' she shouted. "Did you pick up a little silver box by mistake from my desk?"

"No'm," was the prompt answer. "I didn't take nothin', did I, Orrie?"

Her obedient brother reiterated:

"No'm, 'I didn't see her tech nothin'," and they hurried on.

We went to drive presently, and I saw that this denial still troubled my sister. Mechanically the horse was turned toward the mountain, and soon I saw the two children in front of us.

"I must give them another chance," she said, in reply to my question. "Otherwise, I am encouraging that child to grow up into a thief."

But the second inquest was equally fruitless.

"Yer can look in my pockets, or take off my shoes ef yer want ter. Yer can see I ain't nothin' in my mittings. I didn't take *nothin'*, did I, Orrie?"

"No'm, she didn't take nothin'."

"But, Hester, I felt something in your mitten, and you told me it was your purse. Where is your purse now?"

"Ain't got none. Said that ter fool yer, didn't I, Orrie?"

"Yes'm, that's all; she didn't tech *nothin'*," from faithful Orrie.

"Then, Hester, you must not come to the house to see me till either you or I find the box. If I find it I shall come at once to tell 'you,'" was the decision of the judge at my side, as we gave up the case as hopeless.

The next morning the knocker sounded, and as I was in the hall I ran to the door expecting a belated Christmas gift.

"Is Ruthie in?" was what fell upon my astonished ears. I had just time to take in the general outline of a tall, gaunt mountain woman, whose image is associ-

ated in my mind with such details as a draggled old ostrich plume, a single tooth, a purple skirt, before the torrent of her wrath broke over me.

"Yer take these yere things to Ruthie, and yer tell her I'm insulted—do yer hear, *insulted*. My innercent children don't steal 'ny more'n yer do. I ain't goin' to hev my kids comin' to yer fine house to be called thieves an' liars for the sake of a few oranges an' old clothes, an' games. Hev yer found that box? Well, yer will some day. *Hark my words, yer will!*"

How much more there might have been I do not know. While there was strength left in me, I stumbled backward into the hall, closing the door in my adversary's face, and then hastened to lay at Ruth's feet her gifts of the previous day.

"Father always said Hester had the burden of the younger children on her back. I guess she's trying to ease it financially," was my sad comment.

"I'm afraid, now, that I have wronged Hester. I must go and clear out my entire desk, for I shan't be satisfied till I find that troublesome box."

But her search was in vain.

Just before my vacation ended I was walking across the lawn with the dogs when something shining in the brown grass attracted my attention. At the foot of the driveway, a few yards farther down the hill than the place where the children had been standing when we called

them back, lay the tarnished, water-stained stamp box. And what troubles Ruth now is whether or not Hester's mother knows that Hester stole the box and threw it away. Such are the problems of the philanthropist.

Ode to Eros.

(Translated from Anacreon.)

With a rod of hyacinths
Cruel Cupid drove me,
Ordered me to run with him,—
Swifter, swifter went he.

Over raging mountain streams,
Through both woods and valleys,
Wasted ever as I ran:—
Cupid never tarries.

Then I fell in Death's embrace;
Soft wings brushed my forehead;
"You're not worthy to be
loved,"
Cupid sweetly murmured.
L. M. W., '02.

In a Studio.

It was one of those warm days in February when the horse-chestnut trees in the Luxembourg look as if only a very little more sunshine were necessary to make them open their swollen buds, when the streets of the Latin Quarter begin to show signs of tourists coming and students going, and when all the artists are rushed and excited in

their efforts to finish pictures for the Salon.

By a window overlooking the Boulevard Montparnasse stood a tall, fair Englishman, or rather a New Zealander, who was watching earnestly the usual motley stream to be seen any morning from the window of a Latin Quarter studio. He was evidently trying to separate some particular person from the heterogeneous procession of fruit women, gendarmes, artists and models. Suddenly his face brightened as he saw approaching leisurely from the direction of the Gare Montparnasse the stately figure for which he was looking. He followed her slow progress with hungry eyes, only turning from the window when she had disappeared from view within his own doorway.

The studio was nearly empty, and, though whatever was in it had rather an air of distinction about it, still there was that mean appearance which is so often to be seen in the cramped apartments of a man who has his reputation yet to make. The most striking piece of furniture was, of course, the easel, on which stood a full-length portrait of the girl who was then mounting the weary flight of stairs.

The picture was practically finished now, and by far the best thing he had ever done. Still the artist was not satisfied. He could not put into the eyes a certain strange, sympathetic look which he had once seen there. He had tried to make her under-

stand what it was he wanted, but she could not or would not. Either she looked indifferent or else she coldly, haughtily, smiled, as only a proud American girl can smile. Apparently she had lost all interest in him and in his work. Just as he had decided that unless she looked at him to-day as she had done that once, the picture must go as it was to the Salon, there came a knock at the studio door and the model entered.

She was, if possible, prettier than ever to-day, and her very presence inspired the discouraged man to try again to catch that long dreamt of, fleeting expression.

"Shall you finish to-day?" she asked lightly, as she drew off her gloves.

"I don't know. Are you awfully bored with posing so long?" he inquired anxiously.

"Oh, no! I was simply wondering." This as she put her hands up to take off her big brown velvet hat which, with its drooping plumes set off to perfection her pink cheeks and curly brown hair.

"Stop, don't take off your hat. Keep that pose a minute," he said hastily. "It's perfect with that background. I never saw you so beautiful before." Artists are always frank. "You haven't worn that hat to the studio before, have you?"

"No. Do you like it? I thought it might appeal to you. I wore it on purpose to impress you."

"May I sketch you as you are now, right there?"

"Certainly, if you want, but hadn't you better finish the portrait?"

"That can wait. I must get this."

"Very well. My time is yours until the Salon opens. I'd do anything to please you." She looked at him seriously, her big brown eyes full of sympathy.

"There, that's it," he cried exultingly, "the strange, sad, sympathetic look I've so often told you about."

"Really? How funny!" She laughed aloud. "I feel kindly disposed toward everything to-day. It's the spring, I suppose."

"I suppose so," he assented, thoughtfully.

"I'm going to sketch you in oils, because they're so much more satisfactory than anything else," he said, after a long pause, during which he had stretched a new canvas and collected his palette and a handful of brushes.

Neither spoke for a long time, while he roughly blocked out the head and shoulders in charcoal. She watched him earnestly all the time. She had never seen him work with so much dash and enthusiasm. Finally the head was drawn and he moved back across the studio looking first at the model, then at the canvas.

She was standing with her head thrown back, and her arms stretched upward as if in the act of removing her hat. Her gown and hat of a soft, warm

brown were brought strongly into relief by a queer blue and green tapestry forming the background of the picture.

"It's the best thing I've ever done," he said proudly. "I've caught your very soul in the eyes. If I can keep on in this mood it shall go to the Salon instead of the other with which I'm now more disgusted than ever."

"Do you think you can finish it in time? There are only three weeks you know," she said cautiously, coming over to where he stood, that she, too, might look at the sketch.

"I can do anything if you continue to have that heavenly expression," he replied warmly.

"I'm so happy," she said, smiling.

Why was she happy he wondered. Could it be that she loved him as he had not dared to hope. The thought made him mad with joy and his fingers itched to begin again.

After a few minutes more rest, she took her pose and he began work again, continuing for two hours in absolute silence. At the end of this time he burst out with these words:

"Do you know a man can't do good work unless he's in complete sympathy with his subject? I always said one had to live first, but the other men laughed at me and said that painting didn't need any living, only some little technical skill and a great deal of imagination. I've worked all winter on your por-

trait and put my whole soul into it, but you—you never looked at me before as you do to-day. That's why it's so good."

"What do you mean?" she almost stammered.

"Mean? Why just what I've meant all winter, but never dared tell you. I mean that I'm madly in love with you and to-day you look as if you, too, loved."

She drew herself up proudly and said, with the utmost hauteur, "Yes, I too love. I promised last night to marry Mr. Morton. You have presumed too much upon *even a model*."

What right have I ever given you to make love to me, except that I have been such a fool as to come here every day, all winter. You shall never paint me with the look of *sympathy* you have talked of so long."

So saying she gathered up her wraps and left the studio before he had time to answer.

The first picture, in spite of its worthlessness in its creator's eyes, was highly commended at the Salon and the second, the merest sketch, hangs on the studio wall to this day.

L. B. C., 1900.



'89.

Emily James Smith, the Dean of Barnard College, announces her engagement to Mr. George Haven Putnam, of New York.

'95.

Elizabeth Conway Bent has been visiting at Bryn Mawr.

'97.

Katrina Ely has gone South with her parents.

Elsie Sinclair Hodge left this week for China. She will stop at Hawaii on the way.

Marion Taber has given up teaching at the Brereley School in New York.

Clara Vail has gone to Jekyll Island.

Alice Jones has been staying with Edith Pettit at Low Buildings.

'98.

Marion Park has decided to continue her studies at Bryn Mawr during this semester.

Lucille Merriman and Anna Fry have become alumnae of Bryn Mawr College.

Graduate Club.

The Graduate Club had the good fortune on Saturday evening, February the twenty-fifth, of listening to a talk by Dr. Haas on the "Spirit of Romanticism."

The inception of the movement, its history, the various influences that affected it at its beginning and throughout the course of its growth, and those emanating from it, were all at-

tractively presented. Brief sketches of the lives of some of the more prominent German and French representatives added to the interest of the address.

This year's plan for the informal meetings has proved to be a happy thought, and the club feels very much indebted to the members of the Faculty who have helped bring about this success.

M. L.



Where are You Going My Pretty Maid?

"Where are you going, oh my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-walking, sir," she said;

"Sir," she said, in a voice stone dead,

" 'Tis a long, dull journey, kind sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"Yes, if your breath will hold out," she said;

"Sir," she said, and her face flushed red,

"A beggar am I, kind sir," she said.

"Where lies your journey, oh my pretty maid?"

"First up to the office, kind sir," she said;

"Sir," she said, and her eyes were like lead,

"But there I can rest, kind sir," she said.

"Where go you then, oh my pretty maid?"

"I go to the lecture rooms, kind sir," she said;

"Sir," she said, and her young heart bled,

"And I'd rather go anywhere else," she said.

- "Afterwards, whither, oh, my pretty maid?"
- "Down to the distant Low Buildings," she said;
- "Sir," she said, and she trembled with dread,
- "I hit the wrong day as a rule," she said.
- "Again to the office, oh, my pretty maid?"
- "Again did you say, kind sir?" she said;
- "Sir," she said, and a harsh note led,
- "I never stop going up there," she said.
- "Then is your trip at an end, pretty maid?"
- "No, it has only begun," she said:
- "Sir," she said, and her colour fled,
- "I must do it all over again," she said.
- "But what do you do on this trip, pretty maid?"
- "I do it all over, kind sir," she said;
- "Sir," she said, with a drooping head,
- "Have you heard of the course-book, sir?" she said.

C. M. 'or.



ZANGWELLIAN.

- | | |
|---|---|
| If then our modern novelists say true | Who count upon their fingers to count right, |
| And distance lends perspective to the view, | If to make a glass of water all science has combined— |
| If ignorance in women gives delight | To dulcify his utterance and clarify his mind— |

Then, I beg you, patient reader,
 don't forget O, forget O,
 There only is one Zangwill, the
 man who wrote the Ghetto.

College Primer Series.

Impressions.

I went into the galleries
 The pictures to admire.—
 The catalogue called "8" a tree,
 I thought it was a fire.

A sea all broken into chips
 Of lavender and yellow—
 Above it hung a lady fair
 Quite horrible to tell O!

The shadows on her cheek were
 green,
 Her hair was wavy blue,
 Such stripes of yellow ne'er
 were seen
 On tiger in the Zoo.

That lady's hair it stood in air,
 And mine rose upward, too;
 The more I looked, the more I
 was
 Glad that she wasn't true.
 J. K., '00.

A Question.

Why is it, I should like to know
 That when I cut a class,
 Where e'er next hour I chance
 to go
 My prof. is sure to pass?
 J. K. '00.

Pol. Econ. Student (who is
 taking the General Philosophy
 course)—According to Leibnitz
 a stone is a collection of nomads.



This is the sport.—I wish that
 you
 And I were nice and sporty,
 too.—

You'd hardly call her collars low,
 Her clothes are English, don't
 yer know:

Quite *a la mode*; i. e., astride
 (Don't mention this) she takes
 her ride;

The fiery steeds from Moore's
 and Burns
 She mounts, and tries them all by
 turns;

Eschews society, and flees
 All social functions, i. e., teas—
 For folks she has no sympathy
 And Billie shares this quality.

(By Bill I mean her faithful
 hound

Whom doubtless you have seen
 around.)



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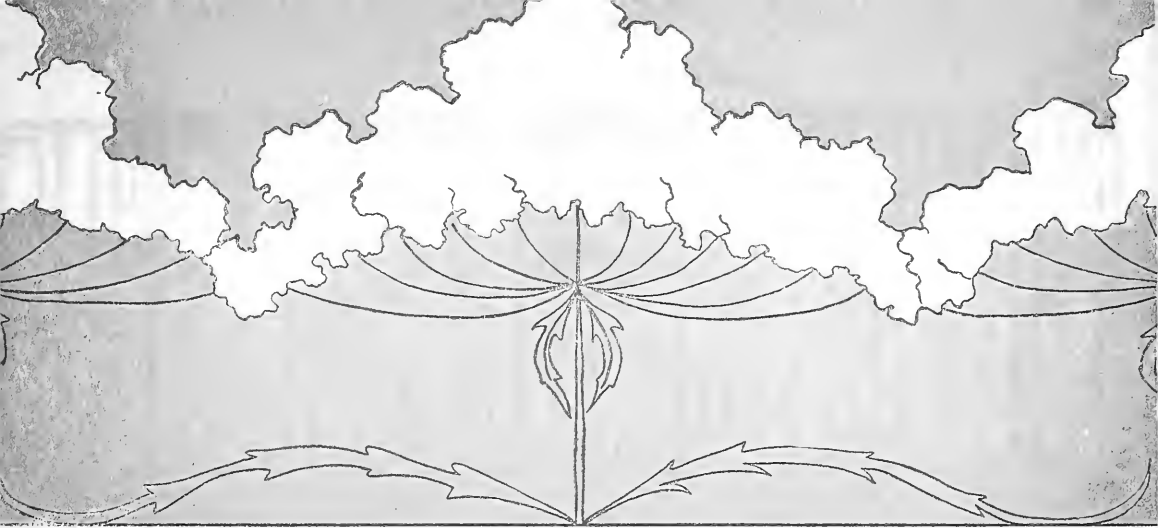
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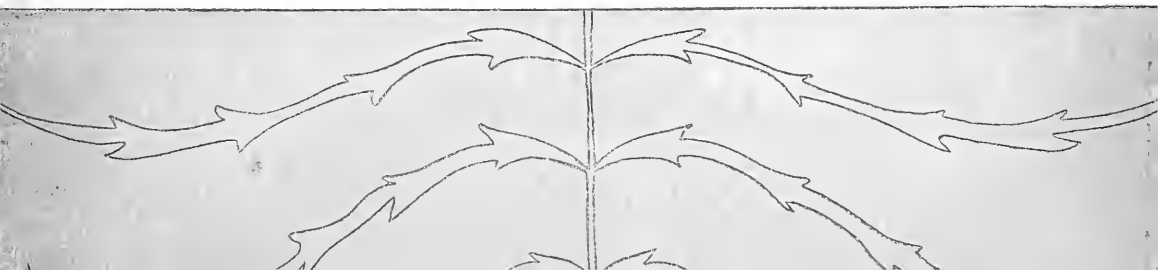
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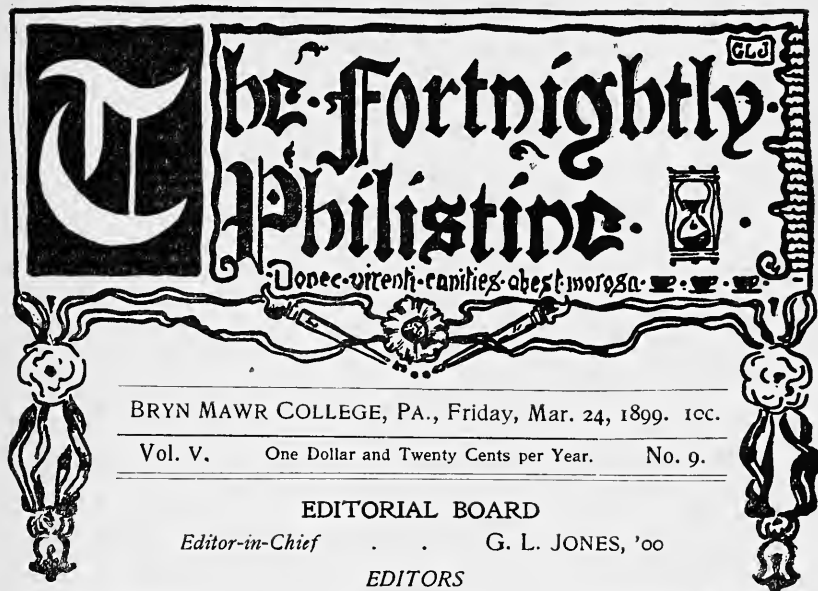
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The Fortnightly Philistine.

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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, PA., Friday, Mar. 24, 1899. 10c.

Vol. V. One Dollar and Twenty Cents per Year. No. 9.

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It is a long established belief in the college world that the "Philistine" has no standard," as the phrase goes—that it will print anything it can get and ought to be glad to get anything. So when it happens that some obliging contributor has her manuscript returned with suggestions for rewriting, or with plain "thanks," she is naturally indignant. "On what grounds," she asks, "can a paper that has no standard reject anything?"

Now the "Philistine" would have it understood that it has a standard, and though those who look in vain for the work of

their brain and pen when the "Philistine" comes out on Friday may feel that theirs was as good as much of what they see printed, there is a real reason for the selection, and an actual plan that the editors are trying to carry out.

A purely literary magazine is not what is wanted. It would be impossible to maintain a fortnightly periodical of such a character here in so small a college where the work is so heavy. Besides, the "Lantern" occupies that place for us, and is sufficient. Yet in all magazines of whatever nature a certain

standard of literary workmanship must be set, and one of the objects that the editors of the "Philistine" are striving for is to have its contents as free as possible from mere technical faults.

But what the "Philistine" desires above all to accomplish is to connect itself more thoroughly with the college life, to instill into its pages some of the feeling, the atmosphere of this unique place, to have in it some of the fun and nonsense—for a great deal of happy fooling goes into the making up of a college day—with some, too, of the thoughts and experiences that are more deep and more lasting, which we get by merely living here. It is an established fact, attested to by all who have had any experience with college periodicals, that the work produced, judged by the best in the language, rises seldom, so seldom that it is practically never, above a steady mediocrity, but it is also true that this work may, and often does, acquire a value from association and sentiment that is by no means to be lowly rated. To put such a spirit into the "Philistine" the interest and support of the whole college is necessary. Then let every one who has anything to offer send it in, whatever it is, so long as she feels it is the best she has to give, and let the scoffers, too, cease to scoff and put their shoulders to the wheel, and let us see if we shall not then have a paper that will seem to

every one of us honestly worth while.

The committee on the portrait of President Thomas has definitely decided to have the portrait painted by Mr. Sargent and to have it done as soon as Miss Thomas can arrange for the sittings. Five hundred dollars is still wanted to complete the necessary amount and it is hoped that the students and alumni will promptly contribute this sum.

The Blue Letter.

"Do put down that letter, Elizabeth," said Julia; "you have read it twice already. It's hard enough to have your roommate get a fat blue letter when you draw nothing but a bill from Ramsay's that's old enough to take care of itself, but it's positively insulting for her to sit and read it over from the beginning while you are dying to renew the conversation, but are 'too polite—'"

"There, there—I'm through now. The conversation shall be renewed as soon as you get your breath."

Elizabeth folded her letter, and rammed it viciously into the envelope.

"It was only from a girl at home, and not at all exciting."

She whirled around in her study chair, and asked rather shortly, "What were we talking about?"

"What we've been talking

about for weeks, dear, and what we'll continue to talk about until I get a satisfactory answer out of you," said Julia sweetly; "we were discussing our plans for next year."

"Well, for the fortieth time—I haven't any."

"Just so, my angel; and it's time you had," Julia answered airily. "Here we shall be (D. V. and the orals permitting!) 'baccalaureæ artium' in four months, and yet you persist in saying you have no plans. You must do something, you know."

Elizabeth acquiesced rather drearily. Julia, settling herself luxuriously among the cushions of the couch, proceeded triumphantly to deduce from that premise the conclusion that the only rational course for one in such a position was to return to college for graduate study and, incidentally, a year of joyful companionship in a graduate suite.

"It's your duty, Elizabeth, for you are really responsible for my deciding to take my M. A. I had quite made up my mind not to, before Christmas, for I was sure you meant to marry that man—what's his name—Curtis; but since you had sense enough to refuse him, I have made all my plans for another year here with you."

"My cherished Julia, what should I come back for?"

"My adored Elizabeth, what would you stay at home for?" Julia actually rose to a sitting posture in her excitement. "To

be a social butterfly, flirt with a few more Curtises (poor things!) and then marry and be given in marriage just like the rest of them?" She dropped back among the cushions and awaited an answer in majestic silence. The answer, when it came, was unexpectedly to the point, for Elizabeth said slowly:

"I think I shall come back." And while mingled delight and incredulity held Julia speechless, she went on to say that, life being a weary waste, social pleasures merely dust and ashes, and marriage the last thing on earth that she would ever think of, she had finally decided that a year of graduate study would be very enjoyable. If Julia thought her pessimism and her decision both rather sudden, she did not say so; she bubbled over with joyful excitement, and her inspired eye already saw next year's suite, "with new curtains, Elizabeth; and another tea table, because yours is wriggly in the legs; and more cups—I've broken three since midyear, and—" She stopped. Elizabeth was twisting the blue letter and staring out of the window.

"She's thinking about her courses already, I do believe," Julia murmured in affected awe; "she has a soul above such trivialities as tea-table legs. 'What shall you take next year, Elizabeth?'"

"Oh, I don't know"—apathectically—"anything."

"I'll tell you! We'll both take more history—you like it—"

"But history gets so poky after three years of it," demurred Elizabeth.

"English, then; there are lots of grad courses," said Julia cheerfully.

"I hate English!"

"Well — dear me — French, then, or philosophy, or more science; you used to like biology."

"But they are all so deady unattractive, somehow," said Elizabeth dolefully.

Julia began to feel discouraged. There was a pause, which was broken by Elizabeth saying solemnly, "Think of year after next!"

"Why think of it, in heaven's name?" cried Julia desperately; "and why be so mournful about it, if you do? What's the matter with you, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth did not answer; she crossed to the fireplace, and stood there, playing with the blue letter and staring into the flames. Julia roamed restlessly about the

room. Presently she said in a conciliatory tone:

"I've found a postscript to your letter. It is on a separate sheet, and you must have dropped it."

"Read it to me," said Elizabeth, indifferently and without turning.

"She says: 'Edith has just come and gone. Her new hat is a dream. She says there is nothing in that tale 'about Dick Curtis' being engaged, that I have just been writing of.' And now," went on Julia, "I think I'll go over to see the Bursar about rooms."

"Julia—" said Elizabeth. She dropped the blue letter into the fire, and watched it burn, with a smile which the dazzling prospect of unlimited graduate courses had been unable to call up.

"Julia," said Elizabeth, "don't go—to-day. I begin to think I ought to spend next winter at home with mother."

C. H., '99.

THE APE.

An Admiring Advertisement or Ambitious Aspirations.

Vol. 1.

Denbigh Hall, Dec. 4, 1898.

No. 4.

Editorial.

"The Ape," in his desultory roaming through the Bryn Mawr groves of erudition, has noticed the formation of various communities, all important in different ways, all more or less interesting, and all, alas, temporary. Such communities,

as distinct from each other as is possible for any institution to be in a world of sameness, are alike in that they begin by including many and gradually dwindle down to a chosen few. In fact, "The Ape" has known some communities to become, after a lapse of time, couples.

This is astounding. Something must be radically wrong. "The Ape" declares that the members of such communities never can have learned the first principles of unity, and he proposes to set them forth as clearly as his native Simian ramblingness will allow, in order to preserve at least one community, that in which he has the honor to find his home.

He would first present a few ancient maxims to the world, for the benefit of many "beaux esprits." They will bear study:

1. A watched plot always spoils.
2. Exasperation is the chiefest crime.
3. Imitation is the deadliest insult.
4. Man proposes and gets set on.
5. Speech is foolish, but silence is fatal.

The true and lasting principles of unity in a community may be summed up by the following list of taboos:

Avoid debating clubs, non-debating clubs, moral problems, piety, impiety, candor, concealment, popularity, poses, exclusiveness, emulation, irritation, commendation, detestation, mutual admiration and indigestion.

If these rules are carefully observed, one community at least shall survive the trials of years, and "The Ape" shall never want the comforts of a home.

Side Talks With Spooks.

By Ruth Ashmore's Shade.

Departed Widow—You say your spirit is perplexed by the ghosts of your three husbands quarreling over you? You should have considered that before you died.

Inquiring Miss—Ghosts of fourteen wear their sheets plain, and their hair in braids to the top of their boots.

Spinster—Sulphur matches are those which by reason of death, parents or other impediments are prevented in the world above.

Mutilated Warrior—If you apply at the "Found" counter you may find the arm and leg which you say preceded you.

Sally Country—Even in Hades I would not ride in a buggy with two young gentlemen spooks. The same rule governs a lady everywhere.

Anxious Mother—No, I would not give the baby brimstone.

The Denbigh Primer of Useful Knowledge.

Never tell the truth.

It is better to be odd than to be clever.

Effeminacy is the worst policy.

Class meetings are injurious to friendship.

Do not attempt to get the better of a Freshman in repartee.

Never forget that you are not a member of the Debating Club.

Never avoid dangerous topics.

Be affectionate.

Don't offer your friends the crumbs from your table.

Don't be too fond of a senior, she *may* get her degree.

When you want money sell everything you have.

Sarcasm is the spice of life.

Fashion Notes.

No woman considers herself well dressed without a wired bow in her hair. More than two strings are needed to one bow. The more voluminous and bristling bows are the more sought after. Those of home manufacture are most worn. Surely every ingenious girl should be able to collect one from among the various odds and ends that

inevitably frequent a top bureau drawer.

The balcony style of hair-dressing is much seen. Rolls, ladylocks and bows are the most popular forms. When there is a tightly braided knot at the neck and an irregular parting in front the style is called "The Intellectual Coiffure," and is more copied than admired.

The masculine form of dress is much affected. Tailor gowns are very popular for evening wear; waistcoats are considered an extra touch of elegance; flowing silk ties are very chic.

Tan colored stockings with paler spots have been seen with a blue evening gown, but it is hoped that this costume will not become universal.

Virginia.

Virginia was in a very, very serious frame of mind as she sat on the fence and kicked her little heels meditatively against the lower rail. At the advanced age of seven she had just passed through the ordeal of a first day at school. It was her birthday, too, and she had proudly repeated the lines her sister had taught her: "I am old, so old I can write a letter . . . I am seven times one to-day;" but that was all before she had started off so bravely to school in the morning. Now that the great wish of her life had been granted, she was not willing to acknowledge how keen had been her disappoint-

ment, and so instead of rushing into the house with her little lunch-basket swinging on her arm, and running to her mother's room to tell of the joys of the day, as she had often fondly imagined herself doing, she crept off by herself and stowed the basket away at the foot of the gate—the dainty lunch, alas, had scarcely been tasted—and sat herself down to ruminate on the folly of ideals, and the general vicissitudes of life. Her little seven-year-old face grew very long indeed, and the corners of her mouth turned down in a most woe-begone fashion. There was no doubt

about it, she had been basely deceived, and she told her tale of woe to the spotted, blinking cat who sat beside her on the top rail.

"Oh, Toddlekings," she wailed, "wouldn't you think school must be the grandest, grandest place if you had a big brother who came home with his pockets full, just chuck full, of marbles—the loveliest agates and hundreds of alleys—and if your big sister wore lace on her school aprons and talked secrets with the girls at recess? But oh, Pussy, nobody loves me but you, and I hate to go to school, for they make you do lessons all the time. I hate it, I hate it."

At intervals in this long speech poor Virginia's voice had been choked with sobs, but the thought that she was seven times one to-day saved her from a complete breakdown. When she finally winked back the tears which would come despite her resolution, she discovered that the unfaithful Toddlekings had basely deserted and was wildly rushing to the barn in a moment of maternal anxiety. This was too much. Virginia's despondency increased.

"She's thinking about her kittens," she sighed, "and nobody's thinking of me."

The top of the fence was not very comfortable and she began to feel cold, for even in early September the late afternoons are chilly; but Virginia did not care how miserable she was.

"It serves 'em right," she

said stubbornly, with a very vague idea, it must be confessed, of what "'em" she referred to. Everything was very still about her. A little squeaking and croaking of the tree-toads near her, and the tiny whisperings of the live things in the grass, were all the noises that she heard. Her own voice startled her.

"I feel as if—as if I were someone else—talking to me," she said wonderingly, and looked around her startled. Far off in the pasture were the cows waiting to be brought home. Occasionally on the breeze she caught the sound of faint lowing as the patient creatures clustered together about the gate. If Virginia had not felt a deep sense of personal injury which demanded that she assume an immense amount of dignity, she would have run to let down the bars herself. As it was she felt more deeply hurt than ever. Probably Tom would forget the little girl who usually ran races with Shep to the pasture—but it was just as well; and at supper her father would look around the table and ask, "Where is my little daughter?" but nobody would know and none would care. She hoped they were not going to have hot biscuits and honey for supper; and late at night perhaps they would come out to search for her, and her mother would find her fast asleep in a little heap on the grass where she would have fallen by that time. The ground would be so cold and hard, and

the dew would spoil her nice red birthday ribbons that tied her flaxen pigtails. The moon would shine down upon her—Virginia hated to have the moon look straight at her. It had such a pale, sorrowful face, like the accusing angel in the Bible picture. But, horrible thought! A great bear might come out of Paine's woods and eat her up. Then they *would* be sorry. There had been bears in Paine's woods once; Tom had told her so. Poor Virginia's eyes grew bigger and bigger, and her heart beat like a little trip-hammer behind her checkered apron. In her terror at these prospective woes she nearly fell off her uncertain perch. Oh joy! Out of the stillness and fast gathering gloom came Sister Annie's voice calling loudly, "Virginia, Virginia, where can you be? Teacher stopped me after school to say she's going to promote you already, and she's so glad you're coming; and so am I, 'cause now that you're a big girl, I can tell you all my secrets."

W.

The Play for the Japanese Scholarship.

A very fair audience, both in quantity and quality, attended the performance given Monday evening in the gymnasium for the benefit of the Japanese fellowship. The two plays, "Barbara" and "As Strangers," went off with much vim and smooth-

ness and did great credit to the actresses, each of whom was called upon to try her powers well, as the plays had small castes—were not overcaste, as it were—as neither was the enjoyment and enthusiasm of the audience. The Misses Andrews, Hardy, Houghton, Jones, Montenegro and Merriman are all to be congratulated.

The two flute solos by Miss Foster and the selection given by the Banjo Club added a very pleasant touch to the performance, and if the latter did sometimes remind one of "Sweet Belles Out of Tune," the belles were none the sweeter for "a" that."





The dancing by Misses Foulke and Andrews gave a very graceful ending to the two halves of a most enjoyable entertainment with a most commendable object in view.

M. R., '99.



Record-Marking.

On Tuesday, March 14, the annual record-marking was held in the gymnasium. Whatever doubt is felt in calling annual an event which has taken place but twice since 1894 may be entirely done away with, for the interest shown this year and the results obtained were such as to place the record-marking on a firm basis.

The contest opened with the first heat of the 15-yard dash. Subsequent heats were run during the afternoon, the finals resulting in a victory for Edith Houghton, '01. Time, 2 seconds.

The standing high jump was won by Constance Williams, '01, whose best jump was 3 feet.

In the running high jump the record of 4 feet 2 inches, made by Gertrude Frost, '97, still remains unbroken. This year the highest jump, 3 feet 10 inches, was that of Marion Haines, '02. Elizabeth Chandlee, '02, jumped in better form than the other contestants, but unfortunately she had to drop out on account of an injured knee.

Frances Adams, '02, won the standing broad jump. She jumped 6 feet 8 inches, thus breaking the former record of 5 feet 10 inches.

The ring high jump was carried off by Jane Cragin, '02. Miss Cragin came up to the record of 6 feet ten inches made last year by Helen McKeen, '00.

In vaulting excellent work was done by Edith Houghton,

'01, who vaulted 4 feet 8 inches, within one inch of the record made by Elizabeth Guilford in '93.

Jane Cragin, '02, was winner again in the high kick. She kicked 8 inches over her head, a ratio of 1.123 to her height. The record is held by Marie Louise Minor, '94, who kicked 15 inches over her head, a ratio of 1.235 to her height.

The best time in rope-climbing was made by Fanny Sinclair, '01, who reached the ceiling, 21 feet from the floor, in 20 seconds. This time has been made twice before, first by Mary Delia Hopkins, '96, and again last year by Grace Clarke, '98.

The hurdle race one hundred feet, three hurdles was won by Marion Haines, '02. The time was 2.85 seconds.

The 15-yard dash, the hurdle race and standing high jump had never formed part of the program before, so records were made in them for the first time.

With the exception of running high jump and high kick, all former records were either broken or equaled. Another year should show results that compare favorably not only with former Bryn Mawr records, but with those of other colleges as well.

K. W., '00.

Swimming Contest.

The first swimming contest of a series of annual ones, let us hope, was held in the pool on Thursday, March 16. The

events and winners were as follows:

140-foot swim, E. Clinton, '02; riding on boards, doubles, K. Williams, '00, and M. Jenkins, '02; obstacle race, J. Cragin, '02; 140-foot swim on back, V. Foster, '02; paddle and pulley, K. Williams, '00, and M. Jenkins, '02.

In spite of the considerable discomfort caused by the absence of a grandstand, which might have prevented the enthusiasm of the audience from being so much dampened, literally speaking, the contest proved to be a success. The number of contestants was not very great, but this may be accounted for by the fact that it was impossible to practice for any of the events because the pool was not filled for so long a time beforehand. It is to be hoped that future contests will show records still higher and more eagerly fought for than those of this year.

J. K., '00.

Carmen Saeculare.

The Minor Latin Class has said, "Let us be famous," and forthwith it is so. For on Thursday, March 16, it challenged the attention of chroniclers by singing, for the benefit of the rest of the college, the "Carmen Saeculare" of Horace. Words of the first century before the Christian era, it is true, would seem strangely out of place in connection with music of the eighteenth century, A. D.,

but the class in Minor Latin has shown us that this is merely a superficial way of looking at the matter, and that, although Schubert is hopelessly modern as compared with the hoar antiquity of Q. Horatius Flaccus, rhythm is rhythm the world over—in all times.

At 12.15 all roads led to Rome, or to be more accurate, to Ro(o)m E; and on that day Greek Biology, Philosophy and German yielded to the stronger claims of Latin. In fact so large an audience was present that it far outstripped the attendance even at English quizzes.

An unexpected addition to the occasion was a speech in Latin by Dr. Laing, which was very enthusiastically received by the audience. As to the singing, great praise is due the chorus and its leaders, who were very successful, considering the extreme shortness of the time in which the matter was arranged. The solo parts were charmingly sung by Madge Miller, '01.

The Major Latin Class was divided between admiration and envy, and immediately determined to give a presentation of Terence's "Phormio" at the first opportunity. It is hoped that this performance will be received with equal enthusiasm. That is a high ambition, for the appreciation of the efforts of the Minor Latin Class was great. Its success indeed was such that one feels Horace might have had this occasion in mind when he wrote:

"Favete linguis; carmina non
prius
Audita Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus . . . canto."
H. L., '00.
E. C. C., '00.

Alumnae Notes.

'89.

Julia Cope Collins has been re-elected to the School Board in Delaware County.

Alice B. Gould is spending the winter in Boston.

'91.

Emily L. Bull spent Sunday, March 12, at Bryn Mawr.

'92.

Abby Kirk spent Sunday, March 12, at Bryn Mawr.

Mary T. Mason has been appointed a member of the Board of Education of Philadelphia.

'93

Madeline Abbott visited Bryn Mawr on the thirteenth.

Susan Walker spent several days at college this week.

Henrietta Palmer is doing temporary work at a library at Worcester.

Louise S. Brownell, warden of Sage College, Cornell University, and lecturer in English literature, has just been appointed Assistant Professor of English Literature. This appointment places her upon the Faculty. It is the first time that a woman has held any position on the Cornell Faculty. Miss Brownell will take one of Professor Carson's classes in literature

during his leave of absence for the spring term and will also serve in his place as chairman of the Faculty Committee on M. A. and Ph. D. examinations.

'94.

Edith Hamilton has been spending some time at Low Buildings lately.

'95.

Julia Langdan spent a few days last week with Miss Elmore, in Denbigh.

'96.

Abigail C. Dimon has taken Pauline D. Goldmark's place as corresponding secretary of the Alumnæ Association. She has also been made Demonstrator in Minor Biology during Dr. Randolph's absence.

Virginia Ragsdale spent a few days at college a fortnight ago.

'97.

Elsie Sinclair Hodge spent a few days at Cedar Rapids on her way to San Francisco.

'98.

Isabel Andrews and Lucille Merriman took part in an entertainment given last Monday at the gymnasium for the benefit of the Japanese scholarship.

Grace Clark is spending a fortnight with Elizabeth Nields at Low Buildings.

Isabel Andrews, Mary Githens and Edith Schoff have joined the College Club of Philadelphia.

Mabel Loyetta Lark, graduate student in German, History and Biology, announces her engage-

ment to Dr. William John Gies, of Columbia University.

The Graduate Club.

Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, addressed the Graduate Club at its third formal meeting on the evening of the seventeenth of March. The members of the Graduate Club of the University of Pennsylvania were the guests of the Bryn Mawr Club upon this occasion.

The subject of Mr. Butler's lecture was "Academic Study." He began by saying that this is pre-eminently the age of education; only once before in history has there ever been such a movement toward the universities, and this was when they were first opened. Even at the beginning of this century there was little opportunity for study either upon the continent or in our own country. The greatest change in educational advantages has been within the last third of this century.

Graduate study shows the advantages and defects of our educational system; our graduate schools represented in the beginning the German influence; but they have gradually adapted themselves to our own needs by training their students less minutely but more broadly.

The American high school, college and university correspond to the European gymnasium or lycée and university, our three-fold division to their two-fold.

Our division is more effective for our purposes than the continental one, since our university student comes up older and better prepared. He knows how to use his new-found liberty without any loss of time, while the student who passes directly from the gymnasium or lycée to the university must necessarily lose time in adapting himself to entirely new methods of work. Our students can be treated more readily than can the continental students as the companions rather than the dependants of their instructors.

The lecture system, borrowed originally from Germany, is by no means an ideal method of giving instruction. As lectures are too often given they are wasteful, since they impart to the student only what he could more quickly gain from books. The lecture hour should be one of interpretation and illumination of the matter of which the student has already possessed himself through books. Informal discussion is an effective method in small classes. In large classes the function of the assistant is most important; the standard of the work should be the capacity of the best student in the class; it should be the duty of the assistant to work outside with the less competent scholars and bring them up to this high standard.

This is the age of specialization. Specialization is necessary, but it is dangerous if begun too early and without a sufficiently

broad foundation. Broad men sharpened to a point are what we need. Ever since the days of the schoolmen the intellect and its culture have been the dominant ideas of education. In our own age and country, since our problems require action, the will as well as the intellect must be trained. We who must act upon our training have no room among us for the "sponge," the attentive and diligent student who absorbs continually without ever giving out; or who, when squeezed, gives out the facts he has taken in, wholly unchanged. Expression in some form or other must be exacted from the student.

The aims of our education should be three: culture, efficiency, power. The cultured person is in harmony with his spiritual environment, he has breadth of view which enables him to see the world truly; the efficient man is prepared to take hold of his environment at some specific point and do something with it the secret of power lies in sympathy, sacrifice and love. No one wholly selfish is really educated, for the capacity to do for others is the fundamental principle of all education, and this is what the graduate school should stand for.

Every one of us is a charity student; we can never hope to repay what our education has cost; therefore, the end of our training must be service, the measure of value of our training service, and service the means of our training.



March.

March like a lamb comes in,
Whose timid feet
Stumble along the way
The world to greet.

March in a day grown bold,
Riding the gale,
Pierces our spring shirt-waist
With biting hail.

March, 'tis true indeed,
Like a lamb comes in,
But a raging wolf she is
In a meek sheep's skin.
M. P., '99.

There's one important question
That trembles on my lip—
To just what line of steamboats
Belongs a fellow-ship?

We've fire-escapes in plenty,
Oh! if some one would shape,
Invent, devise and patent
A sure fire-drill escape!

Acrostic.

Just give up guessing what we
mean
Unless we tell you first.
No other friend the Freshman
hath
In times when Sophs are worst.
Oh! may we when we Juniors be
Renown possess in like degree.
'02.

Judging by heads and arms and
knees
And backs, a stranger'd say
That records aren't the only
things
Broken on marking-day.

A Week in Verse.

My first is very *hard* to guess,
My second tells you *why*,*
My whole's a famous Bryn Mawr
girl
Whose praises fill the sky.

The swimming was a great
success,
But yet I have been told
That waiting for the different
heats
The girls got very cold.

* Pronounce without the "h."

C. H. S., '00.



AN EASTER SONG.

This is the train - 148 -
 Which starts us home as sure as fate
 Each girl is struggling for a place,
 Observe the smile on every face,
 But One - she is much vexed I fear;
 Because her trunk is not yet hear.

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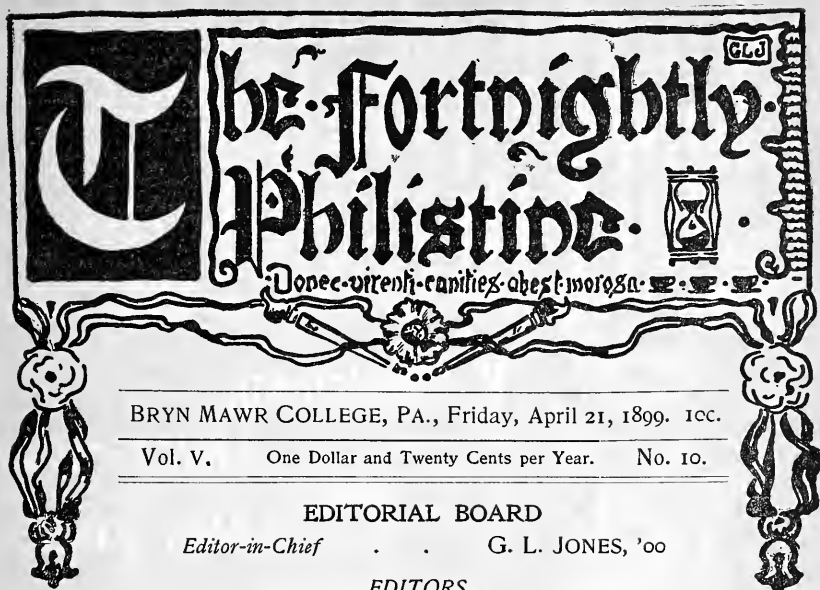
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The Fortnightly Philistine

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It isn't the plays themselves—we have all the dramatic literature in the whole world to draw from, besides our own ingenuity; and it isn't the players, for one can't hope ever to see a more versatile collection of people than ourselves, wherever the drama is concerned. We can do anything in the way of acting, from Shakespeare to John Kendrick Bangs, including Goldsmith, Sheridan, Boucicault, Pinero—oh, anything. To be sure, our leading women always long for gentlemanly parts, and our comic old men invariably desire to do the ingénue, and it's the greatest

bore in the world to learn our lines, but all these details are mere trifles. We will act any role at the shortest notice, be it that of Hamlet or first waiter, and never complain in the least, even if Van Horn's ingenuity does give out, and our cavaliers appear as crusaders, while our cadets strut as generals. What if the prompter is never to be found except when she interrupts an effective stage pause with a loud cue that entirely disconcerts everybody but herself? What if our lights are dim and our exits perilous? No one has ever been known to complain

because she has had to leave the stage with a flying leap that precipitates her against a vaulting horse; she would be but a poor athlete who could not climb gracefully on to the boards at her cue for entrance. These things do not trouble us. What we do suffer from is the scenery.

Not that we cannot shift scenery. We can and we do. I have personally beheld the heroine and the first old man engaged in removing a garden wall, while the butler and the leading juvenile adjusted an open fireplace with the ease of truckmen. But it seems so hard that there should be so pathetically little scenery for us to shift.

Doubtless we have some. Red curtains, green curtains and two sets of paper muslin wainscoting is a satisfactory outfit for any stage, but it is apt to get a bit monotonous. I should be afraid to say how many ancestral halls I have seen here hung with crimson canton flannel, and

decorated sparsely with two or three shaky pictures borrowed with difficulty. As for the groves, gardens, forests, inns and cottages whose walls have been constructed with a very much battered green fabric tremulously suspended on a sagging wire—what is the use? One can fall back on the non-professional bagdad, and borrow indefinitely.

Cover the boards with rugs, hang a meagre portiere, place a couple of mahogany chairs, add a palm, a tea tray and an unyielding divan, and you have it—Oak Hall, Hampton Court, St. Cloud, anywhere. A stein, a church warden or a candelabra will add tremendous local color, only such little things are a bore to return to their owners.

We really never expect to be set at ease in this matter, and we are entirely resigned to the canton flannel and the fearful labor. Only we naturally like to voice our woes, and we hereby protest vehemently.

Bonfires at Night.

The sparks fly up and mingle with the stars,
And bright amid their brightness shines a space;
Then from the brotherhood of Sirius and Mars
Fall into night apace.

So to the skies upsoaring, man an hour
Holds converse with the eternal stars of light;
Then after singing, silence; after glorious power,
Ashes and earth and night.

C. S. N., '99.

The Leicesters.

All the trouble began one beastly wet night last fall. I was tired by a long day at the office, and instead of going out to the theatre as I had planned, I dropped in to see Shaw. He was busy writing so I picked up a book until he was at liberty to talk. When he laid down his pen I flung the book across the room in disgust.

"What rot that is! Something about an author who pretends that he can't manage his heroine. One can't make out from the end which characters he means to make real and which imaginary."

"Don't maltreat 'A Rebellious Heroine;' it's a favorite book of mine;" and Shaw picked it up before he came to join me in front of the fire. "Haven't you enough imagination, Thompson, to see how an author can take pleasure in creating people and then ordering them around?"

"I can understand the creation, but I should think that involved the ordering," I answered.

"Not at all." Then with a half shy, half hesitating glance at me Shaw asked: "Did I ever tell you about the Leicesters?"

"No, who are they? Friends of yours?" I asked.

"Such friends as every child has, I fancy, if he grows up pretty much alone. The only difference is that I have never forgotten them. They are my creation, as it were. When I

was small, I spent most of my idle moments in imaginary visits to the Leicesters. If I lost a plaything I didn't mind much, because I would pretend I had lent it to Richard Leicester. He was a corking fellow, and is still, for that matter. It seems a foolish game for a grown man to keep up, doesn't it? However, I visit the Leicesters every night just before I go to sleep. You know I've had lots of trouble with insomnia. Besides, there's another thing about it. Richard Leicester is everything I would like to be—an athlete, a popular society man and all that. You know when I tried to enlist last summer they wouldn't take me because of my poor eyesight, but Richard Leicester went with the Rough Riders. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Leicester are old by now, but their children have grown up with me."

"Is there a Miss Leicester?" I asked, interested in this new side to my practical, everyday friend.

"Yes, but she's not so important. I don't see so much of her. She merely forms the standard of what a girl should be."

"Very attractive way of going to sleep, old man," was my parting comment. "I believe I had an imaginary twin brother myself, but it's rather late to resurrect him now."

"When sleepless, call on the Leicesters. Good night, Thompson, come in again."

I little guessed that I should ever follow his advice, and put

aside all thoughts of Shaw's creations for some weeks. One morning in December, as I left the house, I slipped and fell, spraining my ankle badly. The doctor ordered a week of rest, and I found I had to submit. The first night I tossed and twisted, striving to find a comfortable resting place for my throbbing foot. I spent the second day in a lounging chair in the window, amusing myself with newspapers and the passersby. The sight of Shaw on the opposite side of the street brought to my mind our odd conversation, and his parting advice.

"I'll try it to-night," I decided. "I'll pretend that Shaw is to introduce me to the Leicesters."

Imagination comes hard to a novice, but I have a strong will and that night I brought it to bear on the environments of the Leicesters. The family themselves came before my mind with surprising ease. I found Miss Leicester charming and her brother worthy of Shaw's praise. They spoke of him with affection, and indeed, on the first evening we spent together he was the subject of most of our conversation.

While my ankle troubled me I spent every night, while not asleep, and a large part of the daytime, in perfecting the mental picture of the Leicesters and their house. I began to understand the joy of creating, and, more yet, of ordering about the

creatures of my fancy. Even after I was well, I still kept up the habit of visiting the Leicesters, and I found that now Shaw was seldom there and hardly spoken of.

To make a long story short, I rarely missed an evening in their company from December to March. It was in the middle of that stormy month that I met Shaw down town one day, and almost against his will persuaded him to lunch with me. Not until we were seated did I notice how ill he looked. When I commented on the fact, he complained of insomnia, his old trouble.

"When sleepless, call on the Leicesters," I suggested, half jokingly, but my laugh died on my lips at the expression of his face. He leaned across the small table and laid his hand on my arm.

"For God's sake, Thompson, what has become of them? Do you know? I can't find them. They're lost. I had forgotten that I had told you of them once, or I would have asked you before. My doctor thinks I am going insane. It's not so! Any fellow would be upset if he suddenly lost his family. I've grown up with the Leicesters and now they have disappeared as thoroughly as if they never existed. What can have happened? Am I hypnotized? Has my brain stopped working? Or am I going crazy?"

It sounds like raving as I read what I have written. But Shaw's voice was low, almost expres-

sionless, and it was only his eyes that showed what was going on in his mind. I am not a coward as a rule, but my soul shrank from confessing to this man. When the words came my voice seemed not my own, and I lowered my eyes to avoid meeting Shaw's. At first he was puzzled, kept interrupting me by questions. Then his interest grew and he insisted upon my telling him every detail of my acquaintance with the Leicesters. When my narrative was finished he rose, and came to my side of the table.

"You've been stealing my creation," he said, and his voice was as toneless as before. "You have used your superior

will power to crush my imagination. It must end now, or I shall grow insane. You know what the Leicesters have become to you in three months. I have belonged to them for twenty years. Can you understand that? Does your strong will enable you to grasp that fact? You've been living off my power of imagination so long that you may have acquired some of your own. See if you can't resurrect your twin brother of whom you spoke. He might help you to go to sleep. Good-bye. The Leicesters and I are done with you."

I have sought hard to find that twin brother again, but he is beyond recall. I wonder sometimes if the Leicesters miss me.

Fidelium Unus.

Long, long ago, the Magi loved the Sun
 And made their sacrifices to his light;
 Rejoiced at daybreak, and were sad at night
 Lest ne'er again his changeless course be run.
 The faithful smiled at bloody victories won—
 Well knowing that they conquered in his might.
 Apostate foes quailed 'neath his glances bright
 And mourned, for he was loved by everyone.
 But now, when all the world is infidel
 Caring for naught, so it may buy and sell,
 The Sun is sad. He rises unattended
 By the whole human race which he befriended,
 The birds his only heralds now, to tell
 Mankind to watch the sun-god's coming splendid.

B. McG., or.





A Piece of Black Ribbon.

This entertaining play, written by Miss Montenegro, 1901, was given for the benefit of the Music Committee, on April 10, by the following cast:

Gilbert Marshall,	E. Houghton.
Norfolk Rossel,	} C. Monte-
A Fortune Teller,	
Richard Dexter . . .	E. Cross.
Austin (servant to Mr. Rossel)	E. Jones.
Maria Van Diemen . .	E. Daly.
Caroline Hobart . .	E. Cantlin.
Madge Weston . . .	L. Brown.
Elsie Weston . . .	F. Ream.
Jane (maid), . . .	M. Buffum.

To advertise this as "an original play" was no more than just for it was unquestionably original and unique. The plot, as outlined in the first scene in the

fortune teller's room, was, even if improbable, at least interesting, and the interest was sustained throughout the play.

Far the strongest point was the dialogue, which in some cases showed real wit in repartee, especially in the interview between the maid and man-servant. Perhaps it is fair to suggest that these dialogues were not well introduced, and that it is not artistic to make two people, after settling their own love affair, to file, without further action, from the stage, and make room for the next numerical Venus and Apollo.

The parts were, without exception, well filled, Miss Houghton perhaps arousing most enthusiasm, particularly in the moments when her "temper" was excited. The stage manage-

ment was excellent, since, although there was a great amount of costume changing and scene shifting, the waits between the acts were very short.

Altogether 1901 may congratulate herself on producing such an authoress and such a company of actors, while giving substantial aid to "the poorest thing in college."

"Old Coffee Pot."

A little way back from the road that winds in and out along the river, down in a hollow, stand the ruins of an old lime-kiln. Picturesque they are at any time, but especially so in summer, when the wild vines gracefully twirl about the rocks, clothing their nakedness and transforming the old, gray, castle-like débris into a cool, green retreat. For years the old place has been in disuse as a kiln, and the over-jutting roof serves now as a protection for the cattle that are kept in the adjoining pastures and woods to adjoin before they are killed.

What is left of the structure is a rounded part of stone rising like a tower above the mass of the ruins. Within this tower is a single apartment with rough stone walls and the earth for a floor. Here and there patches of the roof still remain and form the ceiling. Herein dwells a strangely unique production of nature. No man ever penetrates this household shrine save when

it is known that its lord and master is away on his daily wanderings about the surrounding country.

Nowhere else have eyes beheld so weird an individual as this old man, known to every one far and near as "Old Coffee Pot." It is difficult to believe that there ever was a time when he did not exist, and assuredly the time will never come when he shall die. For years and years he has lived within the old kiln, and, oddly enough, though he is absolutely harmless, no one ever attempts to disturb him there. But in his solitary wanderings he is the object of derision and pity and the laughing-stock of the small boys. In appearance he is a short, dwarf-like, wizened, old man, woe-fully unkempt, with a queer hump on one shoulder, a long, scraggy beard, matted hair and an expression on his face that defies description. One eye is gone and the lid droops over the orb in an indolent, helpless way. His apparel consists of rags knotted and twisted about his gaunt old body, which give him a grotesque appearance. On his feet are objects which may originally perhaps have been designed for shoes, but have long since lost any claims to the form they may have had, and have become mere scraps of leather, held together by knots of cord. In one hand he always holds a gnarled oak stick, with which he guides his tortoise-like steps, and in the other hand he carries a small,

very much battered tin pail. Each day he issues forth from the kiln and sets out on his adventures, stopping now and again at the back doors of the farm houses to have his pail filled with coffee; it was this habit which gave him his name. Whether he ever eats anything or not none can tell; he has never been known to accept any food. The people have long ago ceased to wonder at this and mechanically fill his pail with coffee; when his knock is answered he merely thrusts out the bucket and gives a grunt, which is understood to mean "coffee."

He moves about mute, never looking to right or to left, but slowly and quietly shambling straight along. Only one thing has ever been known to disturb his serenity; on occasions when he has seen a camera leveled at him he has been seen to cringe perceptibly.

And so he goes on, so he has always gone on, and so he will ever go on, for aught we know, day after day, wandering about in quest of coffee, and night after night creeping into the old kiln—never speaking to anyone, never being accosted by anyone, a true child of the earth. Years will come and go and the children who first knew "Old Coffee Pot" as a tottering wreck will find themselves feeble old men and women, and the old lime-kiln will still stand and will yet shelter within it "Old Coffee Pot."

E. C. B., '02.

The Bryn Mawr Library.

Won by Waiting, A. B.
 Aftermath, Having Passed Trig.
 Parro unum est necessarium,
 Minor Latin.
 Songs in Many Keys, Glee Club.
 Leaves of Grass, 1902.
 Essay on Style, My Dressmaker.
 Barriers Burned Away, My Red Shade.
 The Woman in White, The Ghost.
 A Heaven Kissing Hill, The Pompadour.
 The Greater Glory, High Credit.
 Anatomy of Melancholy, '99 before the Orals.
 Speech at Eton, Conversation at Milk-lunch.

The Secret.

The man walked across the sand and stood before the sphinx, looking up at it with a genial smile. He had come far to stand before the Sphinx in the moonlight, but it could not be alone the fulfillment of this desire which gave to his face its look of radiant contentment. The desert stretched to measureless distance on every side, the moon shone down with white distinctness marking the very cracks in the stones of the great mass; a cool wind lifted the soft hair on the man's forehead.

Suddenly the Sphinx spoke in a low, far-off, yet pleasing voice—pleasing, perhaps, because of

its conscious dignity and the note of mystery which it held. "And so you've come to try and find out my secret, too."

The man did not move. "No," he said, smiling. "I don't believe that I care to know it. You see, I've a secret of my own—I wonder if yours is as pleasant as mine."

A look of wonder crossed the impassive face of the Sphinx.

"What is your secret?" she questioned.

"Ah," the man answered pleasantly, "is it to be an exchange of confidence?"

The Sphinx looked at him for a moment without speaking; then she said: "Why have you come here so often to look at me?"

The man regarded her with the admiring gaze of an artist. The moonlight touched the stone as with frost, and the massive head stood out like a cameo against the black depths of the sky. "Because you are beautiful," he said.

There was another pause, and then the Sphinx stirred a little. "Do you think a man might learn to love me?" she said.

The admiring gaze of the man before her became less open; a puzzled look crossed his face. "As an artistic production—perhaps," he hazarded.

The Sphinx made an impatient movement, and the inscrutable

look which had left her face at the beginning of the conversation returned to it again. "Do you think you could learn to love me?"

The man shifted a little so that the moon shone directly into his strong, quiet face. "Oh, no," he said simply. "You remember we were talking about my secret. Well, this is it. The dearest girl in the world is going to be my wife."

The moonlight glinted coldly on the stony eyes of the Sphinx. "So that is the reason you did not care about my secret."

"Yes," the man replied, with the look of one who thinks of pleasant things, "that is why."

The Sphinx spoke again after a moment of angry silence. "Nevertheless, I shall tell you mine."

"No," said the man, "you've kept it for so long—and it would be a pity to tell it to anyone who doesn't care," you see.

The Sphinx struck him a cruel blow which stretched him full length on the sand. He lay still, but presently his lips moved, and the Sphinx listened eagerly. "Louise"—he said, and again, more faintly, "Louise"—

With one gesture the Sphinx crushed his body into the sand and beat it down upon him.

"You know my secret now," she said. G. D., '02.



Cyrano de Bergerac.

M. Edouard Rod gave the first of his three lectures in the chapel on March 28. His subject was "Cyrano de Bergerac."

After giving the date of the first presentation of Cyrano, and telling of the wonderful and unanimous enthusiasm that greeted the play, greater than that ever excited by any other dramatic masterpiece, M. Rod proceeded to discuss the cause of the overwhelming success of M. Rostand's drama. It lay, he said, not in the subject, which is not especially remarkable, being the story of a good man afflicted with a huge nose and in love with a *précieuse*, nor in the verse, which, easy, sparkling and gay though it is, is certainly inferior to that of Victor Hugo; nor even in the tone of the work, though it accords so well with French tradition, and is so spirited that it could not but please. Its success must be sought in some external cause and may be accounted for by its timeliness.

The only other play that ever caused an enthusiasm comparable to that aroused by Cyrano, was the "Lucrèce" of François Ponsard, given at the Odeon in 1843. At this time the public was weary of the romantic drama; "Lucrèce" was a return to the classic models; it brought a veritable relief and was greeted with immoderate delight.

When Cyrano appeared a like feeling was aroused. The public

said to itself, "At last we are freed from Ibsenism, from the psychological drama, from the cruel, realistic drama; the good days of romanticism have returned to us."

The following then was M. Rod's thesis: The revival of a literary style, once popular, but now fallen into neglect, will often meet with a success disproportionate to the intrinsic merit of the work.

Of late the drama in verse has been out of fashion in France; even Victor Hugo has found a scant appreciation. The plays best received have been those of the realistic school, of what M. Rod called the *théâtre féroce*; the personages have been drawn from life; little imagination has been called into play the best scenes have been developed along the lines of the classical models, not the romantic. From time to time, however, romantic dramas like Coppées' "Pour la Couronne," Rostand's "Lamartine" and Richepin's "Cheminée" have been well received, showing a desire for the return of the romantic drama in verse.

The realists had begun to pall, for though the search for truth should be the aim of all literature the realistic school is not without its defects, a poverty of imagination, a lack of kindness. Writers of this school have observed life without tenderness, a fault largely due to Flaubert whose dogma was the "Objectivity of the writer," which being further interpreted means

the entire disappearance of the author and his characters.

Another factor in preparing the way for Cyrano has been the popularity in France of foreign writers. No other dramatist of recent times has had such influence among French men of letters as Ibsen.

What wonder, then, that after a long period of literature of the realistic or psychological school, grave, severe and often wearisome; of literature full of foreign influence that Cyrano should succeed. Cyrano, gay, clever, simple, kindly, and so French that one might easily believe its author had never been outside of France!

Still, Cyrano is the product of a reaction; the state of the public mind is the same as that which welcomed *Lucrèce* so enthusiastically. It is a mistake to assign to Rostand's drama a place absolutely unique in French literature. It contains no trace of a new art; its tendencies are even inferior to those exhibited in the modern realistic drama. The abiding forms of French dramatic literature are tragedy and comedy, and to these the popular taste and that of men of letters will always return, even though for a time the fancy may have been taken with a hybrid form like the *tragi-comedy* or the *heroic-comedy*, to which Cyrano belongs.

Finally, we must remember that in an era when talent is so general, so widespread as it is to-day, there is room for the

most divers literary types, and the success of one of them should not exclude that of the others.

C. B.

In the Morning.

The tick of the small eighty-five cent clock became aggressively impertinent when I opened my eyes sleepily to determine the time by its little flat-faced dial. While I had been obliviously slumbering the rising bell and the breakfast bell must both have sounded, and now at a quarter of eight I lay curled up in a heap under the warm blankets.

"There is still so much time," I murmured drowsily, "I can take another nap." For a moment visions of the books open on my desk flitted through my half-dulled brain, books I had left too soon the evening before with the palpable excuse that I would get to work early in the morning—but I resolutely turned on my pillow, resolved to shut out all unpleasant sights. It is a curious fact that she who at night thinks the world is before her to conquer, in the morning sees it far behind, and nothing ahead worth while but sleep.

"If only that impudent little clock wouldn't beat off the seconds with such indecorous haste," I groaned aloud. I scarcely dared open my eyes to look again, knowing how soon the fatal moment would arrive when I really must plunge wildly to the floor, or find myself shut

out from chops and scrambled eggs. I fell to considering which necktie could be adjusted most easily on a quick run through the hall, and even anticipated the frantic search in the hopeless melée of my top bureau drawer. But ah! the sweetness of those last few moments. I lingered on the pleasure and exaggerated the cozy comfort in contrast to the cold, cold room. Suddenly all

volition was taken from my nerveless intent.

From the hall outside the drawling tones of Thomas reached my ears. "Telegram for you, Miss"—and a yellow envelope insinuated itself under the door crack.

The next instant, with no thought of effort, I was out upon the floor tearing off the flimsy yellow cover. W.



Alumnæ Notes.

'90.

Elizabeth Harris Keiser has a son, Bernard, born March 17.

'91.

Marian Wright O'Connor announces her engagement to Timothy Walsh, of Cambridge, Mass.

'93.

Mary E. Hoyt, of the Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore, has been visiting college.

'95.

Anna Robbins was married during the holidays to Mr. Savage, of Hartford, Conn.

'97.

Mrs. Stanley Hughes (Lydia Foulke) has been visiting at Low Buildings.

Alice Jones and Clara Vail were recently in Baltimore.

Grace Lounsberry visited Bryn Mawr recently.

'98.

Charly Mitchell will spend the spring in Japan.



The Bryn Mawr Club of New York.

When the Bryn Mawr Club started in on its second year of existence at its abode on Seventeenth street it was decided that some efforts must be made for beautifying, or at least cleansing, the club room. With this purpose in mind a "Decoration Committee" of three was elected, who started forth with scanty funds and unsparing energy to furnish the room. Auction rooms were visited, various men were consulted in Wanamaker's emporium, the committee lunched together day after day, and braved showers of rain and the wrath of weary auctioneers in valiant attempts to get much for nothing. Many consultations were held with the owner of the room, whose fancy turned toward "tasty little touches" in a decorative line, and who held out (in vain) for hanging shelves with "fancy curtains you know, in place of these clumsy doors," to supplant the "elephant," a cumbersome piece of furniture, of the

dresser species, which once graced a large room in Pembroke West, and now serves as cupboard for the club's food, and tea-table for the club's repasts.

Remembering the prevailing color scheme of the modern Bryn Mawr college room, the committee desired an esoteric green for the walls, and a cleanly white for the woodwork of the club room. Not so. Orders were given to the painter and to the owner to be sure, but when the club met again after the painter man had finished his work the walls blossomed out a "colonial" yellow, while the rug, the object of the committee's excursions among the marts of trade—the rug was too wide to lie straight! However, the "elephant" shines forth resplendent in several coats of cleau, white paint the walls are adorned with framed photographs of the pre-Raphaelite school, flanked with several Japanese panels, and the fortnightly teas afford many old Bryn Mawr girls their only opportunity of seeing each other.

On a Snood.

My girl, about her shining hair
Hath bound a snood, with anxious care.
Pray, how is this, that she begins
To so adorn with bands and pins
A head that is already crowned,
And needs no snood to bind it round?
With looking-glass, that ne'er before
Hath conned the face that I adore,
Long moments hath she lately spent
In smiles and great embarrassment;
Yet should you ask her why this care, forsooth,
You'd get a laugh, a blush—but not the truth.



In Polite Society.

A man and a girl met at a tea,
Both constellations socially,
And each to speak began.
Said he: "My social prominence
Proclaims my own intelligence
For I'm a self-made man."

"The authorship I'd surely shirk
Of such a piece of finished work"
That tactful creature said:—
"Bryn Mawr's responsible for
me,
For surely anyone can see
That I am 'Taylor-made.'"

I took my faithful pen in hand,
To manufacture verse,
Aghast at the result I stand,
It could not well be worse!

It's nice to be a little girl,
And "cute" I do not fear;
But when it comes to basket ball
With match games drawing
near,
I think 'twould be much better,
And so, I guess, would you,
If I could be but six feet five,
Instead of five feet two.
C. I. C., '02.

Two Freshmen who tutored in
Trig.,
Both thought they had heads
very big:
When asked, "Did you pass?"
They replied "No, alas!
We didn't do nothin' but dig."
'02.

The Rest of the Night.

Through the rest of the night
I must sit up and labor.
If refresh me I might
Through the rest of the night,
I should wake rested quite,
Just the same as my neighbor.
Through the rest of the night
I must sit up and labor.

G. P. L.

**Surprising.**

He was holding her hand,
In the depths of the pew
(It was cleverly planned),
He was holding her hand;
And they don't understand
How the other folks knew
He was holding her hand
In the depths of the pew.

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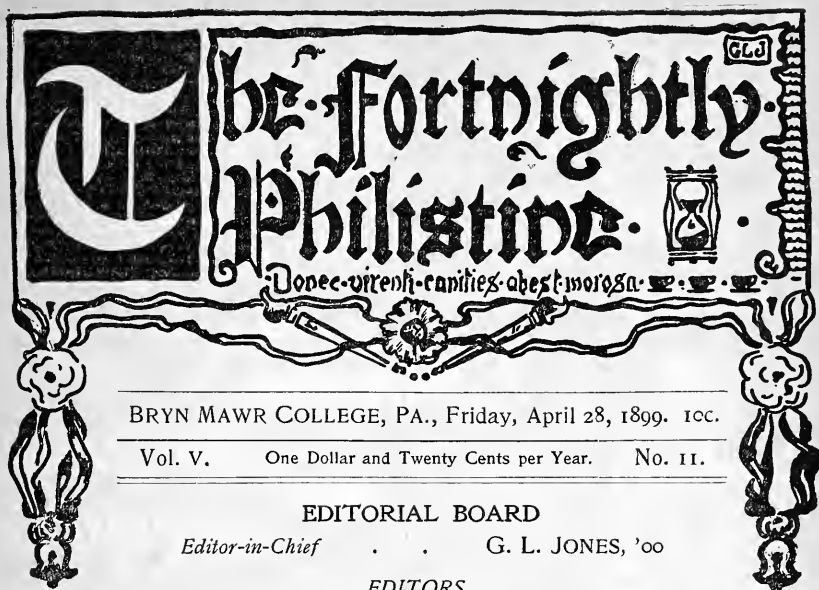
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The recent publication of the Bryn Mawr College Song Book and the near approach of the Glee Club concert made the question very pertinent: "Why are there no longer any college songs written at Bryn Mawr?" When we look up the dates of those contained in the little collection, we would almost be led to believe that with '96 departed all inspiration in college. Ever since '96 left our musical taste has been starved on "Once there dwelt captiously" and "As Freshmen we came to the halls of Bryn Mawr," with a liberal sprinkling of "Pallas Athene." But is it not time to ask for a

little change in diet? We "have heard of Wellesley and of Smith" until we want never to hear of them again and even the witty tale of the maiden that refused to go to Vassar, etc., has begun to pall on some that have heard it on an average of five times a week for three or four springs. We wish to cast no reflections on these or any other college songs; on the contrary, we lament the fact that Bryn Mawr no longer inspires her daughters to create more songs as good as the old ones. But what lies at the root of all this? That it does not mean a lack of ability the four present class songs plainly show.

It means simply a lessening of college spirit. In the last few years, with the growth of the college there has come a growth of class feeling and an attendant decline of college feeling—a decline which is growing sadly evident. This tendency is inevitable and to a certain extent perhaps not very harmful. Most of us would hardly agree with the judgment of earlier classes which denounced all class sentiment. In order to flourish, a feeling of this kind needs to rub up against something, and it is largely for the lack of this "something" that our college spirit fails to find expression. We hear little of other colleges and get no chance in any way to support our Alma Mater against her rivals. However, let us not allow her to fall short of the epithet we proudly apply in the opening words of our college hymn.

Miss Thanksgiving.

Miss Harriet Marsh stood at the open window, and let the chill breeze of an afternoon in late October ruffle up her light brown bangs. Those bangs were not of a stylish cut, and their old-time fashion and a certain general out-of-dateness in Miss Marsh's appearance might have marked her, to an observing eye, as a woman who had crystallized into permanent shape at some time long before, and who still kept the stamp of that period, like a geological formation, as her younger pupils sometimes irreverently said; for Miss Marsh was a governess.

Two of the aforesaid pupils, sturdy English boys of twelve and fourteen, were observing her from the driveway below with some amusement; and as they passed into the house, one of them said:

"We'll get a holiday to-morrow, Roger; Miss Thanksgiving will have neuralgia as sure as guns."

Their unconscious preceptress above-stairs was not thinking of possible neuralgia to come from the cold that was striking a wintry red into her thin cheeks; she was only vaguely wondering why that nipping air did not cool the fever in her brain, and give her a chance to think clearly.

Harriet Marsh was a New Englander by birth, a gentlewoman and a spinster, at present nearing her forties. She had come into this English household some seven or eight years before, rather angular, rather faded and rather shy; and as the shyness left her with time and the kindness of her employers, the angles and the fadedness increased in inverse ratio. Therefore she was not beautiful; but her pupils swore by "Miss Thanksgiving." This name, which became her portion soon after she had come among them, was entirely an affectionate one; but it arose from a peculiarity about which she was sensitive, and it was therefore never used in her presence. The eccentricity which gave rise to it was her custom of observing Thanksgiving Day (as

recognized in the United States) with the utmost regularity. On that day her pupils had holiday, and Miss Marsh spent the morning in her room, reading the Bible, the service for Thanksgiving Day, and the President's proclamation. She never forced this habit upon anyone's observation, so that her friends learned to respect her fancy; and the children who had nicknamed her on account of it, did not disapprove, for they were gainers thereby to the extent of a whole holiday.

This peculiarity of Miss Marsh's conduct seemed the more strange, since she had left her native country when she was quite a young girl; but there was a reason for her clinging with such tenacity to the observances of a day which, in her gray life, was marked with a white stone. As a girl, she had lived with her parents in a small inland town of Connecticut, passing quiet humdrum days and months, with few associates and fewer pleasures, for she was shy and reserved, and gave most of her time to an invalid mother. But in her seventeenth year a change came in the even course of her life. A young law student from New Haven came to the little town to try the fishing in the neighborhood; and, fascinated by the girl's timid grace and by what he guessed of an unawakened warmth in her nature, found himself led from a summer flirtation into headlong youthful love. Prudence still had enough voice with him to make him tear

himself away from Greenhills and try to fling off the feeling; but the effort was made too late. With the first holidays of the fall term he gave up the struggle and went back to see Harriet. One wonderful Thanksgiving morning, as they were coming home from the service, which to her had never sounded so sweet, he told of the struggle he had had, and found victory in his defeat; for she loved him. Both were young, both were poor; but they were ready to wait for each other. Lawrence Joyce went back to his law course determined to carve out a fortune for himself, and his sweetheart began her long waiting.

After this, her life of inaction was hard for Harriet. While her lover worked and struggled, she could only pray for him, and promise the God who had blessed her that she would never forget the day that gave them to each other. Lawrence was not far away; they wrote often; they saw each other sometimes, and she was fain to be content. Her father's death brought a change; her mother, left penniless, found it necessary to take refuge with a bachelor brother in Liverpool, and ordered Harriet to forget her promise to Joyce. The good woman had never liked him, though she had too little force of character to oppose his impetuous suit; and she welcomed an opportunity to withdraw Harriet from his influence. The parting of the two young people was a sad one.

"You must not write to me,

Lawrence," said Harriet sorrowfully; "Mother does not wish it."

"But Harriet," protested the young man, "you'll forget me; and while I'm slaving away on this side of the water, and breaking my heart for you, you'll go off with some English fellow, and then my life won't be worth living. You've got to give me a chance, Harriet."

She was so genuine herself that she took him at his face-value; she believed all his ardent words. Hurt surprise at her desertion of him (as he chose to call it) was to her a proof of his love; pique at her obedience to her mother's hard commands, an assurance of his constancy.

"I'm coming for you as soon as I begin to make a decent living," he said; "I shan't wrie, I shall just drop in on you and carry you off when you least expect it. Give me your uncle's address, and keep up a stout heart, little girl; I'm coming for you."

Again she believed. She knew nothing of the worldly wisdom which was beginning to make him chafe at being tied to a penniless girl at the very outset of his career. So she sailed away to England, there to wait for him with ever-waning hope, as the years went by, and still he did not come. Those years brought their own cares. She nursed her sickly mother, and kept house for her miserly uncle, until her mother's death, several years after their arrival in England, set her free from this

bondage. Then, refusing to accept the grudging support her uncle offered her, she went out to earn her living as a governess, and never saw him again. From time to time she wrote to him, and kept him informed as to her whereabouts; this was only in order that the old man might be able to direct Lawrence to her when he came. Even when the passage of so many silent years had convinced her that her betrothed was dead, she continued to send her uncle her changes of address; so strong was habit with her. And she always kept Thanksgiving.

After many wanderings in the pursuit of her humble calling, she found a real home among these good people of Torreydale, in Surrey. Sir Henry Torrey, a country baronet of moderate means, engaged her services for his young family; and to his wife, and especially to his eldest daughter, Cecilia, Miss Harriet became sincerely attached. It was her love for Cecilia which had done much to sweeten her exile (for she never considered England her home); and it was on account of this beloved pupil that she now faced the most serious decision of her life, as she stood at the open window watching the dry leaves chase one another into the curves of the driveway below. Miss Harriet had almost always had other people to decide for her, in the crises of her life; and this time she was to decide not only for herself, but for others.

Cecilia was to be married.

Not that Miss Harriet had decided that. She had merely added her voice to the favorable verdict of the family on their proposed relation-in-law. He was a frank-faced, good-looking young fellow, George Bannister by name, in whom Miss Harriet had taken a covert interest from the first, from the singular coincidence that he had a step-father named Joyce. "Now isn't it strange," she said to herself, "that even now the name makes me feel interested in the old Englishman it belongs to?" And from this thought she drifted to memories of an unforgotten Thanksgiving morning—crisp snow underfoot, blue sky overhead—

"I am afraid," she sighed, "that I shall have little to be thankful for this year, except Cecilia's happiness." For Cecilia was to be married in November.

All this was in the summer, but one September day brought Miss Harriet a more selfish pleasure. A letter came to her from a firm of attorneys in Liverpool, begging to inform Miss Marsh that by the will of her uncle, James Erskine, late deceased, she had come into property to the amount of seventy thousand pounds sterling. At first she could not take it in. Her niggardly old uncle a rich man, and she his heiress! The world seemed to whirl around her.

When she became calmer she thought what she would do.

Back to New England, back at once, to live and die in dear Greenhills! She had no thought of seeing Lawrence in life, but it would be good to see his grave before she followed him, and to know that she could be laid beside him. She would have a little cottage near the old church where they had gone together; she would have roses over the porch, and a border of sweet alyssum down the garden walks. She thought how her kind friends here would rejoice in her good fortune; she would have hastened to tell them, but the thought that her departure might grieve them, checked her.

"I will not tell them until Cecilia goes," she said; "they will miss me and I shall miss them" (tears rose to her eyes at the thought), "but the breaking up will be easier when she is gone. I am afraid that not even my little cottage at home, roses and all, could draw me back if my dear girl were to stay with me."

So Miss Harriet held her peace for the time, saying only, in explanation of the mourning garments she had adopted, that she had lost a relative. She busied herself, outside of the hours given to her young charges, in helping Lady Torrey in the thousand and one necessary preparations, and in private, planned marvelous gifts for Cecilia's wedding day; but she found time to place her papers in an attorney's hands, that she might have the estate in order

when she wished to draw upon it. The dear associations of seven peaceful years, with this new added consciousness that she was losing her forever, made her cling very tenderly to Cecilia in these days. She had seen her grow up from a child, and pass through girlhood into womanhood; and on her the lonely woman had lavished the affection that had had no outlet in so many years. No one felt the coming parting more keenly than this alien whom they had made one of themselves; though she said little, and only smiled sadly at the vociferous lamentations over their Cis (they were allowed to call her Cis if they spelt it with a "C" and considered it short for Cecilia), into which the small boys broke at irregular intervals.

October came, and it was time to set the wedding day; but there was trouble in the air. George Bannister wore a clouded brow, even before his little bride-to-be; Sir Henry chafed and fretted visibly over something, and Lady Torrey's sweet face was full of care. Cecilia, aghast at these mysterious hints of trouble afloat, finally fled for refuge and consolation to Miss Harriet, who, out of her merciful ignorance, assured her that there was nothing wrong, and sent her away soothed.

But Miss Harriet was soon to be proved a false comforter, for that very day after luncheon Sir Henry very gravely requested her presence in the library, and, once safely shut in with her and

Lady Torrey, filled her with quaking apprehension by informing her that they were assembled to discuss no less important a subject than Cecilia's happiness.

"Now the question is, Miss Marsh," said the worthy baronet, wiping his ruddy brow nervously, and glancing at his wife, "whether Cissy couldn't be happy without George Bannister."

Miss Harriet gasped.

"We want—Lady Torrey and I—to see what you think, Miss Marsh," he hurried on, "because we know Cissy is fond of you, and you are fond of Cissy; and so the question is—er—what do you think, you know?"

And Sir Henry mopped his brow more vigorously than ever.

Poor Miss Marsh, under those two pairs of appealing eyes, sought vainly for speech, and finally fell back on the bald truth.

"I think that she is very much devoted to him."

Sir Henry shook his head despondently.

"We were afraid so—there, Helen, don't cry!" for poor Lady Torrey had suddenly dissolved in tears.

"This is the most infernal business I ever knew," exclaimed Sir Henry, bouncing up and beginning to pace the hearth rug excitedly; "I've nothing against George Bannister; I like the boy. And lack of money wouldn't influence me; it's the disgrace in the family that—"

"But isn't Mr. Bannister well off, in addition to his practice?" asked Miss Harriet, more and more surprised.

"Practice fiddlesticks! What's a young barrister's practice? But George is a good boy, too."

Sir Henry took a few more turns up and down, and stopped as abruptly as he had begun.

"I'm beginning at the wrong end, I see. It's this way, Miss Marsh: Bannister has a step-father."

A faint flush crept into Miss Harriet's withered cheeks.

"Named Joyce, I believe, sir."

"Yes, yes, Lawrence Joyce—the infernal scoundrel!"

Miss Marsh's start might have been attributed to the strength of the epithet. She gripped the arms of her chair, and prayed that no one would ask her to speak. No one did. Sir Henry went on:

"Why George Bannister's widow—young George's mother—married him, no one knows. She met him at some American watering place. He was a smart young lawyer who knew how to turn his smartness to account, and she married him, though he was fully ten years younger than she. He came back to London with her, and dropped the law—in more ways than one, they say—to manage her property, and he did well with it, too. So she probably thought she was doing the best thing for George, when, in her will, she left Joyce a life interest in the estate, and the management of the whole.

George, until Joyce's death, hasn't much outside of his practice. You see, Miss Marsh, his mother counted on his practice, too."

Three troubled faces tried to smile at this feeble joke, but no one looked mirthful.

"Well, Joyce seems to be a rascal. I never liked the man, and had nothing to do with him—liked young George for his father's sake, but I thought he was straight enough. Now it comes out that he's been playing a sharp game, and is pretty nearly caught. If that's so, and he does go down, don't you see where Bannister is? Not only beggared, but disgraced; his step-father, his own money in it—oh, damn it all! And think of Cissy! think of Cissy!" Sir Henry blew his nose tempestuously. "I'm sorry for Bannister, from my soul I am. He won't believe it yet. I hope he's right, but it's impossible. And Cis shan't be mixed up with a defaulter. I don't mind the money so much; George could work for her, and would, I know, and I'm not too poor to give my girl a decent portion. It's the other thing—no, it just can't be done!"

Sir Henry dropped into a chair and developed a sort of halo around his head by vigorous flourishes of his handkerchief. Emerging very red and shiny, he joined his wife in turning a look of earnest inquiry upon Miss Marsh, who, summoning up what composure she could, essayed to speak, but could only articulate something about "time for reflection."

"Quite right, quite right," said Sir Henry, evidently relieved by her postponing the delivery of her advice; "I quite agree with you. 'I've put the case before you, and should like to know your views on the subject when you thought of it; and now, Helen, you and I will excuse Miss Marsh.'"

C. A. H., '99.

(*To be continued.*)

The Basketball Game.

"Thirteen minutes late," cried the Hatter.

Everything was happening so oddly that Alice didn't feel a bit surprised to find a great crowd assembled all about her. She was pleased to find that she had met everyone before.

"Thirteen minutes late," repeated the Hatter angrily.

Then Alice noticed that they all seemed to be waiting for her.

"You have kept the game waiting for ever so long," said the White Queen indignantly.

"But I did not know there was going to be any game," said Alice.

"That doesn't make any difference," said the Caterpillar contemptuously.

"Of course not," added Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

"Positions!" cried the Hatter.

Everyone began hurrying in a different direction. The Hatter consulted a large slate.

"Left centre," he said looking straight at Alice.

"All right," Alice replied.

"No such thing," said the Hatter, "I said *left*."

"Well *left*," said Alice meekly, being rather frightened.

"All ready!" cried the Hatter.

There seemed to be a discussion going on at the other end of the field.

"What's the matter now?" asked the Hatter mournfully.

"There's no one to play 'home,'" said Tweedledee.

The Hatter consulted his slate again. "Why the Dormouse is going to play 'home.' Where is he?"

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said Tweedledum and he squeezed a little lemon onto his nose.

The Dormouse shook his head impatiently and without opening his eyes hummed, "Oh, there's no-o place like 'ho-ome'."

"All ready now," cried the Hatter. "Ball in play."

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. But as she saw that all the others were running round and round she decided to follow and began to run round and round too. They ran so fast that Alice got quite out of breath. Every once in a while some one would run into her and almost knock her down.

"You *must* catch the ball, Alice," cried the Hatter who was standing still a little way off.

Alice didn't see any ball, so she kept on running. She got so bewildered that presently she ran right into the Caterpillar.

"I beg your pardon," said Alice politely.

"Foul," cried the Hatter in a loud voice,

They all stopped running immediately.

"Where?" said Alice, looking about her. "I'm very fond of chickens."

"Time's up anyhow," said the Hatter.

They all laid down on the grass, and the March Hare came running up, bringing a tray of tarts and tea from a table near by.

They sat in a circle and began to drink their tea and to toss the tarts to one another.

"For practice," the Duchess explained to Alice.

"But where was the ball?" asked Alice.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then how do you play?" she asked.

"I generally hit everything I can see—when I get really excited," said Tweedledee.

"And I hit everything within reach," cried Tweedledum, "whether I can see it or not."

"Don't you think next time you'd better put a bolster around your neck?" said the White Queen anxiously.

"What for?" asked Alice.

"To keep your head from being cut off." You know," she added very gravely, "its one of the most serious things that can happen in basket ball to get one's head cut off."

The Hatter came hurrying up.

"You mustn't wear heels," he said angrily to Alice.

"You should learn not to make

personal remarks," said Alice. "Its very rude."

"Sh! sh!" went the March hare, and the Dormouse remarked, "If you can't be civil to the umpire you'll be put off the field."

"I never was ordered about so in my life," said Alice, beginning to cry.

Hardly were the words out of her mouth when she noticed that everybody was running away as fast as he could.

"You'd better hurry or you won't get a tub," said the Caterpillar superciliously, as he disappeared among the trees, leaving Alice standing all alone, wondering what on earth he could have meant.

L. A. K., '00.

G. L. J., '00.

Pierre.

"I am fevered by the sunset,

I am fretted by the bay,

For the wander-thirst is on me

And my soul is in Cathay."

—Bliss Perry.

"To-day, Pierre, thou must decide."

"To-day, father?" Pierre repeated mechanically, and followed the other peasants across the grass-grown churchyard to the road. He did not join one of the gossiping groups, nor did he seat himself on the churchyard wall with the other young men of the parish. Casting one look toward the priest, who still stood in the open doorway, now

patting the head of a child, now speaking a word of comfort to an old woman, Pierre walked quickly homeward. Over his head the tangled hawthorn hedges met; through each break in the leafy wall came the fragrance of apple-blossoms. There was no sound of life except the humming of bees and the querulous clucking of hens around the barns. Everyone was at church.

Pierre's way led him to the last house of the village, a rusty thatched building surrounded by an apple orchard. He seated himself on the high threshold of the door, leaned his chin on his fist, and gazed with dreamy eyes at the sun-checked scene. Each familiar twisted trunk was a friend. In one sheltered corner he had planted onions last year, peas this year, next spring he—Pierre suddenly remembered that if he went to America he would do no planting next spring. And the father had said he must decide to-day. Father Gaspard was ambitious for his young men. He wished them to go out and conquer the world, and this spring Pierre was inspired to follow his teaching.

Pierre arose when he saw his mother coming from church. She stopped for a last word with her neighbor, then came slowly toward him, her bent figure framed in the glory of the apple-blossoms.

"The trees will bear heavily this year. We shall miss thee, little one, when it comes time to use the cider press." She smiled

sadly up at her tall son as she passed in to prepare dinner.

Pierre strolled across the grass to lean on the low wall of the orchard. He closed his eyes, and picture after picture flitted across his mind. He saw the trees red with fruit, he saw the apple harvest, he could almost taste the new-made cider. A sadness, the premonition of home-sickness, crept over him. The village, which seemed so narrow when Father Gaspard spoke of America, grew important in his mind; the vague spring fever of unrest died out at the thought of the autumn.

"Pierre," said a low voice. His neighbor's daughter spoke. Pierre noticed that she was pale and that her voice was unsteady. "Do you go to America this week, Pierre?"

"Not unless you send me," he cried, hope burning strong within him. And later, when his mother called him to dinner, Pierre lifted the girl over the wall, and they ran as they had run in their childhood, hand in hand beneath the blossoming boughs, to tell her that Pierre was not going to America.

Amaryllis of the Dead.

Theocritus, iii, iv.

Sweet Amaryllis, thou dost tread
Where sad Persephone hath
power,
With wreaths of myrtle on thy
head
Still unforgotten in this hour.

Where sad Persephone hath
 power,
 The meads are pale with aspho-
 del,
 Still unforgotten in this hour,
 Thou art enshrouded with their
 spell.

The meads are pale with aspho-
 del,
 There, Amaryllis, make thy
 moan,
 Thou art enshrouded with their
 spell,
 A pallid ghost, to sigh alone.

There, Amaryllis, make thy
 moan,
 No lover's cave is granted thee
 A pallid ghost to sigh alone,
 And much regret the pleasant
 lea.

No lover's cave is granted thee,
 Think now of that Sicilian
 hand;
 And much regret the pleasant lea
 Where Corydon was wont to
 come.

Think now of that Sicilian home
 Where bees hummed low on
 drowsy wing;
 Where Corydon was wont to
 come,
 And Battus, with his pipe, to
 sing.

Where bees hummed low on
 drowsy wing,
 Not spectres dim but shep-
 herds gay
 And Battus, with his pipe, to
 sing,
 Once blithely tuned their care-
 less lay.

Not spectres dim, but shepherds
 gay
 (The song of love rings faintly
 now,)
 Once blithely tuned their care-
 less lay,
 In fields beyond old charon's
 prow.

The song of love rings faintly
 now,
 Sad Amaryllis, thou dost tread
 In field's beyond old Charon's
 prow,
 With wreaths of myrtle on thy
 head.

E. M. P. 'oo.

Field-Day.

As soon as spring and good weather come, Bryn Mawr demands that it take its exercise out of doors, and everything connected with the gymnasium grows unattractive, even for the most enthusiastic. So field-day is a welcome addition to the list of out-door sports, and has the further value of arousing interest in contests which were never entered into with much zest before. Although this field-day suffered somewhat from being the first of its kind, and from coming at a time when basketball absorbs so much interest that there is very little left for anything else, still its results were in no way discouraging. The order of events was as follows:

Hurdle Race.—Distance, 80 feet; three hurdles. Time, 6 seconds. Winner, M. Ayer, 01.

Walking Race.—Distance, 235 feet. Time, 18 seconds. Winner, H. Hunt, '01.

Putting the Shot.—21 feet, 1 inch. Won by M. Ayer, '01.

235 foot Dash.—Time, 11 seconds. Winner, M. Ayer, '01.

Hop, Skip and Jump.—Won by M. Ayer, '01. Distance, 22 feet, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

Throwing the Baseball.—Won by F. Sinclair. Distance, 137 feet, 1 inch.

Throwing the Basketball.—Won by E. Houghton, '01. Distance, 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

Running Broad Jump.—Won by M. Haines, '02. Distance, 11 feet, 6 inches.

K. W., '00.

The Amazons.

Bryn Mawr's latest effort in dramatics, which eventuated on April 17, resulted in a degree of enthusiasm and enjoyment which must have been very gratifying to the managers and to the company. It can have been no light task to produce *The Amazons* here, in face of the various obstacles that impede representations in the gymnasium, and the successful completion of this undertaking speaks exceedingly well for the perseverance and wit of every one concerned.

The staging was cleverly done, especially in the wood scenes, the setting of which must have decidedly taxed the ingenuity of the management. Especially effective was the rustic gate, over which the lively Thomasin vaulted, and from whose top bar the sarcastic Sitterly disconcerted his charming and angry cousin. As for the gymnasium scene, the business with bars, rope and

nine pins convulsed the audience with wonder and amusement.

The play was cast with great discrimination, and the spectators could honestly enjoy the happy bits of acting and clever business which distinguished the production from beginning to end. Miss Miller's Lady Castlejordan was, perhaps, the most striking example of the adequacy of the casting. Miss Constance Williams made a charming Amazon, and Miss Brown's Wilhelmina was a delightful piece of effeminacy, while Miss Farquhar's lively rendering of Thomasin's lines quite brought down the house.

Miss Steiner, Miss Parris and Miss Lord are all famous for character acting, so it is quite needless to say how well they upheld their reputation for this occasion; Miss Edith Houghton, as usual, filled the rôle of *jeune premier*, and gave a graceful and gentlemanly rendering of an extremely difficult part.

Miss Park and Miss Fronheiser were inimitable rustics; Miss Kate Williams made a soldierly and convincing Shuter, and Miss Reilly, as butler, was more than satisfactory.

I do not think that any Bryn Mawr audience has ever enjoyed itself more in the gymnasium than it did on the evening of April 17, or that any Bryn Mawr company ever gained better-earned laurels. The pleasant picture of the three Amazons, of Lady Castlejordan with her distress, and of Mr. Mullin with his benevolence, are not soon to be forgotten; while, for those who

saw him, Tweenways shall long continue sitting moodily upon his parallel bars, to the utter detriment of anything resembling melancholy. E. T. D., 'or.

Some Decorations for Young Girls' Rooms.

(With apologies to the "Ladies' Home Journal.")

Now that the time for drawing rooms has come around again, each girl will be planning how she may beautify her apartment for next year, and may be glad of a few suggestive hints.

I am sure every girl will want to have her room entirely unique, and one way of accomplishing this is by changing the tone of the furniture. Any one can paint her ordinary college fireplace, book-case and bureau so as to make them utterly unlike anyone's else, and the cost is very trifling. I have seen a few cans of pink paint make a college room different from any I have ever seen elsewhere.

A novel and cheap way of papering the walls is to cut any college news out of the daily papers, or even your own periodicals, and paste them on the walls. In time the walls will be covered, and the news items, outlined in red and gold, present an interesting and attractive surface for the visitor to look at. Old quiz papers or essays may be used in the same way.

Something that I am sure no one else would have in the way of a stand for plants, is made out of an ice-cream freezer turned

upside down, painted to harmonize with the room. Of course if you are skilful with your brush, it might be decorated appropriately with flowers.

Any one who has had experience in perforating metals can make a charming hanging-lamp out of a chafing-dish and cover, and even the novice may produce surprising results in this line.

A dainty dressing-table may be constructed out of a barrel, draped prettily with cretonne. It is particularly effective if the barrel is filled with apples. Feather dusters make charming photograph holders, and add a bright touch of color to the room.

Following these ideas, and others which any clever girl can originate for herself, every one may gain that desirable thing—an entirely individual room.

C. H. S., 'oo.

Some Riddles.

First white (with fright),
Then red (her head),
Then black and blue,
(I wonder who—don't you?)

If the centre goes off on a tangent and the dsin of HOM(e) is to traverse the rt angle what becomes of the sphere at an equal distance from both?

Answers to these puzzles may be sent on or after June 8, to the Board of Editors. The prize, awarded for the greatest number of correct replies, will be a beautifully bound volume of Easter number of the PHILISTINE.



The Gym's Diary.

On Monday there are shows and
plays,
And gym drills (same as other
days).

On Tuesday night there is ballet,
They pirouette and turn and
sway.

On Wednesday the Glee Clubs
rehearse
(There is no night that I hate
worse).

Thursday the fencing classes
meet—
Parry and thrust and stamp their
feet.

On Friday night they dance and
sing,
Or do some other jolly thing.

And Saturday to visitors
I'm always open at all hours.

Sunday, there're meetings morn
and night,
Which students lead with all
their might.

Besides there're concerts, throw-
ing ball,
Swimming and practice free to
all.

With all this business, you may
see
We're never lonely, Kate and
me.

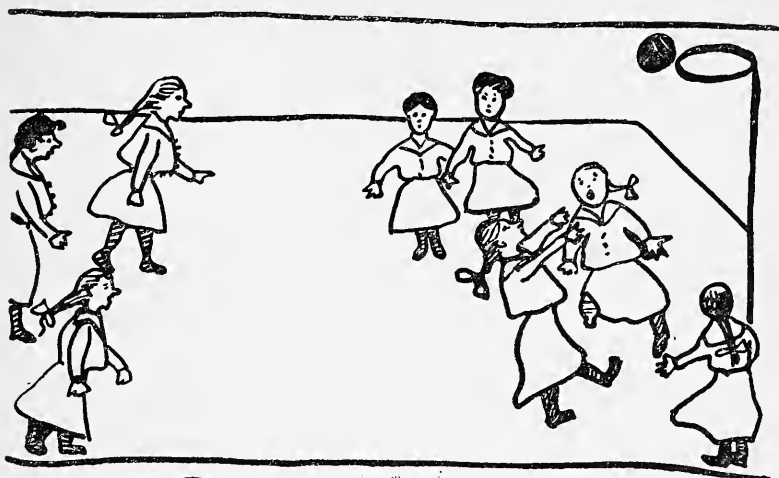
C. H. S., '00.

The Tables Turned.

"The lucky dog!" the fellows
cry
As Mabel's cart goes bowling
by,
For Mabel, when she drives
her bays,
Her spaniel at her side dis-
plays,
And Fido holds his muzzle high.

Once, from afar, despairingly,
I used to watch her pass; and
sigh,
And envy him her pats and
praise,
"The lucky dog!"

Now, when I bid my love good-
 bye,
 And see her cheek—no matter
 why—
 With sudden richer roses
 blaze,
 I seem, on meeting Fido's
 gaze,
 To read in his expressive eye—
 "The lucky dog!"



Y^E BASKET BALL GAME

Observe the forward on the right
 She's really playing out of sight
 Her class-mates cheer & cry rah, rah!!
 (O! how encouraging they are)
 And, trusting in her steady aim,
 Her team expects to win the game
 If so, the other team, I fear,
 Will be annoyed, and say "O dear!"

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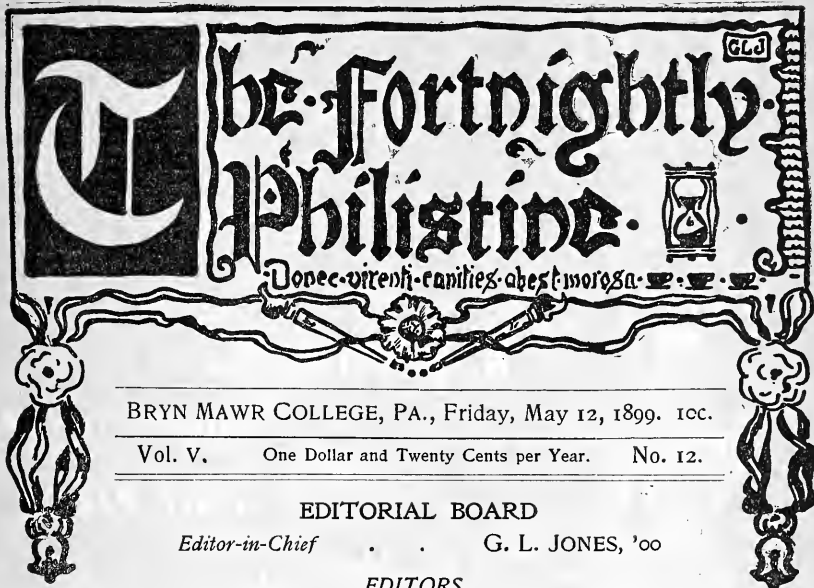
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The Fortnightly Philistine.

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We can not but feel sorry that the Freshmen, at their supper on Friday night, saw fit to disregard the old precedent of leaving the dining-room doors open during the banquet. It is always a matter for regret when a college precedent is broken, and especially so when, as in the present case, it is one which has a real reason for existing. For the spirit of friendly interest of class for class which was so strong in the old days of the college, and which we hope will not die down with the increase of class feeling, made it only natural for one class

to have a concern for whatever any other was doing. Especially were the upper classmen anxious to be present at freshmen celebrations, so that they might have a chance to see of what stuff these new Bryn Mawrters were made, and what promise they showed, who were to play such a large part in the life of the college for four years to follow. Formerly the Freshmen, instead of considering it a courtesy on their part to invite their Seniors and Juniors to witness their jollifications, thought that the upper classmen were doing them

a great honor in caring to come. Moreover, not only has '02 broken a long-established precedent and shown a lack of courtesy to the college at large, but they have also usurped a right that has always been reserved for the Seniors. It seems only just and fitting that they, in the last meeting of their four years together, should want to be left to themselves, and we can all sympathize with the sentiment that keeps the doors closed upon that occasion, but why a similar indulgence should be accorded the Freshmen, the "Philistine" fails to see.

The chess tournament has been entered into with much spirit this spring. The players have trained with the greatest care, and according to the most approved scientific method. These require that sleep be reduced to a minimum degree in order that no one engaging in the contest shall be tempted to indulge in undue haste. In proportion as the amount of rest is decreased, the number of knights taken off increases. For the same reason, catchup, all spring dainties, or any other food that may have an enlivening influence, are strictly forbidden to those in training. As yet, however, there is no move on record that has taken more than thirteen hours. If the games continue to be played on the square, it is hoped that they will be finished by the last issue of the "Philistine," in order that the

champion may be announced this year.

The question of the advisability of the Christian Union's giving up its individual organization to become a member of the World's Student Christian Federation found so little sympathy at Bryn Mawr that it was never formally discussed. Smith, however, passed by an almost unanimous vote the following resolutions, which accord feeling expressed here:

"The present basis of the Christian Union—'Any member of the college will be welcomed to its fellowship who desires that the Christ-life may be deepened in herself as well as in the college'—seems more desirable for college work than the stricter basis of evangelical church membership:

1. "Because the former emphasizes the personal attitude of each student rather than the formal connection with any church.

2. "Because the former is broad enough to include all students who desire to co-operate in the religious work of the college, irrespective of denominational beliefs.

3. "Because we believe that the existing basis is more in accord with present religious thought, which tends toward increasing breadth and unity.

4. "Because the Christian Union, which expresses the liberal spirit of this college, is thus better fitted to carry on the religious work of this college."

Miss Thanksgiving.

The governess murmured something and withdrew. She had a vague remembrance of groping to the door, catching a last glimpse of Sir Henry with the handkerchief again in violent requisition, and then getting up stairs somehow. And now she stood at the open window and let the cool wind brush back the hair from her hot forehead.

Trouble for Cecilia. That was the thought that filled her mind. Strange to say, after the first shock of learning that Lawrence was alive, his connection with the case held no great personal significance for her. This time he was truly dead to her; and his unfaithfulness to herself and dishonesty to others had in a moment buried him deeper than all those years of silence. It was a question of saving Cecilia. The fever in her brain was cooling. After all, she had a claim on this man; she would go to him, and say, "Pay me back now; in return for my lost youth and ruined faith, for my wrecked ideals and my crushed heart give me this girl's happiness." It was her right, and she would have it. But suppose the money was really lost, suppose he must default whether he would or not—and that was the case of course; no man would be a bankrupt if he could help it.

It was nearly dark when Miss Harriet put down her window; and as she turned away from it; her face showed that she had thought to a purpose, and that, for the time, her customary timid-

ity and self-distrust had left her. That night she excused herself from dinner. Early the next morning, the maid who met her on the stairs in her traveling dress received a request to tell Lady Torrey that Miss March was obliged to go to London for the day; and before the family were up, Miss Marsh was whirling along on her errand, and marvelling at the fate that was to bring her face to face with Lawrence Joyce after so many years. And that she was to meet him thus!

When she reached Joyce's offices, which she found only after inquiring at Mr. Bannister's town address, she sent in no card, but insisting on an immediate audience, entered unannounced. She saw a stout, florid man with a shifty gray eye—how could she ever have admired his eyes—and a generally overfed appearance. He saw a tall, rather stern faced woman, whose natural spareness and stiffness were accentuated by the severe lines of her black dress, and whose pale brown eyes startled his own into attention by the fixity of their look.

She felt a passing thrill of anger at his not recognizing her, forgetting for the moment that she should certainly not have recognized him; then she told him her name. He hesitated over it, but he had not quite forgotten; he was glad to see her, he said, but he was evidently both surprised and puzzled by her visit, and at a loss for words.

"I came from Torreydale, in Surrey," she told him. "I am

governess in Sir Henry Torrey's family."

"Ah! You have met my step-son, then, Mr. Bannister?"

"I have met him. You open the way for the object of my visit."

He was all attention. He was recovering his presence of mind by degrees, and he now infused quite a little air of gallantry into his manner. He overdid it just a trifle however. She wondered how she ever could have loved him.

She told him the substance of Sir Henry's remarks of the day before, and watched him narrowly. His nerves were strong; outwardly he was little shaken. He gauged her with a look, and decided to tell the truth.

"Sir Henry Torrey," he said, "was quite within the facts in his statement. I am—at least George and I are—" (he made this addition with a sneering smile) "on the verge of a heavy defalcation."

"Which cannot be prevented?"

"My dear Miss Marsh—may I say my dear Harriet?"

"The word, sir, is nothing to me."

"Thank you. My dear Harriet, it might be prevented if I had back the money which I have swamped in ruinous speculation."

"Your own money?"

"Not entirely."

"Mr. Bannister's then?"

"Nor yet all his."

She tried to look into his eyes, but they evaded hers.

"Of course this interest in my affairs is very flattering," he began, "but I fail to see—"

"Lawrence Joyce," she said, "I came here for a purpose. I have a certain claim on you."

"If you mean for breach of promise," he began again jocularly; then caught her eye and stopped.

"What?" she said coldly.

"I'm not good for damages, that's all," he answered with a forced laugh.

"I am devotedly attached to Sir Henry's daughter Cecilia," said Harriet Marsh; I love her dearly. She cannot marry your step-son after this defalcation, and she loves him dearly."

"Well?" Lawrence Joyce was more puzzled than ever. Tipped back in his office chair, with the ends of his fingers together and his head bent forward, he surveyed her with undisguised perplexity.

"How much money do you owe?"

"My dear Harriet, pray excuse me. Really you know, I don't do business that way. If Sir Henry has sent you—"

"Sir Henry did not send me. How much had you in trust for George Bannister?"

"Some £40,000."

"Would that sum relieve you?"

"Hardly, as things now stand."

She opened her reticule, and laid some papers on the table. He took her action to mean that he was to inspect them, and he did so; she found a grim enjoyment in his surprise.

"So you are a rich woman, Harriet? Accept my —."

"I am; and I want you to take

the money that those things represent, and stop this bankruptcy."

"You don't mean that, Harriet?"

She nodded. She knew what she was giving up, and it was hard for her to speak. She had stood long at the window the afternoon before, because she was looking her last at the vision of a little rose-covered cottage with sweet alyssum down its garden walks.

"But, good Lord! Harriet, what's it for?" Even he could see the tears in her eyes as she murmured.

"Cecilia."

Joyce rose, walked over to the window, and stood there with his back toward her. Presently he said without turning:

"I suppose you know you'd never get it back? That other money is clean gone, and no loan can ever take its place."

She was more composed, now that he did not watch her, and said steadily:

"I know it."

He turned and looked at her.

"I believe," he said slowly, "that you mean what you say. You were always honest. It may seem strange to you," he went on, tapping the desk busily with a paper knife, and keeping his eyes intent on this operation, "that I should feel mean about taking it, after all the mean things I've done." He looked at her tentatively.

"It makes no difference to me how you feel, so that you do take it, and save George Bannister's money and reputation. I am

doing it for Cecilia; I want her to be happy." Her effort to hold her voice firm made it harsher than she intended, and even then it broke at the end. Joyce marvelled as he watched her.

"Harriet, I've thought of another way," he said suddenly; but he saw as soon as he spoke that it was no use. She knew what way he meant. "Day before yesterday," she cried within herself, "I should have been glad to marry him, and give him all that I possessed; but not now—not now!"

"Will you take it?" she asked him.

"Yes," he said shortly, and the paper knife snapped in his hands.

Cecilia was married on Thanksgiving Day, and Miss Harriet's heart was very full; she had bought Cecilia's happiness, but she had bought it dearly. The threatened crisis in Lawrence Joyce's affairs had blown over, no one seemed to know just how. At the last moment, he had come forward, satisfied all his creditors, and showed that he had more ready money on hand. A few people still shook their heads when his name was mentioned; but the world at large hastened to make amends for its evidently groundless suspicions, and of this latter number was Sir Henry Torrey. Joyce received the honest baronet's advances in good part, but refused on plea of business, his invitation to come down for the wedding day. No one connected his refusal with Harriet Marsh; or guessed the unselfish joy that filled the heart of

"Miss Thanksgiving" at the sight of Cecilia's happiness. What if her own life did lie before her, one long succession of gray days? Cecilia would have sunshine.

All day the house was in a bustle. Cecilia was to be married at nine in the evening, and her mother and her old governess were the busiest women in England. Miss Harriet had no time to read the Thanksgiving service that day, but "I will read it to-night after they are gone," she said.

At last the ceremony was over; the carriage waited; the time came for good-by. One last kiss from her darling was all that remained for Miss Harriet on this Thanksgiving night. She was waiting for it now. Father and mother kissed the bride; the little brothers and sisters clung around her; Miss Harriet stood near the door, in the shadow, waiting.

But the horses grew restive. Cecilia was in her mother's arms; her husband whispered "we must make haste." She took his arm; her eyes were blinded by tears, or she would not have passed by her old governess, standing so near. The carriage door closed on her, and the horses' hoofs hurried away under a low November moon.

They were beyond the park gates, when Cecilia turned her head for a last look at Torreydale.

"See, George, that one light, high up."

It was the light by which Miss Harriet sat, reading the Thanksgiving service. C. H. '99.

A Spring Day.

"Oft had I heard of Lucy Grey,
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of
day,
The solitary child."

It was not because I really cared to know what I came to ask that I followed her to her room, but because I could not forget the wild, almost strained, look in her eyes as she had brushed by me at the door. And when I found her sitting before the open window, gazing silent and restless eyed across the rooftops to the sunset, I left her again, quietly, as I had come. But the thought of her, made tense by a note of unrest, stayed with me, till I found my imagination picturing the childhood which had nursed her.

I knew of the old garden she had loved; of the fields, with their grain and poppies, which formed the boundary of her childish vision; of the woods which made the limit of her wanderings. I knew how the sunshine had loved her through the day, and how the twilight had stirred her till it wrung from her thoughtful little heart the faulty lines To Poppies:

"Morpheus, thy heavy lidded
master, on his brow a circuit
of thy budding blossoms bore;
Give, O give me of their healing
strength, that I may quietly
sleep, and feel earth's cares no
more."

And borne on by the charm she had wrought upon me, I followed her through her day, till I left her, at twilight, a yearning, impatient child, beside the poppies and the grain, gazing comfortless over sleeping fields. I saw her childish form, slight in its gracefulness, pausing between the box rows of the old garden, her wistful face lifted to the touch of the breeze which came drifting to her across the flowers, heavy with the scent of the roses around her and redolent of the morning sunhine. I saw her wandering on along the path, through the shade of the great apple tree, to the low gate, where she stepped beyond the narrow wall into the cover of the grain. There, she was conscious of the frequent red glow of hidden poppies, and sometimes, peering before her through the bending wheat, caught glimpses of the far horizon of the fields.

A world of insensate happiness was hers, when, questless, wandering, silent, companionless, she reached the end of the foot-path, and passed from the fields into the shadow of the wood—a fairyland of shade and spotting sun. Here, almost passive in her restlessness, her quick, deep eyes caught the fluttering of every drifting leaf and the gleam of each white wood flower. She heard the wind in the tree-tops, and the falling, rustling, startled noises of the woods, her unquiet heart still for a moment, and almost peaceful,

even happy in its longing, lonely way.

She spent, it may be, her schoolday in childish pleasure and enjoyment, but, when the evening came, the sunset made the world strange to her again. The natural impetus of childhood, which had sent her self-forgetful and shouting down the same path of the morning, was checked when she opened the gate to the fields, and met the touch of the night wind—and she was alone once more; the last glow of the sun rimming the horizon so infinitely far away; the scent of the poppies dank on the evening air; her uneasy heart pulsing in the wonderment and the mystery of the quiet darkness breathing from the fields stretched out before her.

E. L. F., '99.

A Fragment.

Enter Reda, with a little child.

Reda—The woods were pretty, were they not, little one?

Child—Yes, cousin, but I could not find many flowers.

Reda—Here are some, whiter than your own hand; and the bushes were full of buds. Don't you remember?

Enter Miriam, swinging a hat.

Miriam—Where have you been, Reda? I wanted you to go shopping with me. Do you know the most ravishing flounces are in vogue again, and as for hats—look at this.

Reda—Vain girl! to take pleasure in a straw scoop full of silk roses and satin leaves. If

flowers are beautiful, why not seek them in the woods, where they are fresh and real? Only a moment ago I saw a little creature poking its head through its brown hood—nothing, you know, but a dead leaf that was trying to protect in another the life that had ceased to pulse in itself. Near it a white face looked up at us, and the little one stopped before it, while her own innocence communed with that of the flower. Further on, we saw a bud so appealing and so tender that while I looked at it I said:

"Sweet, folded blossom! like a child's clinched hand,
It keeps its veins and tender pink unscanned;
And like a babe's, when opened 'tis at length,
'Twill hold me with its beauty, not its strength."

Miriam—I wish I could make such a verse on my hat. Even you, Reda, who wear such a shabby one, must admit that mine is bewitching. When I put it on this way, I am as careless as a butterfly; when I set it straight and bend my head, I am as demure as yourself; when I tilt it over my face—look Reda—the brim bends down to coquette with my eyes, and my eyes look up to coquette with—you know. If you do not like it on my head, I can swing it in my hand, and it will look like a basket of flowers. Or I could make a hanging basket of it for your doorway. But look at the little one; she is staring at us with fifty questions in each big round eye.

Reda—No; only one question which she asks fifty times. She is wondering, child though she is, how you can so delight in the artificial when you might enjoy the real. She has been with me all morning, and we left books behind, for I had sweeter lessons to teach her among the flowers. She gathered the twigs and buds with the patience of an old gardener in spite of thorns and worms. I am teaching her to despise costly imitations and to want only what is simple, genuine and free.

Miriam—You are teaching her to turn from humanity?

Reda—Only long enough for her to return to it with the freshness of nature in her eyes and heart.

Miriam—Man made my hat; do you not love it therefore? It represents, as well as greater things, a human design, trial, effort, hope, struggle and success. It carries something besides silk roses and satin leaves. Come here, little one. (Puts the hat on the child). Does that feel nice on your curls?

Child—Yes, cousin; but is it as pretty as it is on you?

Miriam—Prettier, love.

Reda—Alas! what vanity!

Miriam—Precious, there are the flowers you and Reda gathered in the woods. Which would you rather keep, the flowers or the hat?

Child—The hat I—I think.

Miriam—And may I have the flowers?

Child—Yes, if cousin Reda does not care. C. M.

In the Theatre.

He came into the theatre alone, and took the seat beside me,—a plain, rough-looking, middle aged man in a gray frieze overcoat which he did not seem enough at ease to remove. At first he sat up quite straight, and looked around him with an air of cautious curiosity; but gracefully he settled himself more comfortably, and gave me an opportunity to watch him. From his weather-beaten face and big hard hands I judged him to be a workingman, and the rough, ready-made air of his well-worn clothes confirmed my opinion; and because he was dressed with the appearance not so much of carelessness as of indifference, I decided that he was a lonely man, with no one to look after him. Once while I was watching him, he turned a look of gentle and depreciating gravity on me, but I think he was quite unconscious of my interested scrutiny; his eyes passed over my face as they did over all the details of the scene, evidently unfamiliar to him, and he gave me his rugged profile again. I found his absorbed seriousness very entertaining; and his fashion of meditatively thrusting forward his upper lip under its stiff, bristling reddish moustache when he saw anything that puzzled him was so expressive of polite curiosity that I had much ado at times to keep from answering the unspoken question.

I have never been able to account for his happening to choose that play. Presented by one of

our greatest actresses and her company, it was distinctly an intellectual performance, and I was sure that he would find nothing in it that appealed to him. I was mistaken. There was in the cast one actress, a woman of whom I and the world—my world—know only too much, who played that night a rather slight part as a young and unexperienced girl; from the moment she entered with her white frock and roses, she was the play for my *silent* neighbor. His eyes followed her with a wistful delight that filled me with a painful sense of outrage until something in his face, perhaps the indulgent half-smile on his lips or the retrospective tenderness of his eyes, began to show me that she was to him not an actress, not even a real woman, but the enchanting embodiment of I know not what forgotten days and dreams. He saw, not this glittering little creature with her hard, clever face, but his young sister, or his boyhood's sweetheart, rough-handed daughter of the people, whose crude, clean nature was as unlike this woman's tarnished brilliance, as the girl's print frocks were unlike the Paris muslin whose frills and lace means only girlishness and innocence to his simple eyes.

When at the end of the play, the applause sent the curtain up again, and the players came bowing down the stage in a wavering, many-colored line, I caught my last sight of him, standing in the crowded aisle, still bewitched into a waking

dream by the little actress' yellow curls. I wondered whether the dazzling smile on her painted lips, the sophisticated archness of her eyes, would not have softened for a moment to something better and more womanly, if she had known.

But he, of course, would never have seen the difference.

C. A. H. '99.

COLLEGE VERSES.

Lux Puennis.

Fair towers, whose lovely lines
are clear

Against the morning sky,
On which, when now the sun is
sunk,

White floods of moonlight lie;
Through all the day you hold
the light,
And still rejoice our eyes at
night.

So on the morning sky of youth
Bryn Mawr before us rose;
So shall she stand while shines
the day;
And so when age comes on like
night,
Her name shall still be filled
with light.

Other Springs.

O fostering mother, yet again
the year
Has laid upon thy beauty with
her store
Of deep bright skies, beyond our
seeing clear,

Of flowering broidery on robes
of green,

And new spring leaves by April
rains washed clean.

Now we depart, nor ever any
more

Shall we behold the spring-
time drawing near
To crown thee for our praises as
of yore;
Yet the old songs shall other
voices sing,
Yet shalt thou live and blossom
many a spring.

Beautiful for Situation.

Aware of thee in some wise sure
we came,
Whose eyes not strange thy
rich perfections found,
With green as with a garment
girdled round,
And facing on the glorious west
aflame.

Basketball.

The annual series of basketball games for the championship was begun this year on the twenty-fourth of April. The teams had nothing to contend with in the way of bad weather, and as a result the playing was clean and few accidents occurred. With what has come to be almost unbroken regularity the seniors again drew the sophomores and the juniors the freshmen.

PRELIMINARIES.

The first game between '99 and '01 resulted in a victory for the latter. Score, 2 to 0.

April 26—'99, 4; '01, 3. '00, 4; '02, 0.

April 28—'00, 5; '02, 1. '99, 2; '01, 1.

For preliminary games the scores were small, and the results were in some ways surprising. '01's team did not play up to its high standard of last year, a fact to be accounted for perhaps by the loss of some of its best players. '99's playing improved greatly at the last moment. The old members of the team played better than ever before, and those who were new this year showed few signs of being novices. The games between '00 and '02 were not so interesting to watch; the passing was slower and the playing less brilliant. The freshmen centres at times did some good

team work, but the rest of the team seemed to have little unity of purpose. '00's passing was too slow to show its good points, and their game showed too great a readiness to conform to that of their opponents. Congdon's throw from the field in the second game was the best thing done.

FINALS.

May 3—'99, 3; '00, 4.

May 5—'99, 2; '00, 2.

May 6, '99, 0; '00, 1.

The playing of both teams was considerably better than in the preliminaries. The passing was wonderfully quick, and the ball rarely on the ground. The teams were very evenly matched, as is well attested by the scores.

Y^e Junior-Senior Supper.

On y^e twentie-eighthe daye off Aprile
MDCCLXXXIX



"Most gracious sovereign:
 To one whose state is raised over
 all,
 Whose face doth off the bravest
 sort enchant,
 Whose minde is suche as wisest
 mindes appall,
 Who in one's self these divers
 gifts can plant



How dare I, wretch, seek there
 my woes to rest,
 Where ears be burnt, eyes daz-
 zled, hearts oppress."

So spoke the little herald to
 the president of the class of
 ninety-nine, when, after the
 junior-senior banquet proper was

over, the march of "Ye Ladye of ye Maie" was about to begin. The seniors, a little serious, perhaps, were grouped around the outer sides of the tables, that, arranged in a hollow square, surrounded on three sides a tall May-pole whose green and white streamers accorded most fittingly with the season and with the class color of ninety-nine. The supper had been delightfully English; there were long black walnut tables, lighted by candles and covered with slender graceful branches of cherry blossoms, with occasional bowls of the quaint little rock flower, mountain-pink, that reminds one of old-fashioned phlox. Dark green programs, with nineteen hundred's seal in silver in one corner, announced that there would be "brothe" to begin with—and a cheer of appreciation went 'round as "ye cooke" himself, in cap and apron, bore in the steaming bowl. After the "saulmon ycooked wythe lobster sauce" an unwonted hush fell upon the company, followed by a rousing welcome to the "Baron of Byffe."

"When mighty roast beef was
the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good;
Ho! the roast beef of old England,
And ho! for old England's roast beef!"

There were other good things, ending with Tamme Tartes, and

interrupted by a spirited toast by the seniors, and ninety-nine's song in reply.

And so it was time for the mask, and Ye Ladye of ye Maie, a veritable "daffydow dilly," in her long green gown and yellow flowers, was led forward by her two suitors—Hurim, a forester, of many faults and many deserts, and Epsilus, a shepherd whose deserts were small and whose faults were none. The matter must needs be decided by a contest of song, for the ladye was sore perplexed, and could not choose between the two, so attractive were they both. The forester's followers, men of the wood, with their maidens, first sang, and danced a merry woodland dance. Graceful and joyous, it would seem that none could outdo them. But the shepherds, with their rosy sweethearts, sang their jolly song so lustily and tripped their rollicking steps with such good will that the wreath was accorded to their master, and poor Hurim was not to be comforted. But lasses and lads are of light heart, and the opponents of a moment ago now joined in a gay ring about the May-pole and forgot their strife in the pleasure of the dance of May-day.

And so ended the mask, and the juniors and seniors came back to the nineteenth century and to "Auld Lang Syne." Some of the seniors did not sing. "Cheering for basketball makes one so hoarse." Of course it does; everyone understands that.

M. P., '99.

Y^e LADIE OF Y^e MAIE

By Sir Philip Sidney

Given to h^r Ma^{tie} Queen Elizabeth by My L of
Lecester at Wanstead.

Suiter Helen MacGoy
Lalus Hilda Loines
Rhombus Clara Seymour
Forrester's.

D. Avery M Hickman
L. Congdon L. Farnham
E. Dean M. Lowrey
E. Crane M. Kirkbride
B. Phillips C. Pulifon
K. Williams I Tatlock

Maie Ladie
Therion
Efpilus

Shepherds.

E Hills
M Kilpatrick
L Norcross
L. Kroeber
M. Wood
D Farquhar

M Morris
S. L Emery
K Barton

E Wright
G. Campbell
E White
G. Jones
L Knowles
M Frank

The Freshman Supper-- By an Outsider.

There is a peculiar kind of lollopy jelly that we have always known as "trembling freshman;" but, apart from this, until last week we knew of no circumstances in which a freshman, at least after the first week, could be stigmatized as "trembling." Now, however, we consider the epithet justified by the excessive modesty displayed in relation to the freshman supper on May 5. Frightened at the thought of criticism, perhaps doubtful of its own powers of speech, the class of '02 hid its little light behind the doors of Pembroke dining room, and the mysteries enacted within are as veiled as those of Eleusis.

The vulgar were allowed a glimpse of the shrine before the

rites began, and we can testify that it was a pretty sight. The tables were arranged in an entirely original way, as it was described by a junior, "in an octagonal circle the shape of a horseshoe." Suspended in the centre of the room was a huge lantern on the model of those presented to '02 by '01. The whole room was beautifully decorated with dogwood and violets.

A little bird—perhaps one of "those English sparrows"—told us that Miss Rotan was toast-mistress and that the Misses Billmeyer, Douglas, Nichols, Montenegro, Yeatts and Stoddard responded to toasts.

Eavesdroppers heard two jokes from the speech on "The Indispensable Basketball," which, as it came first, was wittily said to set the ball rolling. One—the

curious fact in natural history that a fowl is usually made with two feet; the other, that since the score in the '00-'02 game was 5 to 1—the freshmen could not see why they hadn't won. It is to be hoped that there were more jokes than these given, but as there was a necessity for taking turns at the keyhole outside, all the others missed during the constant changes.

We are sorry that no fuller account is possible, but, as we have suggested, facilities for spectators were not provided. This is to be regretted, not only on account of the general loss to the college, but also of the difficulty there will be in selecting a freshman toast for the College Breakfast, without any opportunity for judgment. In future we hope that '02 will be willing to let others look on when they have a supper as successful as that of last week.

C. H. S., '00.

More Riddles.

If A invests his money in a book on ethics at no interest at all, with an expenditure of one-third his total energy and an

average loss of an hour and a half a day, what will be his gain at the end of six weeks?

My first is Potassium hydroxide—

My second is an unknown substance,

My whole forms unstable precipitates in the human brain which will evolve gas under conditions of great pressure.

What would you call the bond that tied '99 and '00 so closely together?

If a man loses himself, say in the woods, and for the sake of simplicity he is glad to be rid of it; if furthermore himself is hard of hearing and consequently determined not to listen to the categorical imperative, which would you consider the better, he, himself or himself, and what would you consider the chances of each for the future?

(The thought in this problem is so deep that the author is forced to use philosophic freedom of speech—which to the vulgar may seem slips in grammar.)





To Orrinda--Who is Fair Be-
yond Compare.

When Chloe binds her shining
hair

To catch the sunbeams straying
there,

I vow the world did never hold
Such treasures of yellow gold;
And when Phyllida passes by
And casts on me her sparkling
eye,

No diamond, I hotly swear,
Could with that dazzling glance
compare:

But when Orrinda I behold
No flatteries I seek to mould;
My muse to Heaven doth fear to
fly,

And naught on earth with her
can vie.

M. P., '98.

College Nonsense Rhymes.

He thought he saw some young
gazelles

That vainly tried to swim;
He looked again, and found it
was

A freshman drill in gym.
"Such grace I never saw," he
said,

"Such suppleness of limb."

He thought he saw a fiddler crab
That burrowed for a clam;
He looked again and found it
was

A student on the cram.
"I'm digging Greek roots out,"
she said;
"To-morrow comes th' exam."

He thought he saw a chariot
That drove along the wall;
He looked again and found it
was

A coach in basketball.
"If you've a murmur, friend,"
she said,
"You must not play at all."

He thought he saw some puppy
dogs
That formed a kind of ring;
He looked again and found it
was

A class team practising.
"You've got a lot to do," he
said,
"If you're to win this spring."

C. H. S., '00.

Algebraical.

I may be bright,
But I am not light,
And my name is L-n-t-r-n.

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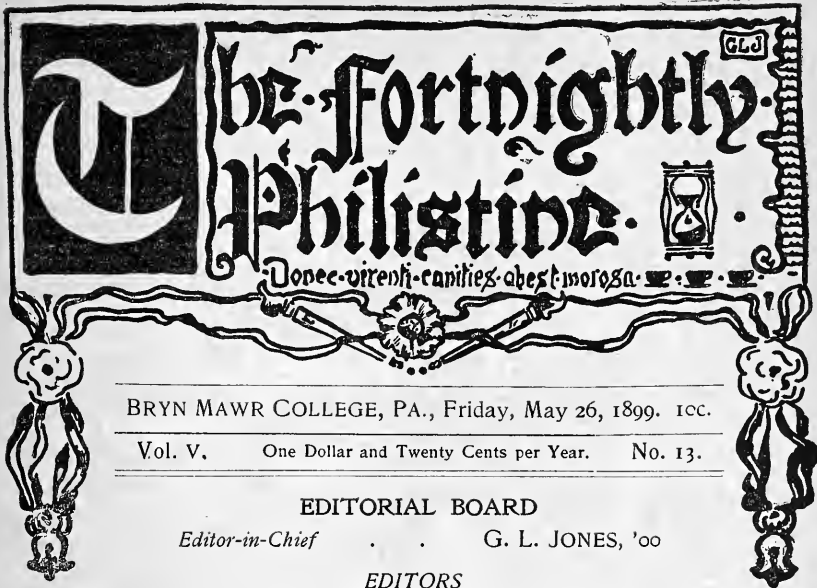
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Business Manager, E. A. ANDREWS, '99 *Treasurer*, E. H. JONES, '01

Good-by, '99! We are all sorry to see you go, and no one else can, for any of us, fill the vacant place left by your going. Who else can be to '02 what their seniors have been? Who else can call forth that highest reverence that we give to those only who are seniors when we enter? Who can recompense '01 for the loss of their best friend, their juniors, who sympathized with them and even went into the fray for their sake in time of trouble. But for '00 the loss is greatest, for with '99 there goes out from the college the last representative of that which they

first knew as Bryn Mawr, and this senior class seems to take away with it the last of those honored associations and traditions that cling about the name of '97.

Good-by, old friend; sincere and heartfelt good wishes go with you, and may you realize every happiness that earth can give!

“The formation of an Intercollegiate Athletic League, in which Bryn Mawr has been especially interested for more than a year, is still unaccomplished; but the prospects for the

future are much brighter than were thought possible a year ago." This in the '93 "Lantern!" And how very far we are, after all these six years, from realizing the hopes of the enthusiastic athletes of that day. As the first step toward arousing an interest among the other colleges in an organization of this kind, Bryn Mawr gave an invitation tennis tournament in the fall of '92. There is no longer any talk of giving tennis tournaments here in which the champions of other colleges may meet those of Bryn Mawr, and the formation of an Athletic League has become a dream of the past. Basketball, tennis and golf all have many enthusiastic devotees among us, and it is less from the point of view of athletics than for many other reasons that we must regret the fact that the "earnest hopes" of the college in '93 have come to nothing.

Every undergraduate that has ever witnessed, or played in, a championship basketball game knows how her love for her class suddenly finds itself increased a hundredfold when her own green or red or blue is matched against some other color. Our college spirit is languishing for the want of some stimulus of this sort. It is a fact much to be deplored, but one to which it is useless to shut one's eyes, that college sentiment is dwindling from year to year. The breach between the classes is growing constantly wider, and loyalty to one's class is rapidly supplanting

the allegiance which we owe to our Alma Mater and which she needs as a foundation for her strength. Self-government, to begin with, must be based on a strong and active common interest in the welfare of the college as a whole, if it is to live, the same in spirit as when it was started. With the extinction of this common interest, which is beginning to flicker in a foreboding way, self-government must fall. If we allow ourselves to drift on in the direction toward which tendencies seem at present to point, we may look forward to a time when class plays and interclass basketball will flourish, but when the institution which we have so much right to be proud of will exist only in name.

If, then, we believe, as we must, that intercollegiate contests would be a stimulus to our college spirit, is it not worth while to bend every effort toward the formation of a league which will secure for us the opportunity of championing Bryn Mawr against her rivals?

"The Philistine" is glad to print the following letter from one of its subscribers. While we do not take back anything that was said in the issue of May 12, yet we wish to say that our attitude has been misunderstood. Any criticism of "the youngest class in college" was written with no feeling of bitterness, but, on the contrary in a most friendly spirit. The question as to

whether or not a "precedent" has been broken we would leave to the decision of the students. In a college as young as Bryn Mawr, where no "custom" is of more than a dozen years' standing—and many are of much fewer—"precedent" is largely a matter of sentiment.

To the Editors of the "Philistine:"

The memory of your liberal-minded attitude in printing both sides of the argument on the question of the projected change in the Christian Union has prompted me to take up arms in defense of the class of '02.

In the editorial of the last issue of the "Philistine" a rhetorical question is asked as to why the freshmen should be permitted to break college precedent by banqueting behind closed doors. It is to this query that I attempt to make answer.

First, as to custom of having the doors open, (for I would take exception to the word "precedent", as used in the editorial, a precedent being that which long usage has established): the memory of '00 surely runs back to the time when closed doors were the rule, and the only spectators of class suppers occupied perilous positions on the roof outside the dining-room windows. Here, to be sure, they were lavishly fed by their friends inside (according to a long-established "precedent," broken at last by '99 at her junior-senior supper), but if the

guests felt the draught, the windows were closed.

The seniors probably remember how '98 prohibited the roof audience also at her sophomore supper, and how that function passed unwitnessed, even, I am sure, by eavesdroppers at the keyhole. Last year, at the afore-mentioned junior-senior supper, '99 particularly requested that there should be no spectators except the invited guests. What one might call the "open door" policy of the "Philistine" seems thus to be founded on a somewhat insecure basis.

As to the friendly feeling between classes, what, my good friends, are you adding to it by devoting at least three columns of your valuable space to two articles both condemning the youngest class in college? In conclusion, may I remind you that, of the three college breakfasts partaken of by '99, at one only was the freshman toast chosen from among those who had given toasts at the preceding freshman supper. On the other hand, it should be unnecessary to remind you that one of your number, the freshman editor, possessed every facility to report what took place behind the closed doors. L. P., '99.

We print also the following protest:

A Freshman timid were I,
I should fear to make reply;
'Tis an easy task for an upper
class
Scornful and scathing remarks
to pass.

And were we afraid of aught,
Had we dared not to do what
you taught?

Answer this, then, my didactic
friend,

And prove yourself right to the
end. '02.

Spring.

The spring day was slow in drawing to a close, and lingered to keep the western sky bright and touch the ivied walls of the college buildings and the smooth grass and clustered trees on the campus with a warm but fading light. The senior, as she came out of West, caught the picture framed by the curve of the arch, and the loveliness of the familiar sight touched her strangely, and she felt a wave of self-pity come over her, that she must leave it all so soon. She was not thinking then of the many other reasons why her Alma Mater meant so much to her; this evening she surrendered herself entirely to the sweet influence of the natural beauty of the place.

As she walked out past Taylor toward where the maples stretch their double line down the gently-sloping hill, each object that she passed seemed to make a special appeal to her. There on the lawn to the left was the old cherry tree with the seat below it, where she had sat so often through the lazy Sunday afternoons, with some book or other which she rarely opened, while the faintly stirring branches above sent a shower of

falling white petals down upon her. And, still farther to the left, was the tall poplar that looked so ghostly on moonlight nights, and the gnarled apple tree — "like one of Walter Crane's," someone had said — where she had many times brought a cushion and an armful of books.

All these, with their crowd of associations, she left behind her, crossing the smooth stretch of grass under the maple trees, where the thick shadows lie, and turning down toward the Athletic Field, partly from habit, partly, perhaps, because she was drawn on by the light in the West. To-night, however, she did not go down to the steps where she had come so often with others to sit and sing in the twilight, but left the walk and turned off to the right into the grass which with its tall daisies waves uncut on the hillside. Here she sat down among the flowers, in the pleasant quietness. The warm fragrance of the fields was wafted all about her, and the robin's evening song blew up from somewhere below. She had been sitting there, she knew not how long, in the stillness, when a little voice near by surprised her.

"Sister," it said, and now she saw that a slender daisy by her side was speaking. "Sister, the spring days are lengthening, and soon will come summer and we will have to go."

"Ah, yes," replied another

daisy growing near, "and this warm hillside where we have dreamed the long days away will miss us when the spring has gone and taken us with him."

"But spring will come again," said the first daisy.

"Yes, he will come, and he will bring with him other daisies to dream upon this fair hillside, but you and I, sister, will not be here to greet him."

The little voice ceased and there was unbroken silence. The twilight had deepened into dusk and, up above, the lights of the college were coming out one by one. Soon they would be followed by the stars in heaven. The senior rose and turned homeward, but as she went she paused and sighed.

"Yes," she said, looking back to where the two daisies showed pale in the darkness, "spring will come and he will bring other daisies to dream on the fair hillside, but you and I, sister, will not be here to greet him."

L. A. K., '00.

Mr. Dooley on Commencement.

"I see be th' pa-aper," said Mr. Hennessy, "that they've been havin' some kind iv a shindy at Bryn Moor."

"Thru for ye," said Mr. Dooley.

"An' what was ut like, I dinaw?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"Like nothin'," said Mr. Dooley, "that I ever see before. Ye see, 'twas just this way. Me frind, the perfessor, sint me a

billy doo—an engraved wan—an' a tickut admittin' wan gent an' two ladies to th' commencement exercises. So I says to mesilf, 'Ma-artin, me bhoy,' I says, 'here's yer chance to study th' ifficts of higher education,' says I. So I sint the secirety me regards an' acceptance, an' down I goes. Me frind, the perfessor, met me with his victorya, an' dhrove me to his mansion, which they calls the 'Greenery.' 'Is that for ould Ireland?' I says. 'No,' he says. 'An' did yez bring a gown' says he. 'Gown,' says I, astonished; 'what for?' 'Why to wear,' he says; 'ye're to sit on the platform at th' requist of the prisidint,' he says, 'an' all the blokes thot sits on th' platform has to wear gowns,' he says. 'But I can borrow ut from wan iv th' gurls for ye,' says Doc, 'an' ye're to walk in th' procission.' Ye know I marched in a procission wance whin Mack was elected, an' I thought I was in fur ut again. But glory be, whin I got to th' place, divil a bit iv procission was there. Niver a brass band, nor a polismín, bit there was all th' gurls dhressed f'r all th' wurruld like so many prastes. Ye'd hov thought ut was a wake, except th' people were so solumn. 'An' what's thot some iv them have around th'r necks?' says I. 'Thim's seniors, an' those are hoods,' says Doc. 'Hoods!' I says. 'Sure, they're more like clothes' bags,' I says.

"So we all marched in, an' Doc an' I took our seats on the platform wid all th' other

buckos. There were speeches iv great iloquence (I didn't make wan), an' thin th' prisidint began dealin' out diplomys. 'Whats' thot for?' I says. 'Rewards iv merit,' says Doc, he says. Then Doc he says, 'An' here's the European feller,' he says. An' I lukked, an' begorra, it wasn't a feller at all! I guess it's jhust wan iv thim New Woman ideas. 'Thin here are th' candidates f'r dochtors' degrees,' says the pefessor. But I thinks to meself thot wan c'n niver thrust thim lady dochtors.

"Thin ivery wan stud up, an' sang a hymn. An' I'll be blowed if all th' gurls didn't take off their bunnets—which wernn't bunnets at all, but I dinna what. Thin we piled out. 'The shindy's over,' says Doc; 'come an' have wan on me.' So we wint an' had wan. 'An' what did ye think iv it all?' says Doc. 'Begorra,' I says, 'there's nothin' like higher education,' I says."

L. A. K., 'oo.

C. H. S., 'oo.

The Two Bells.

I sat alone on a dull, gray stone,
In a forest deep and old;
I heard a cry from a bird on high
And the leap of the waters cold.

A bat swung round in its dip
to the ground,
And I felt its whirring wing;
A soft breeze swayed a branch
in the glade
And it brushed me in its
swing.

But the noises ceased, and the
calm increased,
There was listening every-
where;
And a reverent breath passed
over the heath
From a spirit in the air.

A church-bell rang with a soft-
ened clang
And a pause between each call;
The bat moved slow, and the
branch bowed low,
For a prayer was over all.

Another bell rang through the
dell
And filled the pause each
time;
And thus the two, in blendings
true,
Enlocked their holy chime.

Again I mused in haunts unused
And heard the leaping stream;
I felt the play of the tossing
spray,
And I heard a raven scream.

Again the rill grew strangely
still,
The bird and bat dropped
wing;
The silver note from the church-
bell's throat
Began again to ring.

A petal fell from a crimson bell
And a leaf came fluttering
down;
And the answering chime of the
other time
Was hushed in the distant
town.

For the mournful pause that has
grief for its cause,

A friend seeks not to fill;
The quivering bell was a sob-
bing knell,

And the other chime was still.

C. M., '01.

The Anglers.

At a time, Bryn Mawrters, when we all are working harder than we love to work in the blossoming weather, it may give you pleasure to look with me upon a picture of perfect summer idleness.

Last Friday—you remember how fair a day it was—my friend, a poet, and I sought consolation for the lack of a match game and inspiration for our work on the banks of the little brook flowing into Dove Pond. The place needs no description; it is a well-loved haunt of Bryn Mawrters. We came down the steep bank from the road, down close by the brook, that we might hear every murmur. The poet found a mossy bed between two rocks, appropriately decked with wild columbines. I chose a rocky seat, all but in the water, and leaned with great comfort against a firm tree—all in the deep shade of the brook willows we were, and most contented. But, reader, mistake not this for a picture of idleness. We were reading and thinking, as I have said, and the brook chattered without interruption from us. Once only did we pause to exchange conjectures—

when a bright bird came down to drink by the brook mirrors—was he coot or hern or halcyon, or the “sea-blue bird of spring?” He flew away, and we read on quietly. For some time I did not lift my eyes from my book, and when I did I saw what I would fain have all workers see, Bryn Mawrters!

On the green bank, not many rods below us, where the stream flowed more quietly, a “complete angler” had grown since I last looked. He had grown, I say, for we had not heard him come, nor did he look like one who had moved or would move again.

“And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake.”

The fish did not seem to trouble him very much. Once when he actually did move across the field for something, he secured his rod to the bank and left it to angle alone. Another angler returned with him, and there was two-fold contentment with added wreaths of tobacco smoke. But this is not all. Another came who was to surpass these two in idleness. He brought no rod, but laid him down beside the brook and watched the others angling. Then two little children came with flowers and prattle. They must have been of the party, but they no more disturbed the anglers than the chattering brook.

And all this while I saw but one fish caught, and that one a very small one. Was this Friday

afternoon, and had these men no work to do! They did not look like men whose fortunes in the world were made; their appearance was very humble, and what we heard of their talk was humble, too. Late in the afternoon we left them and hastened collegeward, happy in the realization that all the world is not to be examined ere June!

E. F. M., '01.

Cras Amet.

To-morrow, throbbing pangs
shall strain

The breast of him unscathed
before,
With flame like nettle-stings of
pain

The lamp of Love shall light
his door,

His trembling heart thrill yet
the more

To erst-scorned folly now
sublime

And falter faint through
anguish sore,

"To-morrow shall be Love's
own time."

The youth whose bosom rent in
twain

Love for his lyre struck o'er
and o'er,

Exults to find that not in vain

The lamp of Love shall light
his door

From burning throat that song
shall pour

With breathless halts and sob-
bing rhyme,

Unheeding raptures felt of
yore,

"To-morrow shall be Love's
own time."

That morn in joyous, endless
train,

Each seeks from Venus pas-
sion-lore

And knows from softly-glowing
fane

The lamp of Love shall light
his door,

Those pains unreck'd which
once they bore

All day their happy notes shall
chime,

Love's alleys blind their feet
explore,

"To-morrow shall be Love's
own time."

Envoi.

Master, who dares thy fires im-
plore

The lamp of Love shall light
his door,

No recreant shall survive his
crime,

"To-morrow shall be Love's
own time."

E. M. P., '00.

Sophomore Supper.

For the second time '01 has assembled in Pembroke dining-room amid a bower of American Beauties, and yet again the rest of the college has looked with awe at the class that can afford such magnificence. Some few scoffers have even suggested that '01 was too lazy to pick violets and buttercups. But no one who remembers the gorgeous daisy chains last commencement can bring forward this charge.

The tables were arranged in a hollow square with a large table in the centre, and this arrange-

ment was as successful as any ever before tried, for besides being very pretty it was an excellent arrangement for hearing the toasts.

The toastmistress, Miss J. I. Miller, filled her position admirably, and unlike any toastmistress whom I have ever before seen, looked as if she were having a good time. For this as much as for anything else she is to be congratulated, for nothing is more distressing than to feel that the toasts are a burden and a trial. Miss Miller was witty and inspiring throughout and clever words were never more heartily appreciated than by 'or and by the senior spectators around the door.

The first toast was that to the class and was responded to by Miss Reilly, the president. Miss Daly's toast on poses was clever and original, but so very personal that one could not but feel a little sympathy for the unfortunate victims "on both sides of me."

College improvements were so vividly presented by Miss Converse that one went away with visions of the faculty flying down the hill and over the athletic field on the "shoot the shoots" and of the whole college seated studying on the teeming sideboard taking gym walks.

The time-worn theme of "proctors" was not neglected and Miss Parris found more to say on the subject than would have seemed possible. By far the best toast of the evening was that by Miss M. D. Miller on

athletics. In this toast alone there was real eloquence, but more than eloquence, there was an exhibition of true Bryn Mawr spirit. Miss Miller treated all athletics, and basketball especially, as only a true sportsman could. If 'or preserves always the spirit which was shown by the captain, the whole college will unite in hoping that 'or has not been inscribed on the lantern for the last time. One of the most graceful things in the toast was the reference to the former captain of the team.

College slang was admirably discussed and exemplified by Miss Lewis and was cleverly classified as Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Low Buildings, the Seniors alone being considered as superior to slang.

The serious toast of the evening was Miss Southgate's, and the enthusiasm and patriotism of all waxed high as she paid tribute to the Stars and Stripes. After this toast all united in singing the "Star-Spangled Banner." Soon after this the supper broke up with "Auld Lang Syne," and 'or separated, not to unite again till they meet for their senior supper two years hence.

Basket Ball.

The final game between '99 and '00 was played on Monday, May 13, the result being 3 to 2 in favor of '00. The first half was marked by steady passing

on the part of '00 and by rather wild playing on the part of '99, the latter being partly due to loss of the coaching and encouragement given to the team in the earlier games by its captain. '00's splendid team work met with almost no interference; the ball was at her end of the field by far the greater part of the half, and had the forwards been able to avail themselves of their advantage, several goals would have been thrown. Time was called with no scoring but a free throw by Kroeber, '00.

During the second half '99's playing was much more spirited, '00 being forced to play mostly on the defensive. McKean, '00, and Walker, '99, made goals, leaving the score in '00's favor. She is thus the holder of the lantern for this year.

'99's forwards were in good condition, and had the centres given them more support during the first half, would probably have scored. But the well-aimed throws and pretty catches of '00 made it almost impossible to stop the ball; and not until the second half did '99 do any serious interference, except at the back end, where Houghton's defence as guard was throughout the game especially noteworthy.

On the whole the playing this year has shown little advance. '01's game cannot be compared with her game last year, and the Freshmen's game, though there was some individual good playing, was poor. Possibly the defensive work of the guards and

backs of '00 and '99 surpassed that of the teams of '96, '97 and '98, but in the matter of scoring the forwards of this year have fallen far behind. '00's team work, however, was distinctly up to the old standard.

E. C. '99.

**"Peace, proud setter up and
puller down of kings!"**

The Bryn Mawr Chess Club trusts that the exhortation of Margaret to Warwick has not been in the heart or on the lips of any Bryn Mawrter while the club has pursued its peaceful pursuit of the monarch in question. The club courteously refrains from statement as to whether it might have turned the tables and the quotation upon such a carper.

The dangers of interruption in the avocations of the clubs' members has, however, been much lessened since the club has owned the key to Music Room E and has retired to the cellar of Pembroke East on Tuesday nights. Here are tables, chairs, chess boards, chess men, the file of the "American Chess Magazine," the small library of the club and all the other devices generously provided by the unknown knight.

On the occasion of the Rapid Transit Tournament of February 22 the club met in the parlor of Radnor Hall. Miss Locke won the first prize, a pencil in the form of an owl, and Miss Edith

Houghton the second prize of a silverhandled paper cutter. The regular spring tournament is finished except for the challenge games, in which Miss Houghton, champion in the fall tournament, will defend the cup against Miss Locke, who has won against the other class champions.

The membership of the club is about twenty, and all interested in chess are heartily urged to increase the number. The club is to become affiliated with the American Chess Association, and some of its members will play correspondence games with chess players at Vassar, Wellesley and Smith. No public tournament, however, will be entered by any member of the club. The Bryn Mawr Chess Club is the only organization of its kind existing in a woman's college. Long live the king!

I. E. L.

"Prom Concert," and the club may be said to have taken a decided step forward. It is to be regretted that the audience was not larger. This was, at least in part, due to the regulation that men, with exception of the Faculty, could not be admitted. While this rule holds Bryn Mawr can expect small support from outsiders at their evening concerts.

The "Philistine" hopes that the singing on Taylor steps may become more regular. Even in examination time no one grudges that half hour leisurely spent in the "gloaming." Last year the evening singing was a great feature of the spring and commencement festivities and it is to be hoped that it may become one of the Bryn Mawr traditions, and play as important a rôle in the life here as it does in some other American colleges.

G. L. J., '00.

Glee Club.

The managers and leader of the Glee Club are to be congratulated on the excellence of the program for the last concert, given May 13. Great enthusiasm was manifested over the solos of Mr. Menger and Miss Davidson. Except at Freshman plays solos are almost unknown on the Bryn Mawr stage. At no glee club concert given before has the college listened to songs executed with such skill and art. Mrs. Worcester and a few members of the Banjo Club acted as accompanists in two numbers.

The concert far surpassed the

The 'Varsity Basket Ball Team.

The committee, composed of M. L. Blakley, '99, K. Williams, 1900, and E. Houghton, 1901, announce that the 'Varsity Team for '99 consists of:

Home	Kroeber, 1900
Right forward . . .	Lyon, 1902
Left forward . . .	Sinclair, 1901
Centre centre . . .	Hooper, '99
Right centre . . .	Miller, 1901
Left centre	Ayer, 1901
Guard	Dean, 1900
Right back . . .	Williams, 1901
Left back	Buffum, 1901



Alumnæ Notes.

'90.

Mary Patterson Campbell is spending a few weeks at Salt Lake.

'91.

Marion Wright O'Connor was married this week to Mr. Timothy Walsh, of Cambridge, Mass.

'93.

Amy Cordova Rock was married on the twenty-fifth of this month to Mr. Ransom, of Washington.

'96.

Elizabeth Hosford is spending this spring in New York.

Ruth Underhill has been visiting in Low Buildings.

Helena Chapin attended the Glee Club concert on May 13.

Pauline Goldmark sails for Europe on May 27.

'97.

Edith Lawrence and Elizabeth Higginson have been spending a week at Bryn Mawr.

Mildred Minturn is going to the Red Rose Inn to recuperate from a long illness.

Alice Jones has been visiting Katherine Ely.

Grace Launsberry has been staying with Miss France in Low Buildings.

May Levering spent a week in Richmond with Alice Cilley Weist.

Elizabeth Caldwell Founain made a short visit at Bryn Mawr a week ago.

—
The annual Alumnæ Dinner will take place on Thursday, June 8.

The annual Alumnæ Undergraduate Game will be held in commencement week. Arrangements are now being made about choosing the Alumnæ team.

—
The alumnæ coming back for Commencement, and wishing to go to the College Breakfast on June 7, will please send their names to Marion Parris, Denbigh Hall. The tickets are one dollar.

Ballad to Four Blonde Ladies.

I.

Whoso may hope for heaven's peace

Here on this earth where peace is rare—

Let me, mid sighs that never cease

Bid such by all the saints be-
ware
Of pale delights and yellow
hair,
Dove's eyes and quaint simpli-
city—
All these do make so danger-
ous fair
The four blonde ladies loved by
me.

II.

Tall, gracious damsels, every
one,
Replete with life and unafraid;
And three have tresses like the
sun,
The other's locks are touched
with shade;
Sure there were never creatures
made
More wild with fine temerity
Than those whose charms are
here portrayed—
The four blonde ladies loved by
me.

III.

Ah, blue, gray, green and am-
ber eyes
That gleam with merriment
and scorn,
Where tears are never known to
rise!
How often hath my heart been
torn
With sorrow scarcely to be
borne,
While ye smiled cold with
pleasantry,
I oft delight by jest forlorn,
The four blonde ladies loved by
me.

Envoi.

Smile on, sweet dames,
through years and years
Of feasts and jests and min-
strelsy,
And I will laugh, and hide my
tears,
Ye four blonde ladies loved by
me!
E. T. D. '01.



Song.

My mistress hath so sweet a face— (Ah, god of grace, Her golden hair!) That I must love her all my days, And go my ways Bowed down with care.	Indeed, I have not found her kind— I am not blind To her disdain; But by her beauty's sweet delight I'll bear my plight, And not complain.
--	---

What needs my lady with a heart? Light loves depart Without distress; I would not see her splendid bloom Fade in the gloom Of tenderness.	In through the door the maiden came And beheld him buzzing about the flame, With a piercing shriek the air she filled, A shout came back, "Is anyone killed?"
--	--

What should such touching beauty know Of fear and woe And passions rude? Ah, leave her to her pleasant ease, Her dreaming peace, Her solitude.	In they rushed through the open door, And still they came and more and more, Armed with scissors and knives and books, With stools and hat-pins and button-hooks.
---	--

Ungenerous indeed, to wake Her soul, and break The sacred charm That keeps her ever safe from fears And bitter tears, And worldly harm. My mistress hath a heavenly face Whose tranquil grace Hath ne'er been stirred; And I shall love her all my days, And go my way Without a word.	A bold assault then each one made, And soon a stiffened corpse he laid; Then with a shovel they lifted the bug And gently placed him upon a rug.
---	---

E. T. D. '01.

The June Bug.

(A Mournful Tragedy.)

In through the window he
blindly flew,
In from the coolness and even-
ing dew,
Around and about the lamp he
went,
As if on some great purpose
intent.

A bitter tear or two was shed,
A heart-born sigh, a shake of
the head;
Then by its corners the rug they
took
And out of the window the June
bug shook.

E. C. B. '02.

You used to be my Gibson girl,
But Gibson's out of fashion;
So will you be my Beardsley
girl?
For Beardsley's all my pas-
sion.

'99 to '00.

Give a toast to crown our meet-
ing,

For our days together here,
For the pleasures past repeating
Of each vanished day and
year.

Give a toast for any weather,
Our three jolly years together,
Here's a health to '00,
And a good long ringing
cheer.

Give a toast while yet the
measure

Of the sands is not quite run,
For the times we've spent in
pleasure,

For the friendship and the fun.
Give a toast for any weather,
Our jolly good times together,
Here's a health to '00,
Ere the good old times are
done.

Give a toast before we sever
For a future bright and clear,
For a past in mem'ry ever,
Living on from year to year.
Give a toast for any weather,
Drink it deep, drink it all to-
gether,

Here's a health to '00,
And a good long ringing cheer.

(Air: "Stein Song," by F. F.
Bullard.)

An Appendix to the Child's Primer of Natural History.

This is a man, who, many
times,

Has written pages full of rhymes,
And made queer pictures on the
plan

Of every beast that's known to
man.

Some think (though why, I can-
not state)

That often they ex-ag-ger-ate.
Pray, fear him not. Though he
looks wild,

He is a hu-mor-ist, my child.
A hu-mor-ist's a man who tries
To be as funny as he's wise.

E. A. W.

Why, I Wonder?

I love basketball,

But I'm not on the team,

'Tisn't my fault at all,

For I love basketball,

And I don't mind a fall,

Throw and catch like a dream—

I love basketball,

But I'm not on the team.

S., '00.

Perhaps it is my fault, but when

I play at basket ball

My feet slide out from under me

And then I get a fall.

C. I. C., '02.

Venus came out of the sea,
Paris gave up all to she—
And so he got Helen,
Of whom I'm a-tellin,
Who had a flirtation with she.

C. W. V. '97.

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